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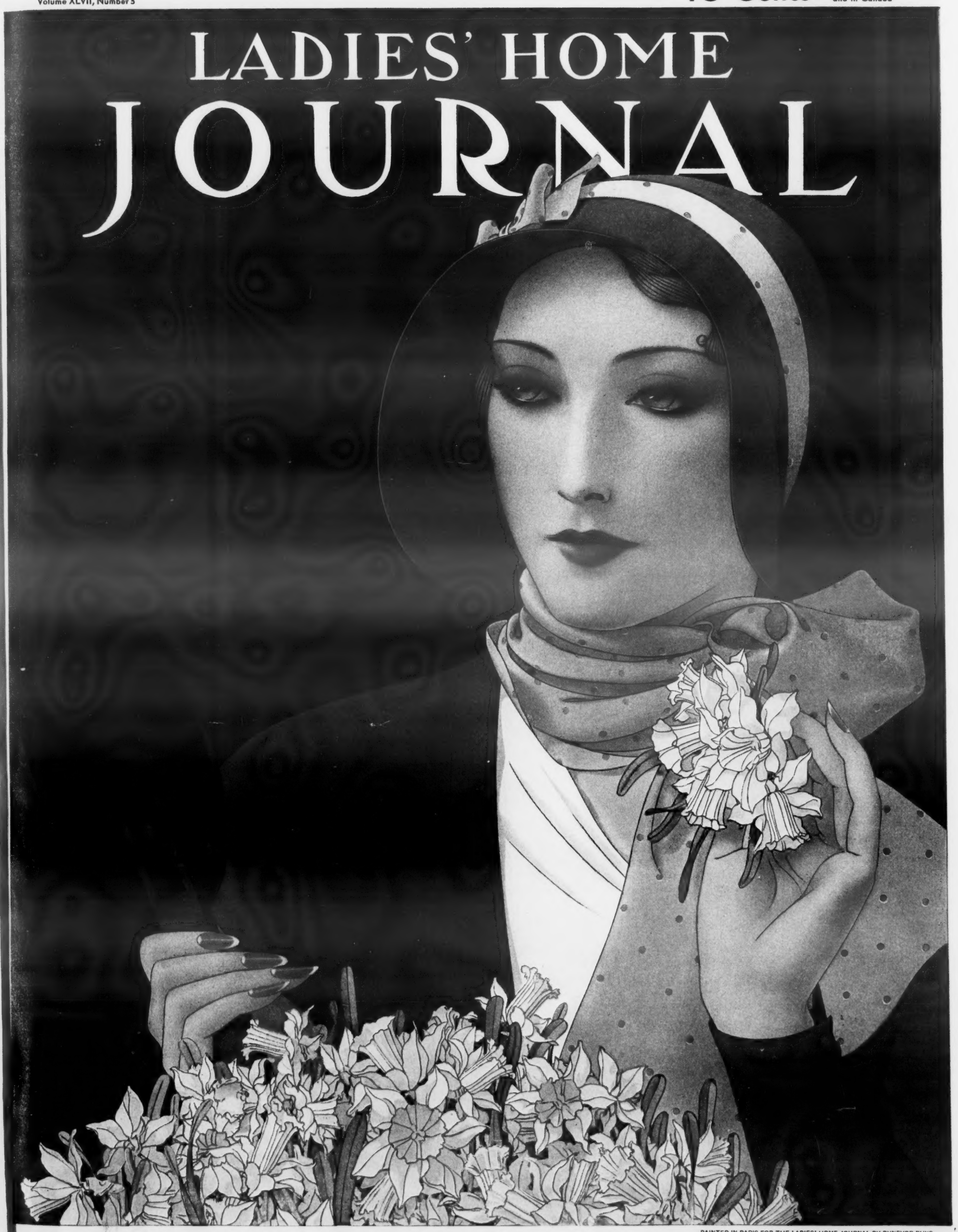
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



PAINTED IN PARIS FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BY DYNEVOR RHYS

Beginning THE SHORN LAMB By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

She can do anything a boy can

Little eleven year old Bettina Belmont lives in Middleburg, Virginia. She is the granddaughter of August Belmont, banker, and founder of Belmont Park

. . . this little BETTINA BELMONT

THE heart of Virginia's fox hunting country is a splendid place for a little girl to grow up. Especially if she has a piebald pony, Punchinello . . . and jumps him . . . and is one of a very few children permitted to ride with the Middleburg Hounds.

Bettina Belmont almost lives in her riding tweeds. Trailed by an admiring little group of pickaninnies, she's a familiar figure around the stables where the beautiful hunters are kept.

She swims, too, and is a breath taking performer on a complicated trapeze affair that hangs in the peaceful old southern garden. In her odd moments she collects turtles—there are now eleven of various sizes—and drops them casually around to be picked up and played with when the mood seizes.

To keep her strong and stalwart her mother stresses one simple care

An outdoor life that is ideal for a growing child, of course. And Bettina's mother sees to it that Bettina gets enough rest to balance all this activity. The child's playtime is quietly regulated, with a little rest every afternoon for the daily rule.

Her diet is a matter that receives great care. Especially the matter of a *hot, cooked* cereal. The cereal this outdoor girl eats is the children's favorite, and the one that child specialists recommend—Cream of Wheat.

"When Bettina was a baby we were advised to give her Cream of Wheat," says Bettina's mother. "It's a habit we've been very regular about."

"I just love it," says Bettina herself. "I eat it every night for supper."

Child specialists agree

Mothers are quite used to this recommendation. The specialists themselves give it almost as a matter of course. Recently when we made an investigation among 221 leading pediatricians in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, they were *unanimous* in approving Cream of Wheat. And just a little surprised that anyone would even ask!

That's because for years they've known—as mothers know too—how rich in energy Cream of Wheat is, and how exceptionally easy it is to digest.

Prepare your children for their strenuous hours of outdoor play . . . their taxing school work. Make a daily habit of a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Outdoor play is on Bettina's regular program. Her mother feels that this and careful supervision of diet account for the child's glowing health

FREE — this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 854,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION DEPT. B-48 MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Child's name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

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If YOU WANT THE TRUE, THE DELICIOUS SPAGHETTI, IT MUST BE ITALIAN !

AND here it is — the real Italian spaghetti made from a recipe of old Milan! But such perfection as even Italy herself cannot produce, for this spaghetti is blended by skilled French chefs, working in spotless American kitchens.

What a treat it is—this product of the combined genius of three nations. Golden, delectable spaghetti, with the tingling tang of rare cheddar cheese and its glowing, glorious tomato sauce.

Once taste Franco-American, and it will remain in your memory as the spaghetti which possesses that indefinable Italian verve — a challenge to the finest sense for flavor — supremely, deliciously satisfying to the hunger.

Main dish or side-dish, Franco-American Spaghetti never fails to delight . . . 12 cents a can.

FRANCO-AMERICAN
READY-COOKED
SPAGHETTI
'A LA MILANAISE
(TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE)

Now I know

I was right! Girls really do want scientific advice about the care of their precious complexions

I'm no good at figures—my bank and I *never* agree about my checking-account balance. But when I see records that show millions of Camay users now, instead of the thousands of a few months ago, even I know what that means!

I can't *begin* to describe for you my satisfaction at this news. For, do you realize that in only a few short months, Camay has become the most talked-of complexion soap in the whole of America and Canada?

And that news isn't confined just to this side of the world, either. You should *see* the letters I get from girls in England and Germany and South Africa and Australia and even beauty-wise Paris, asking when Camay is coming over to give *their* complexions its gentle, fragrant care!

Do you know what I like best of all about this friendly welcome? It's the realization that girls really *do* want to know the *right* way to care for their complexions . . . That they're *glad* to know who the real complexion authorities are, and to follow their advice . . . And that they are finding how quickly and gratefully their complexions respond to the right care.

For, as all of you who have been following my magazine articles now know, Camay has been approved by a group of the only real authorities on the skin and its care—by 73 leading American dermatologists.

If there is a single girl *any*where who is not making a gentle, fragrant Camay cleansing her most important complexion secret, I hope she won't let another sun set before she adopts it.

Helen Chase

What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

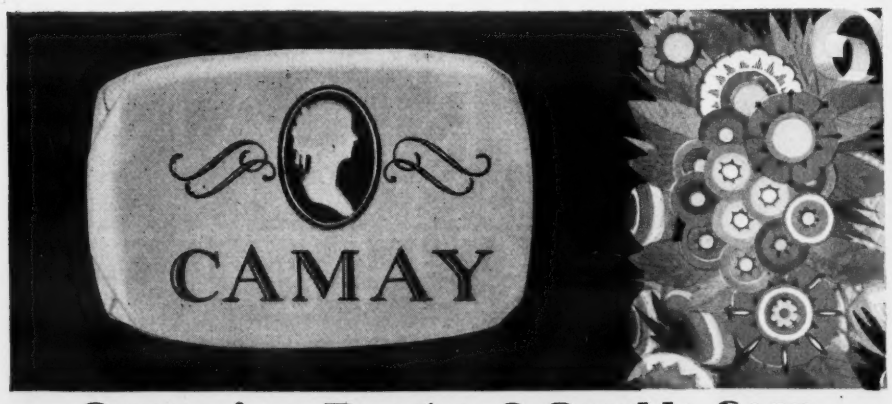
I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet with advice about skin care from 73 leading American dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YJ-50, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Camay is 10¢ a Cake



Camay is a Procter & Gamble Soap

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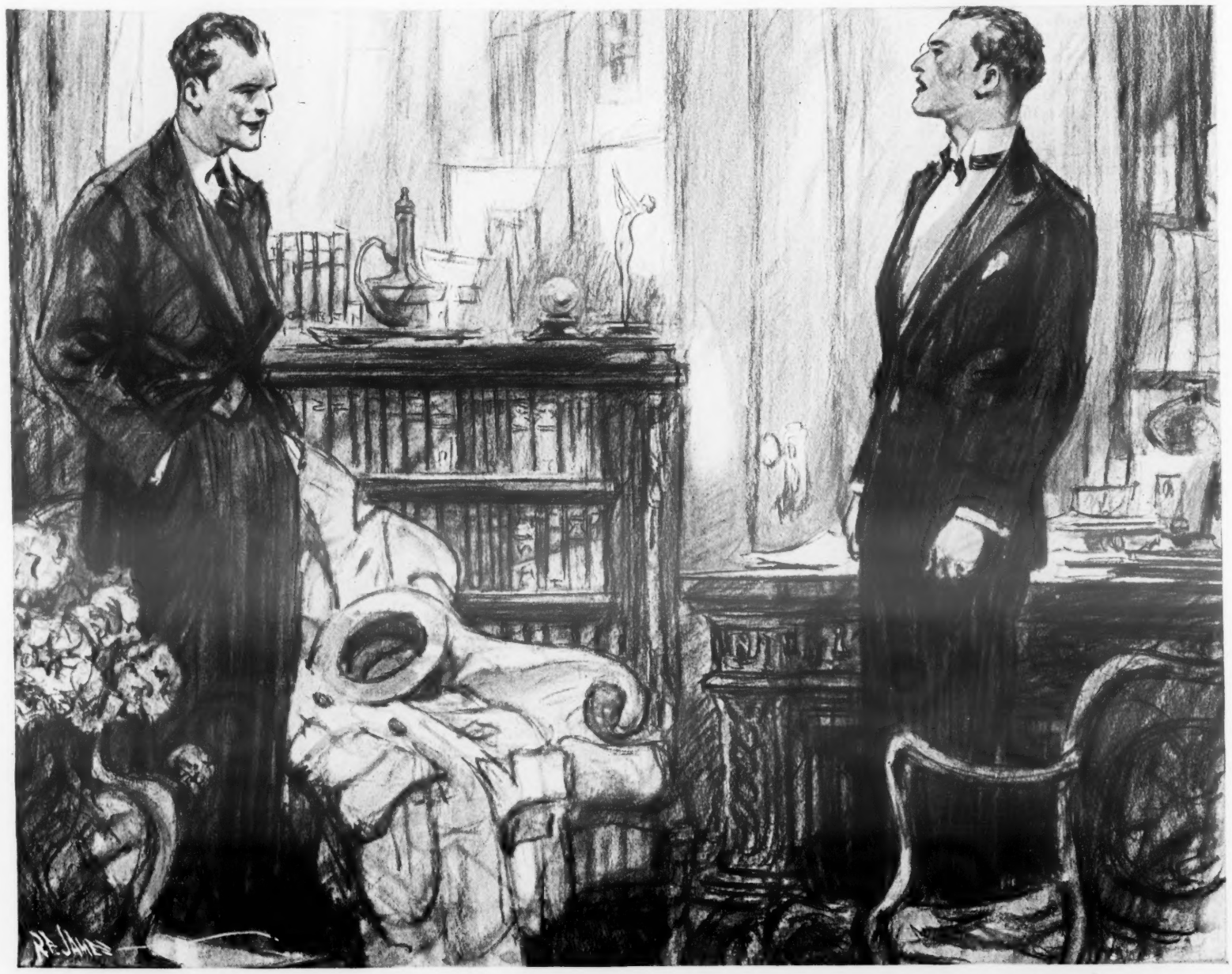


BUDDY CAME FACE TO FACE WITH HIS OWN IMAGE. THE IMAGE STARTED BACK. "YES, MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S ME—BUDDY. I'M BACK AGAIN"

The Shorn Lamb

By

WILLIAM J. LOCKE

Illustrated by R. F. James

BROTHERTON DRAKE sat on the bed in the little hotel bedroom, threw his hat on the battered suitcase which the Boots, as man of all work, had put on a chair, and stared about him, wondering what he should do next. It was a frowsy bedroom, ill-lit and unventilated; the wall paper was stained, the strip of drugget threadbare, the cotton bedcoverlet unclean; and through the small window nothing could be seen but the murk and smoke of a sullen London sky. From outside mounted the unceasing clatter of the street, dominated now and then by the thunder of a train across Waterloo railway bridge. The room smelled of newly fried fish and ancient perspiration. Brotherton Drake shrugged his shoulders and smiled ironically. What could you expect for three and sixpence? With breakfast. He had given up expecting much for a long time.

At any rate, such air as there was he would have, in spite of the cold. He threw up the rickety sash and South London screamed and roared at him, not in welcome, but in derision. Did he think London would be outdone by New York in clamorous rejection of the unfit? If so, he was vastly mistaken. The Waterloo Bridge Road and York Road and their purlieus would soon teach him that New York was not the sole agent for the Furies in this underworld.

Perhaps it was the all-enveloping sour smell that most offended him. For the past eight days he had breathed the pure Atlantic air, descending to stuffy third-class depths only for food and sleep. He had landed at Southampton a few hours before, and, trudging with his suitcase from Waterloo Station, had just taken up his quarters at this unsavory hotel: Private Hotel, with a card in the fanlight over the door announcing "Bed and Breakfast, 3/6."

The friend on board who had recommended it had said:

"I'd go there with you, Buddy, dear boy, if I hadn't to make Birmingham tonight. It isn't the Ritz, but the people are honest. I know them. Mention my name and all will be well."

He had flung a histrionic hand. Buddy Drake had envied him. He was coming home with a definite purpose. A definite engagement in a Birmingham production awaited him.

His farewell at the station had been patronizing: "If London won't have you, Buddy, dear boy, Birmingham will. Don Carey will see to that."

But whatever momentary hopes he had founded on Don Carey vanished when he learned that his name was no password even to this dingy lodging house, for it was entirely unknown.

Buddy sat down again on the bed and emptied his pockets. He had still a gold watch and chain—the watch given him many years ago by his father, whom he held in humorous

memory, the chain a gift from his wife dead ten long years ago. He counted out his money—six pounds eight shillings and sevenpence. This, the watch and chain, the clothes he wore, the old suitcase and its inconsiderable contents comprised the whole fortune, estate real and personal, of Brotherton Drake, son of Sir Michael Drake, Baronet, bred in the traditions of Winchester, and King's College, Cambridge.

He passed his hand over his hair. It was light brown, thinning at the top. "Six pounds eight and seven divided by three and six. Oh, hell, I can't do it. What does it matter?"

He laughed. Caught up his hat. He would go down and get a drink. The thought coincided with the restoring of the gold watch to his pocket. The old man's watch. On such a turn of Fortune's wheel, the old man would have come to the same decision. He heard the jovial echo from the past.

"Why worry, my boy? Let's have a drink."

He descended the stairs to an evil-smelling and deserted den, labeled "Smoking Room." The Boots, lounging round the entry, took his order.

"Half the soda."

There it was, free, laughing, bubbling, sizzling. After all, perhaps it was worth while coming back to the old country.

BUDDY DRAKE smacked his lips. It had a mellow tang—like old times. He had told the Boots to give him half the soda. He had instinctively obeyed the dictum of the old man——

"My boy, when you see a fellow take half an inch of soda to his whisky, you may know that he's a drunkard. When he has his glass filled to the brim, you may know he's just a mere thirsty ass. The mean, as the Buddhists say, is the way of wisdom."

Poor dear old man! He had gone to God soon after Buddy had cast off Cambridge and all its works and gone into the war. Buddy looked at his watch. A quarter to six. It was a beast of a smoking room, dismal and smelly, about nine feet by seven, with half a dozen cracked leather chairs, and a sulky fire glowering from an old-fashioned grate.

Anyhow it was England again. England which he hadn't seen for eleven years. He was now thirty-six. . . . . Six pounds eight shillings and sevenpence! What kind of a damn fool had he been?

Was it the old man's fault? Who could tell? Who was he, of all men, to judge the dead? Anyhow, in the time past, he had been nearer to his father than his brother Atherton, the present holder of the title; Atherton, his twin brother, who had preceded him into the world.

The dear old man, rubicund, jolly, fox-hunting—woman-hunting, if it were permitted to say so—had heralded his advent into the world with a joke. His mother, a colorless woman with a pride in ancestry had decided that the coming child, if a boy, should be called Atherton. When another boy followed soon in the wake of the first, complications arose. The elder, naturally, was Atherton. But the younger, the perhaps unwanted brother?

"Why, Brotherton, of course," said the jesting father.

"A very good name," said the lady. "There are some Shropshire Brothertons I believe. A very old family."

Well, one name, in Sir Michael's opinion, was as good as another. To point out to his unhumorous wife that he had spoken flippantly, would have been open offense, such as he could not dream of committing. His many offenses against her he had kept most scrupulously covert.

It was an American friend who had given him his almost life-long diminutive.

"What's this one's name, Michael?"

"Brotherton."

"Brotherton, hell. Come here, Buddy."

His mother's ears had never been shocked by the vulgar appellation. At the time—he was four years old—she was ailing. A few days later she was dead. His memories of her were vague. He retained an impression of a Pale Righteousness from whom he would fly to the never-failing glow of Unregeneracy that was his father.

Buddy Drake finished his drink and ordered another. The old man would have done just the same. He laughed. Why was he thinking of all these things? The old man had been in his grave for many years . . . if he, Buddy, couldn't laugh he must weep a good deal. And of late years he had had enough to weep over. What a mess he had made of life.

ALL THAT BUDDY COULD GATHER FROM THIS INCOHERENCE WAS THE IMPRESSION THAT THE LADY DIDN'T LIKE HIM

THERE are men who make a mess of their lives with a whimsical deliberation. By an act of volition, they shut their eyes and leap blindly into the Unknown, certain of thrill and sanguine of success. When they fall on their feet they are accounted heroes; when they break their necks the world regards them as mere and common fools. Buddy had never yet succeeded in breaking his neck, but he had suffered dislocations enough to qualify him for the latter category. When his father died he came into twenty thousand pounds, half the estate, for the twins shared equally under the will. What became of the money Buddy scarcely knew. With some of it he had a gaudy time for a couple of years or so. Some he gave away. There was Molly Desart and her two babies, for instance, with nothing but the pension of a captain's widow to live on. Billy Desart, who had been through tight places with him in the war and had been killed by his side, was his ideal of a soldier and a gentleman, a King of Men; and Molly, a V. A. D. nurse, with no visible means of support, was a dear. He had been best man at their war wedding. Well, if a man wallowing in money couldn't set up a comrade's widow in the hat business, what was the good of him? And there were others whom he had helped. Then, some fool had urged him to gamble in foreign exchanges. At one period he was a multimillionaire in Austrian kronen. A short while afterward he found himself a pauper.

"If only you had taken my advice," said his wise brother Atherton, "and followed my investments, you'd have been certain to have doubled your capital. Why will you always play the fool?"

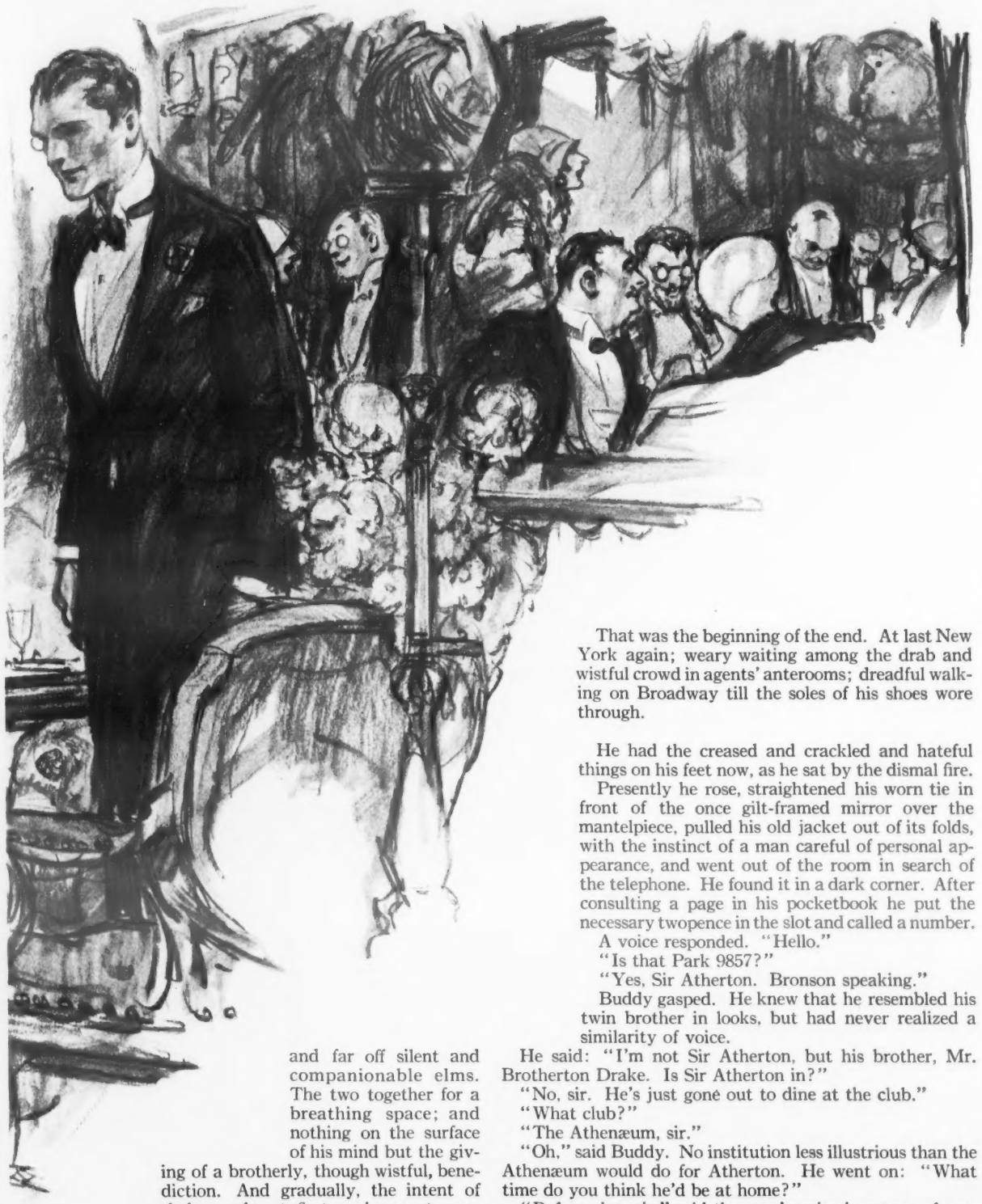
That was the history of the twin brothers. Atherton was wise, Brotherton foolish. Atherton left Eton with an open scholarship at Trinity, and spouted his Latin prize poem at Commem, with the air of one in whom brilliant correctitude is but a normal quality. How Buddy managed to hang on half after half at the school was a miracle to his father, his brother and himself. He afterward realized that the Dark Powers in white ties were kindly souls not devoid of humor. In the middle of his inglorious Cambridge career, the war broke out. He went to war. Atherton, a delicate youth with a weak heart, to whom violent physical exertion had always been forbidden, remained at home. While Buddy floundered in blood and mud, cursing the war, but secretly loving it, Atherton took a brilliant degree and walked straight into high politics as private secretary to a Minister. If the war had continued indefinitely he would have reached high office. As it was, he slipped into Parliament at a bye-election and was given ministerial rank. Buddy came out of the war with an M. C. and a bullet through his body. Atherton used his twenty thousand pounds so shrewdly that, when Buddy came to him with his distressful story, he had already doubled his capital.

"If you had taken my advice ——" said he.

IT WAS then that Buddy, scornful of advice, took from his brother something far more important. He took away his bride; bolted away with her on the night before the wedding, for all the world like young Lochinvar.

Her name was Mona. She was adorable. Buddy adored her, but, honest soul, he had never told his love. What chance had he, obscure and almost penniless, against his brother with his title, his distinction, his brilliant prospects? Not a dog's chance. But what happened?

A July night. A stuffy family party. A moonlit terrace . . . lawns and pale flowers and scents and still air



and far off silent and companionable elms. The two together for a breathing space; and nothing on the surface of his mind but the giving of a brotherly, though wistful, benediction. And gradually, the intent of their words, at first so innocent grew in trembling significance, until, to his amazement, she broke out, in the bitter modern way.

"I'll stick it out with Atherton all right. But why wasn't it you?"

And the moon laughed and the stars danced and the elms swayed, and the summer night went reeling mad and the girl was in Buddy's arms.

An hour afterward they were speeding away in Buddy's car through Surrey lanes to London. A fortnight later they were in New York seeking their fortune.

Then six months of wild and wonderful rapture, and she was dead. The New York winter, a chance caught cold, pneumonia—that was all the pitiful history.

THAT was ten years ago; and those ten years had been marked by nothing but disillusion and disappointments attendant on innumerable acts of lunacy.

Buddy was an instinctive actor. In the nursery, at school, at the university, in the army—when behind the lines the weary would be at rest—his little talent had been his one claim to distinction. So, in New York, he went on the stage; and on the stage he remained during the unprofitable years. He traveled the length and breadth of the United States, playing all sorts of parts in all sorts of companies. He had even played Legree in Uncle Tom's Cabin. Hollywood gave him a chance of fortune. He threw it away, and joined an old fellow-actor, last met some years before in Springfield, Ohio, in an illusory bootlegging business. His small savings were swallowed up, his car full of dreadful liquor was stopped by the police who kindly bade him clear out of Los Angeles County as speedily as he could, while his unscathed friend and partner laughed sarcastically at his plight and lent him his railroad fare to San Francisco.

That was the beginning of the end. At last New York again; weary waiting among the drab and wistful crowd in agents' anterooms; dreadful walking on Broadway till the soles of his shoes wore through.

He had the creased and crackled and hateful things on his feet now, as he sat by the dismal fire.

Presently he rose, straightened his worn tie in front of the once gilt-framed mirror over the mantelpiece, pulled his old jacket out of its folds, with the instinct of a man careful of personal appearance, and went out of the room in search of the telephone. He found it in a dark corner. After consulting a page in his pocketbook he put the necessary twopence in the slot and called a number.

A voice responded. "Hello."

"Is that Park 9857?"

"Yes, Sir Atherton. Bronson speaking."

Buddy gasped. He knew that he resembled his twin brother in looks, but had never realized a similarity of voice.

He said: "I'm not Sir Atherton, but his brother, Mr. Brotherton Drake. Is Sir Atherton in?"

"No, sir. He's just gone out to dine at the club."

"What club?"

"The Athenæum, sir."

"Oh," said Buddy. No institution less illustrious than the Athenæum would do for Atherton. He went on: "What time do you think he'd be at home?"

"Before nine, sir," said the man's voice in a tone of conviction. "Sir Atherton's not been very well lately and has to keep early hours."

"Will you tell him then," said Buddy, "that I'll come along a little after nine."

"Mrs. Bronson's and my night out, sir, and we'll have gone before he comes in. But if you ring him up at the Athenæum ——"

"I'll do that," said Buddy. "Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Bronson . . . Bronson . . . his mind groped back through the years. Good Lord. . . yes . . . there had been an efficient young butler called Bronson, at home, in his father's house. Atherton had kept him on, regardful of family traditions.

Buddy went back to his comfortless den and meditated on the imperturbability of English butlers. In spite of a ten-year absence and of family upheavals Bronson had taken him as though he were his brother's daily visitor. If he had said, "Tell Sir Atherton I'm down and out, starving, in the gutter," Bronson would have replied, "Certainly, sir, I'll tell Sir Atherton."

That, however, was what he himself must tell his brother. It was an unpleasant business. But it couldn't be helped. As his long-since-defunct friend, Maître François Villon, had remarked, "Hunger drives the wolves abroad."

After all he wasn't much of a wolf. He had never asked Atherton for a penny in his life. All he wanted was a loan—say of a hundred pounds—to put him on his feet—decently shod feet, for instance—so that he could seek work with some prospect of success. Atherton's reception and manner might not signify enthusiastic welcome. By running off with his bride he had played him as scurvy a trick as one man might play another. But that was a long time ago; and a twin brother is a twin brother; and to a man with a flat in Park Lane and a place in the country and a perfect manservant—probably also a more perfect woman-servant — cook? — in the unknown Mrs. Bronson — a hundred pounds would be a trivial sum.

Should he ring up the Athenæum? No. Atherton might ask him to dinner. He took in his shabbiness at a glance. The place would be chock-full of bishops and Cabinet Ministers. A daw could not consort with such peacocks. Besides, it would be rough on Atherton. The best and kindliest of men have their vanities.

II.

THE hall was carpeted, steam-heated; plants in tubs discreetly set in quiet corners and shaded electric lamps gave an impression of home and comfort. The liveried lift man had the air of a family retainer. While he was ascending in the tastefully appointed and leisurely lift, Buddy was smitten by the sense of long-lost, far-off, beautiful things that had once been part and parcel of his life; and suddenly the sense became transformed into an aching and a hopeless hunger.

The lift man said, as they were going up:

"I beg pardon, sir, but when I saw you I was struck all of a heap. If I'd not taken Sir Atherton up ten minutes ago in evening dress, I'd have thought you was him, sir."

Buddy smiled pleasantly.

"I'm his twin brother."

"It's marvelous, the resemblance, if you'll pardon my saying so." The lift stopped. He opened the door, crossed the carpeted corridor and pressed an electric button. "Here, sir."

He entered his cage and disappeared downwards. After a short while, the flat door opened and Buddy came face to face with his own image.

The image started back.

"Good God!"

"Yes, my dear fellow, it's me—Buddy. I'm back again."

"Come in," said Sir Atherton. And when the door had closed behind Buddy, he faced him in the hallway. "You're the very last human being I should have expected."

"You're not very pleased to see me," said Buddy.

The other raised a hand.

"It's a shock, I admit. You must give me a minute or two to get over it." He walked a pace or two and threw open a door. "Come in and sit down," said he.

"At any rate," said Buddy with a laugh, "you can see I'm not an impostor."

"That's true," said Atherton.

"In fact," said Buddy, when they had entered the room, "it seems that we're more alike than ever. In the old days I was robust and heavy, and you were very fit . . . now, I suppose I've lost weight."

Atherton looked at his scarecrow double and remarked coldly, motioning him into a seat:

"And a lot of other things apparently. What have you come for? Help? Money?"

"Always sagacious, my dear Atherton."

"Suppose I don't give you help or money?"

Buddy shrugged his shoulders; then, after a second or two, meeting hard and suspicious eyes, he answered:

"I'll not blackmail you in any way, on the strength of our resemblance."

A flush rose on the other's sallow cheeks.

"I wasn't thinking of such a thing."

"I'm not so sure. Anyhow, you'd be more or less justified. I look pretty tough, don't I?"

HE GAZED around the mellow, luxuriously furnished room—a library, book-lined, hung with good prints, heavily curtained, warm, intimate, wealthy. A fire of fantastic extravagance flamed in the grate. A wide modern writing table lit by shaded lamps gleamed with the silver of accessories. A curved mahogany typewriter case gave it a serious and businesslike air. In a corner stood a vase of great golden chrysanthemums. How many years was it since he had inhabited a room with flowers in it? He drank in all these things that had once been his, his lost heritage, with eyes and soul athirst. He glanced at his silent sphinx of a brother, cold, reserved, clean in the dinner kit of his respectable civilization.

"You've always been the wise one and I've been the fool."

"Possibly."

"And you never suffered fools gladly."

Atherton waved a vague hand of acquiescence. Buddy rose and touched his shoulder.

"I've not come here to talk rot and false sentiment. But I don't see how you and I can meet, like this, without feeling something. Old times—the dear old man—this damn funny twin bond between us."

The other edged from his touch.

"I think the less said of old times and bonds, the better. You went your way. I went mine . . . let us come down to facts. What is your present position?"

Buddy laughed and showed his dilapidated shoes. His position? Soon it would be a street corner, or outside the

(Continued on Page 146)

The tallest and wildest waves, tossing and foaming, are but a faint echo of the disturbances in the profundities of the sea. You never see but the surface of the ocean, but you can see at a glance the depths of shallow water. —SAPHADIN.

Zaila

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

OFF the road of glittering sand between Mecca and Medina, trod by the pilgrim caravans, stretches the wide sea of powdered stone called the Desert of Arabia.

The yellow waves of rolling sand ripple gently into low ridges of endless circles that touch the rim of the expanse of the sky. A black little horse galloping, nostrils in the wind and mane in the air, to find a few tufts of grass, a brown gazelle sprinting across the horizon, as well as the faint purr of a she-tiger, only enhance the mysterious, ominous silence that permeates the atmosphere.

Suddenly a small leaden spot above, not larger than a fleck, spreads out on the blue. A faint breeze that had vibrated like the sound on a violin begins to rumble like a drum. The waves of sand awake, recede, toss and throw themselves wildly upon one another; like animated towers of stone that had gone forth to battle. Sand that had been crooning, swishing like silk, a moment ago, gathers a new voice that screams its woes in hoarse, shrill, loud tones and blasts of sound that pierce and tear the air. The desert is alive again. From where the ears had perceived the purr of only one tiger, a hundred howling beasts crawl out to shake their shaggy heads, to twist and turn and twist about themselves until they merge with the shifting mountains of sand that rise and wail and howl and shriek together with them.

Compared to a sand storm in the desert, the wildest storm at sea is like the peaceful gurgling of a brook. A placid glittering surface changes into a world of melting mountains of powdered stone.

And the people of Arabia, Bedouins and tent dwellers, are like the desert.

The strong hand, the rapid journeys, and the naked sword of Ibn Ibrahim, had wrought peace among the Bedouins of the desert; not a surface quiet, but a lasting peace, enforced by a man who, riding on his black stallion at the head of a decided band of swordsmen, had imposed his rule on the people living in shifting tent villages in the hinterlands.

He had begun early, Ibn Ibrahim. Son of an old sheik whose prerogatives had been usurped by other chiefs, Ibn Ibrahim shook the yoke of submission after his father's death, and fought a dozen tribes in their own tents until he had taken back not only what they had robbed from his father, but also all their swords and rifles.

The blood and the lustiness of that first victory had a strange effect on Ibn Ibrahim. He had been no more than a boy when his father died. After one year of fighting his shoulders straightened out, his chest expanded, his eyes took on the glint of steel and his voice became that of command. He was a man. A sheik. A chieftain. Men who had followed him reluctantly at first now obeyed him implicitly. At the head of his armed horsemen Ibrahim rode from one desert hut village to another to enforce his rule. A continually growing army assembled itself behind him. He left no choice to tribes that were beaten; they either gave up their weapons or kept them if they followed him.

He had at first only meant to gain the peace and security of his own tribe, but having conquered everywhere, having stacked the arms of all the tribes before his own tent in his own village, he felt that he had shouldered the responsibility for the peace and the security of the whole desert.

Battling and fighting, Ibn Ibrahim came upon the tents of the old Sheik Abu Ben Said. Abu, a battle-worn, tall, gray-bearded old man, did not lay down to the young conqueror but fought against him until half of his men were killed and a good many of the victor's own people and mounts were strewn lifeless on the desert. When Ibn Ibrahim and Abu Ben Said sat down on the peace rug, the two men embraced and kissed each other like brothers. True, they had fought bitterly, but Ibrahim and Abu Ben Said were both sheiks—therefore brothers.

At sundown, after prayers, Ibn saw Abu's daughter and spoke to his defeated friend:

"It is of thy house that I want my offspring to be born."

The following day he was on his horse with his bride beside him. At parting Abu said to him:

"If thou hast become richer by a victory, I have become wealthier by defeat. I have fought to gain a friend."

"An eternal friend, by Allah," Ibn answered as he spurred his horse and disappeared at the head of his men in the glow of a desert morning.

IBN IBRAHIM'S first child was a girl. They named her Zaila. Ten years passed before another child, a son this time, was born to the mighty chief. The men who had fought beside Ibrahim were back again at peaceful errands. The weapons stacked in front of the sheik's hut began to rust, but the fear with which Ibn Ibrahim had filled those against whom he had fought kept peace between the tribes, and peace with the victor.

True, at night, when the women and children slept, some tent-dwelling Bedouins working at the light of busheled

torches were beating pieces of hard steel upon small anvils. In his own village Ibrahim heard the clang of the hammer night after night, and he knew that in every oasis there was at least one man whose sword he had taken, now working to arm himself with a new one. It pleased him that it should be so. It pleased him to collect tribute from men who gave it reluctantly. Ibrahim thought not only of his tribe but of the whole of Arabia; and it pleased him greatly to hear the clanking of steel swords. They were peaceful Arabs, it was true, but Arabs just the same, men who surrender but never submit.

Ibrahim never waited that the tribute in gold and silver be brought to him, but rode out to get it; rode out at the head of sworded troops to enforce his rule, ready to fight the tribes that would dare oppose him. And the Arabs continued to beat swords at night.

WHEN Zaila was but fifteen years old, her father took her along on his travels. She was tall, lithe and rode a horse well. Ibrahim loved the openness with which she looked at people's faces and the readiness with which she laughed out aloud. There was not a hidden thought in Zaila's mind. She was like Abu, her grandfather. He had fought to the end. She spoke or smiled unhesitatingly. Had she been the daughter of somebody else, he would have had to fight her; and she would not have surrendered until her own sword had been broken to pieces, until the hilt had been hacked away from her together with her wrist. She was Abu's granddaughter. She was his Zaila.

The years of Ibrahim's rule had been good to the Bedouins. Unable to fight against a strong master, they had used their time to multiply and better their flocks and had become richer from year to year. The tribute they paid to the conqueror did not thin their purses though it weighed heavily on their souls.

Officially, nobody owed anything to Ibn Ibrahim. No written pact had been made between him and the people he had defeated. The caliph, the ruler of all Arabia, still collected his taxes, even from Ibrahim, and people still owed him official reverence. But Ibrahim was the master, the undisputed master.

Wealthy old sheiks came to his tent to bring him presents and to talk about Zaila. Ibrahim spoke to his daughter.

"Not yet, father," she answered.

"The son of the wealthy Sheik of Kabul has sent his father to ask you for wife."

"The Sheik of Kabul!" Zaila laughed out aloud. "You yourself have told me that he had surrendered without fighting. Do you want grandsons from such seed? Ibn Ibrahim's daughter the mother of Kabul's son's children!" And she laughed and laughed.

Some time later Ibrahim told her that the son of another sheik had asked her for wife.

"Not he, father. His father also had surrendered without fighting."

And she was sixteen. A mature woman. The bosom had rounded out and filled. Her white throat had widened. Her voice was full. Her eyes and her lips were hot and moist when she spoke. She was a woman.

At the extreme end of the desert, on the very rim of Ibrahim's rule, was a little village of a hundred Bedouin mud huts. These people were oasis Bedouins who worked garden patches and bred cattle. They had been ruled over until then by Sheik Zagul, who had surrendered his weapons to Ibn Ibrahim sixteen years before and like the others had grown fatter every day and wealthier. When the old sheik died his son Kahlil became the chief. And of horses he had a thousand, and of camels he had so many they had to rove great distances to find pasture.

Zaila, riding beside her father at the head of two hundred horsemen, had been to that village three times, and every time she had seen Kahlil. He was a tall, sparsely built youth with large black eyes and a high-pitched voice, who trembled when she looked at him. Every time she and her father had been there, Zagul, the old chief, had proposed marriage between his son and Ibn Ibrahim's daughter; and every year he had offered a larger dowry; the last time he had offered a hundred she-camels and fifty bags of silver.

"What say you?" Ibn Ibrahim had asked his daughter when they were alone. "A hundred she-camels! Fifty bags of silver!" She had laughed aloud and then spoken seriously:

"The camels will die, the silver will melt, but your grandsons will beget grandsons, Ibn Ibrahim. Look at Kahlil! Is he a warrior? He should be sent to an 'Ackza,' a house of learning, to become a priest."

Ibn Ibrahim spoke mildly to Zagul:

"Speak to me again next year, if she still is free."

But Zagul died during the year and his son became chief.

EARLY that winter, before the rainy season, Ibn Ibrahim, instead of going there himself, sent messengers to Kahlil to collect the tribute. Long rides were not to his taste that year. He, too, was getting fat and slow. When the messengers arrived, Kahlil, who had the tithe counted for the master of the desert, and who had instructed the elders of the village to offer a larger dowry for Zaila than his father had offered, rose to his feet from the guest rug and said bitterly:

"He has always come, Ibn Ibrahim, with a naked sword at the head of his troops to collect his tithe. Why has he not come today? Does he think that I am less than my father? Let him come and get it."

Amazed the messengers faced the angry young man who had squared himself before them. There was only one reply to such insolence, and that reply shall be made soon enough by Ibn Ibrahim in person. The elders tried to interfere, but Kahlil, whose voice had grown strong, shouted them down.

"Let him come here with naked sword, as he has come every year."

Ibrahim's messengers had intended to stay the night as Kahlil's guests. The odor of cooked rice and broiled lamb pinched their nostrils. They were hungry and tired. However, they could not accept the shelter of enemies, and so they made camp outside the village. They were enemies.

On horses and camels laden with bags heavy with gold and rice, dates and studded sword-hilts and cloth from Damascus and spices from India and perfumes freshly pressed from the flowers of the mountains

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Illustrated by
Robert E. Lee

Blood of Our Blood

Decoration By Earl Horter

Oh, Let Me Live!

By HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW

ABRAM attended many human sacrifices in the temple at Ur in the years that followed the spilling of the blood of his young friend Ahab. He enjoyed them, but he never lost his feeling of resentment and grief that Ahab should have been chosen for the moon god's meal. He speculated about this god who was always hungry.

As he grew to manhood his choice of work encouraged his natural tendency toward speculation. He had charge of his father's mighty flocks with many shepherds under him. In his long months in the open he studied the stars and philosophized about their movements, and it often struck him as queer that the gods should be so erratic in their relationship to men when they were so methodical in their heavenly movements. One knew just what the gods in the stars were going to do years ahead. But of their movements on earth one knew only that they were unknowable.

When it came time for Abram to marry—he was only a tall, slender stripling with thoughtful brown eyes and a beardless chin—the family decided to marry him to little Sarai. He was more than affable about the decision, for he'd loved his beautiful little niece since the days they'd played at housekeeping together on the river bank.

Shortly after Abram's marriage, Haran died—Haran the precious, the irreplaceable first-born. And Terah's heart broke. He tore his hair. He destroyed his beautiful skirts of padded linen and went naked as any slave under the burning skies. And he turned from the moon god, who had visited this loss upon him, to the sun god, toward whom many in Ur had shifted. The change made Abram uneasy, but he kept his doubts to himself. His father was in no state of mind for argument.

ABRAM'S work was now with Nahor, attending to the great shipping interests of the family. And the family was enormous. Nahor had married Milcah and had had eight sons by her and four children by his concubine. Only a rich family could have afforded to keep so numerous a progeny. Under the increasing weight of taxes many of their friends were raising only one or two children. It was a bitter disappointment to Abram that Sarai had no babies. They adopted Lot, but no adoption could take the place of a son of one's blood, and Abram dared not take a concubine because of the beautiful Sarai's insane jealousy. He loved her too dearly to be willing to hurt her.

And suddenly Terah roused from his grieving to announce that he was going to move all his family out of the city away from the constant reminders of Haran. He was going north, where there was more elbow room and not so many gods shifting and confusing a man. His family was astounded, overwhelmed and as nearly rebellious as it dared. Its roots were thousands of years deep in Ur. Aye, but before that, Terah reminded his children, their ancestors had been sheiks of the desert, moving their tents and their flocks where they would, and blood must tell, every so often!

The womenfolk and Nahor all stood together in disliking the idea, in weeping and going about with tragic faces. But after the first shock was over, Abram decided that he'd like it. He had no children rooting themselves in Ur. He, too, had the blood of sheiks coursing hot through his veins. Sarai was with him in this as she was in everything else. No wonder he loved her when one added her extraordinary beauty to her loyalty. Sarai had always wanted to travel and reminded Abram that when they were children their favorite play had been of going by caravan to Egypt.

And so after months of conversation and flurry the details of the move were worked out. Nahor was to stay in Ur and carry on the trading business. But all the rest of the family with their households, their dependents, their flocks and their herds uprooted themselves at Terah's command and followed him on a mighty trek, six hundred miles as the crow flies, to the town of Haran on the westward curve of the Euphrates. Here they settled and prospered mightily.

Abram wanted to go farther, but six hundred or a thousand miles had satisfied old Terah that the sheik blood in him had worn thin, and move he would not. As long as his father lived Abram remained by him and managed the flocks and herds and continued his studies of the zodiacal and planetary systems with their mutual relations. Slowly, as the years passed, the conviction grew on him that only a single mind and purpose could produce this inconceivably stupendous harmony of stellar movements. He told himself that there must be one supreme god, else the stars in their courses would clash. And because he was convinced that the moon and the sun god influenced, in some way he couldn't fathom, the secret of birth and the fertility of field and beast and man, he felt that the supreme god who controlled the moon and sun gods must be the supreme god of life and death; the old, old Semite god who quickened the earth, the Baal to whom his ancestress Zillah had given her first-born.

And when Abram had come to this conclusion the big riddle of his life was solved. The old, ever-present horror of the vagaries of the lesser gods dropped from him. He saw them as less than nothing in the scheme of creation. He ceased to make offerings to them, and after his father's death he ordered his own household to do likewise. Its members were obedient, but reluctantly so, and it was not long before he perceived that those with a smaller faith than his could not remain uncontaminated when all their neighbors worshiped the old gods. More than that, freed from his father's conservatism, the old urge to go out and view this mighty world rose all the more powerfully for the years of inhibition. He was a natural explorer and pioneer. So he gathered up his household and, serene in the certainty that he was moving in harmony with the plans of his Supreme God, he led Sarai and Lot and Lot's wife and all his group of dependents southwest into the land of Canaan.

For long years, with the vast leisure of a great desert sheik, he moved when and where he would, even at a time of famine in Canaan down into Egypt. At last he would visit the priests of that famous land and learn what they knew of astronomy and what they thought of his own God. But the Egyptians had no mental or spiritual food for this man of Ur and it happened that the king of Egypt became enamored of Sarai. So Abram returned to Canaan.

NOW Abram's thought of his God was that since His was the mind that controlled the universe, it must be on the one side, the creative side, a mind of infinite fatherly kindness. But on the other side, that which ordered the stars and they obeyed, it must be a mind of most terrible disciplinary force. On the father side, He must be adored. On the disciplinary side, He must be propitiated, and many hours of every day must be spent in trying to discover His wishes.

And so when the men and women of Abram's clan now and again sacrificed to the God a first-born child along with the firstling of their flocks and herds, it seemed to Abram a proper rite. It was not with the rituals of the priests of Ur that he quarreled. It was with the multiplicity of their gods. And he continued to use some of the old rituals in his worship.

Nor did he disapprove when, in the increased pressure of desert living, many of his slaves and dependents got rid of their new babies or sold their older children into slavery. It was the immemorial custom. All the peoples of whom Abram had knowledge did the same thing. Of course as far as he and Sarai were concerned, the chief of their prayers was that they might have a child. It was a matter of unceasing perplexity to both Abram and Sarai why this Supreme God of life should deny to the one man on earth who had discarded all other gods the gift which was the essence of this God's power.

Finally, with old age staring her in the face, Sarai made up her mind to a supernal act of generosity. She gave Hagar, her Egyptian maid, to Abram. She would no longer be guilty of denying him offspring. And so a son, Ishmael, was born to Abram and Hagar.

One might suppose that, as Ishmael grew into boyhood, Abram would have been content. But he was not. After all, Ishmael was not all Semite. He was half Egyptian. The sacred blood was diluted in him, and as the years sped on, Abram brooded more and more on the inscrutability of the fact that the heir of all his vast wealth and of all his

Father love is God's love, established by the rescue of Isaac--the first recorded sacrifice in which man substituted an animal for a child and satisfied his deity.

unique spiritual treasure should be a hybrid, the child not by the wife God had given him but by a bondwoman. He could not believe that Ishmael, growing into a wild, difficult youth, could or would carry on the torch when his father relinquished it. It was about this time that Abram changed his name to Abraham, "father of many nations," and that of Sarai to Sarah, "princess."

And then the stupendous thing happened. Sarah bore Abraham a son! Just in the degree that his coming had been delayed and that he had been desired was the tiny Isaac's welcome great. Abraham made a mighty thank offering to God. The rocky hillside on which the altar stood looked like a shambles, it was so thickly set with the bodies of animals dragged lowing and bleating to the sacrifice. And all day and all night, the clan feasted with God and danced before Him. All, that is, but Ishmael.

SARAH did not see Ishmael's face on this occasion, but she did during the months that followed, and when Abraham made another great feast at Isaac's weaning she heard Ishmael speak mockingly of the child. It was more than she could endure.

"Cast out this bondwoman and her son, Abraham!" she demanded furiously. "He shall not be heir with my son."

"That's a grievous thing to ask," exclaimed Abraham. "You forget that Ishmael is my son also."

"Am I likely to forget the saddest fact in my life?" cried Sarah. She was still lovely, though her face was lined and her deep eyes no longer burned with youth. "Send him away, Abraham! He's more Hagar's son than yours. He's a perfect Egyptian. How can he worship the Supreme God? Abraham, if you hope to have your people keep the covenant after you're gone, you must send Ishmael away."

Abraham looked out the door where Ishmael, now a well-grown boy of fifteen was tending his camel. To send Ishmael away! It was indeed a grievous thing to do. And yet he knew, now that Sarah was the mother of his son, that the whole of Canaan was not big enough to hold both Sarah and Hagar. Abraham groaned and strode out of the tent and up to the altar on the hillside and there wrestled with the problem.

Two voices that spring day spoke in his soul. One he identified as God's. It bade him heed, as he always had, the advice of Sarah, for back of her fierce jealousy was a true instinct. Sarah knew that a child of hers and Abraham's must be competent to carry on the revelation. The other voice was new to Abraham. It reminded him that he loved Ishmael, who was his first-born, and told him that by his very fatherhood he could not send the boy away. It was a very gentle voice and Abraham with contempt asked himself if he was growing soft as so many old men did. Must he, he demanded of the gentle voice, spend his old age ground to dust by the friction between the mothers of his sons? And must he give the handmaid's child precedence over his wife's—his wife, the daughter of Terah's first-born? Isaac was doubly, trebly of his own blood, the blood of tribe and kin and the Baal.

"But you can't cast out your first-born!" repeated the gentle voice.

"After all, why all this trouble about a mere child?" muttered Abraham. "Why not look at it as a sacrifice? If I give Ishmael up ——"

"Let the boy go!" commanded God's voice. "He is of your seed and did I not covenant with you that your seed shall never die?"

Abraham lifted his head. The ephemeral beauty of spring was on the hillside. The purple of anemones, the white of daisies, the red of tulips, glorified all that desolate plain. Surely, surely the Creator of this loveliness would command only good! He rose slowly. The gentle vioce was fainter. "Ishmael!" it whispered, "Ishmael, the beautiful, the first-born!"

"Be quiet!" shouted Abraham and he strode down the mountainside, a lean, tall, powerful figure, naked save for his breechclout, yet sweating in the agony of his decision.

WHEN he entered the tent, Sarah gave one look at his twisted lips and at his bloodshot eyes and maintained silence for the evening. Abraham lay down on his mat and all night watched the stars march past the tent opening. For the cherishing voice would not down! It kept him sleepless with memories of Ishmael learning to walk, Ishmael learning to say "Father," until it was only by supreme effort that he prevented himself from seeking the boy and cherishing him in his arms.

But his God had spoken and Abraham dared not give in to this strange opposing urge. By morning he had worked himself into a state of unreasonable anger against Hagar, which gave him strength, as the new sun turned the world to glory, to thrust her and her son into the desert. After all, thus his people had got rid of undesired offspring since the dawn of history. Abraham turned them loose with only a bottle of water and a loaf of bread between them. And the gentle voice troubled him no more.

Abraham now devoted himself to little Isaac's training. It was no such training as Abraham had received, for Isaac

(Continued on Page 162)

Painting by Henry J. Soulen

ABRAHAM TURNED THEM LOOSE WITH ONLY A BOTTLE OF WATER AND A LOAF OF BREAD BETWEEN THEM

SHE HAD ALWAYS LOVED THAT PHOTOGRAPH BECAUSE OF SOMETHING IN THE FACE, OR AN EXPRESSION IN THE EYES—A LIGHT

Day of Memories

By LAWRENCE PERRY

Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

SOMETHING, she did not know what, some admonitory instinct, saved Janet Graydon. A small thing of itself, a habit in which she had always indulged, yet, as she afterward saw, had she upon this occasion smiled at her husband in that slightly superior, fondly amused, whimsically tolerant manner in which customarily she accepted his little vagaries, she would have made an irremediable mistake.

Jed Graydon and David Contrell, a classmate, were in the breakfast room when Janet came downstairs. They had arrived from Princeton the previous evening to spend Memorial Day. It was an unexpected visit, but then, Jed, with a friend or two, sometimes more, was always turning up without warning. Janet had come to know a rather large group of her son's friends very well indeed. Living in remote sections of the country, the Graydon place was virtually home to them and Janet's memories of Jed's university career would chiefly involve their arrival for a week-end or holiday, their equally sudden departure, leaving behind a silence that she found depressing.

Boys with poise, bearing a certain stamp, yet of them all David Contrell from the first had engaged Janet's particular interest, not alone because of his striking personality but because of all his classmates Jed admired Contrell the most, quoted him constantly and with a certain diffidence sought to copy his mannerisms and to emulate his habit of mind.

Janet rather regretted this, wishing that Jed had chosen some less devious, less disillusioned comrade as his paragon. But that was always the way with grown children, and the parent who seeks to order their lives, dictate their habits and say who their companions shall be has in the end, more often than not, nothing less than disaster to contemplate.

INWARDLY sighing, Janet smiled her thanks as David, always gallant, sometimes, it seemed, ironically so, seated her at table, turning then to her son, who was slouched in a chair brooding over a cigarette.

"Jed," she said anxiously, "you're not eating. Are you well?"

"Quite, mother."

"But you're not eating."

"I'm all right. Dabbling. It's a relief to loaf over a meal without a bell ringing you to a class."

"I see." Janet studied him. "Mood good?"

"Why not, mother? Why not?"

"Oh. That's all right then."

But it was not all right. Janet, at least, feared it was not. In the past year Jed had developed a tendency toward occasional moods of detachment—perfectly healthy and correctly construed by his mother as indicating character development. But now she was a bit worried lest the boy were depressed by an encounter with his father the previous evening. Not that anything had happened. Perhaps it would have been better if something had, some air-clearing explosion, something wholesomely climactic.

It was just as Janet was about to leave her son's room after a good-night chat that Hamill Graydon entered. The visit was altogether unusual. Indeed, as years had gone on the boy and his father had seemed to grow farther and farther apart until now, as far as Janet could see, they had as little in common as two strangers. It was as though a barrier existed through which each saw the other with dim vision and little, if any, understanding.

This was apparent now in the self-consciousness of Graydon as he sat in a chair by the window, in the speculative expression in Jed's eyes as he watched him.

"Well, Jed, how are things going in college?"

"Oh, all right, sir." Jed's voice was lackluster.

"I SEE." But the man's voice lacked conviction. Then had fallen an uncomfortable silence. Jed knew his father could not understand his frequent trips away from Princeton. In Hamill Graydon's day as a student, no one wanted to leave. It wasn't done. As far as he could see, the old college these days was merely a resting place between dances, theaters and night clubs in New York and Philadelphia. He did not say this, but both Jed and Janet knew what he was thinking.

How often Janet had told him, as they talked alone, that motor cars were not in general use in his university days, that life was simpler, less complicated, less assorted in its attractiveness. Life in Princeton was merely the reflection of a modern condition. It held its place serenely enough. It was merely a different sort of place.

Graydon had never been able to agree. Princeton was Princeton, ever and always the same, and if there was change it lay in the men who were there, not in the place itself. And it was a calamity. There are, he would hold, abodes of fixed standards, undeviating principles in this country, and Princeton was one of them. It was a reflection upon those who could not recognize this, who fled from it upon every available opportunity.

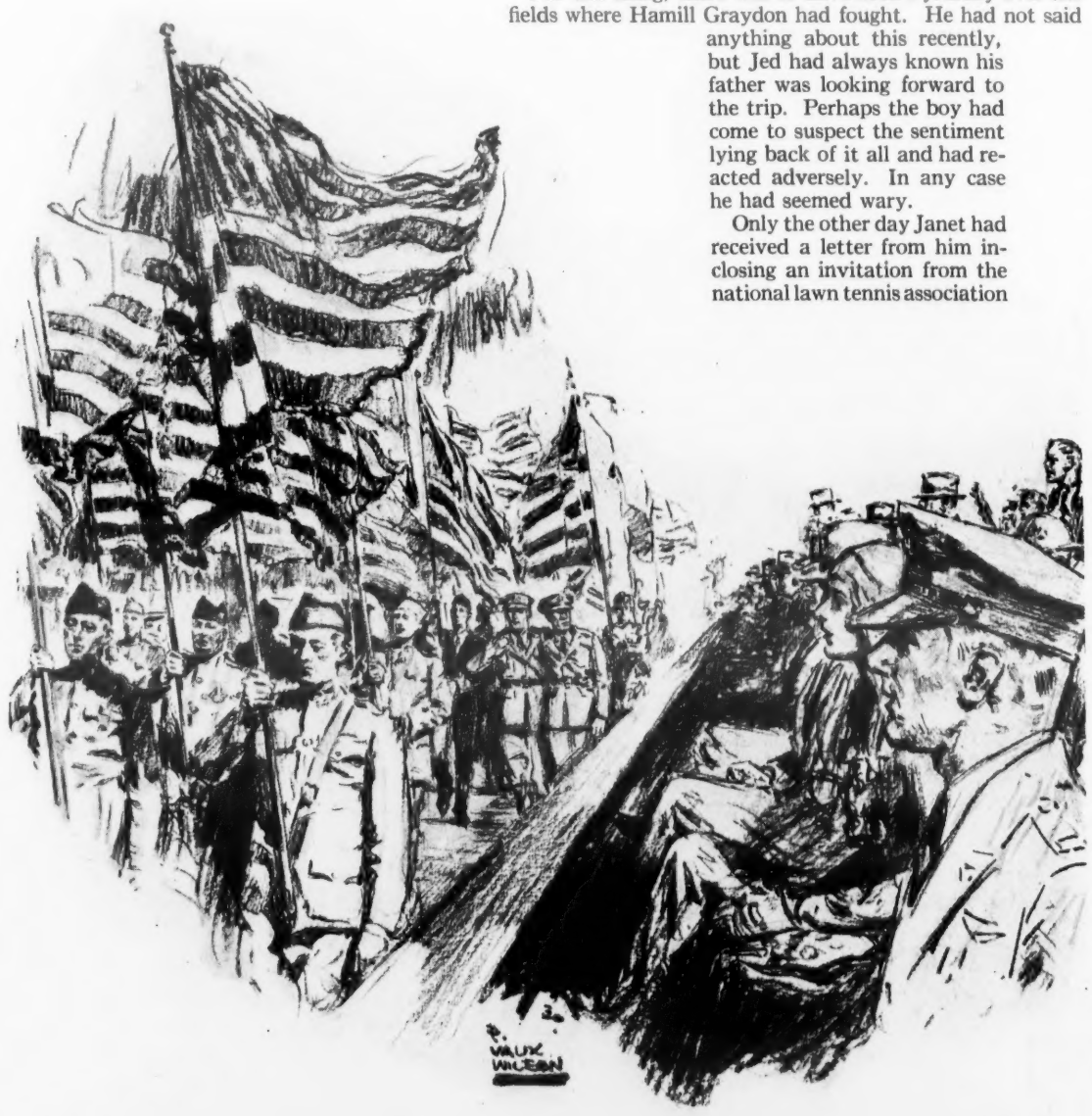
Hamill Graydon's attitude toward his university was a reflection of his personality. He represented something that had passed, something very fine indeed—the last perhaps of a line of men to whom certain ideals of honor and manhood and patriotism and, yes, women, were sacred; who looked with bleak eyes upon any violation of that code which gentlemen have handed down to gentlemen. A man of action, a superb horseman, excellent golfer and racquet player, a charming companion, popular and respected, Janet could not understand why Jed did not adore him, even granting their viewpoints differed.

Janet knew that the time was coming—perhaps it had come—when many things about Hamill Graydon that were virtues in terms of another era would be uneconomic, unwise, outdated. Someone of the Graydons, someone practical, crisp, businesslike, expedient, would before long have to take hold of family affairs with a strong hand and discerning mind. Prentice, their lawyer, was getting along and the office staff which handled the estate, including Tharpe, the superintendent, were shaky with years.

GRAYDON knew this. From things he had occasionally said, little significant things, Janet had divined how heavily he was counting upon Jed. Used to count, rather. Of late he had not talked in that strain. Something seemed to have died between the two. It had been an old dream of Graydon's to take his eldest son abroad with him this summer, in his twenty-first year. Just the two.

For one thing, there was to have been a journey over the fields where Hamill Graydon had fought. He had not said anything about this recently, but Jed had always known his father was looking forward to the trip. Perhaps the boy had come to suspect the sentiment lying back of it all and had reacted adversely. In any case he had seemed wary.

Only the other day Janet had received a letter from him inclosing an invitation from the national lawn tennis association



JANET GRAYDON'S EYES BECAME VIEWLESS, VIEWLESS UNTIL FIERCELY SHE DASHED THE TEARS AWAY SO THAT SHE MIGHT BEHOLD THE SPECTACLE BELOW AND BURN IT INTO HER MIND AND NEVER FORGET A SINGLE DETAIL

which in the interest of Davis Cup play was planning a trip of about a month for the development of a group of young men who had shown high promise. Jed was enthusiastic. The tour would begin the middle of June. He would have taken his examinations and would be able to leave.

Janet had not replied. Had he forgotten the projected trip to Europe? Assuming he had not, what point would there be, so far as Hamill Graydon was concerned, in going with an unwilling companion?

Thus in thrall of dilemma Janet had not the slightest idea what to do, what to say. She had a sense of impending tragedy—not violent, but something quiet, wherein no words are spoken and emotions, contained, breed dreadful reticences, hopeless divagations. She had, at last, placed the note upon her husband's desk, had wondered ever since whether she had done wisely. He had said nothing about it and she had feared to bring up the issue.

But now, she suspected, it was this that had brought Graydon into his son's room and, as the situation developed, she was right.

"I HEAR, Jed, you're thinking of going off on a tennis tour sometime next month."

"Yes, sir." The boy's manner was defensive.

"Pretty keen about it, I suppose."

"Well, it's a big opportunity, sir. We'll meet the best players all over the country."

"I see. That will rather bust up our trip to Europe, eh?"

"Oh! Yes, I forgot about that." Jed moved uneasily. "That's so." His voice sounded flat. "All right, I'll turn down the bid."

There was silence for a moment while Graydon regarded his son studiedly.

"I thought you might get in some playing while we were abroad—Wimbledon."

"Oh, sure. All right." Jed's manner was that of resignation. "I'll cancel my acceptance."

"WHY ALL THE PAGEANTRY, DAD? ELKS' CARNIVAL TODAY?"

"Then you have already accepted!" Janet's voice was low. "I thought you were waiting to hear from me."

"You didn't answer. So I thought it was all right. For the love of Mike, mother, let's drop it. I'll call it off tomorrow."

Graydon rose.

"Don't do that, boy. You go ahead with your tennis plans. To be frank, I've sort of lost interest in that trip myself now."

Jed raised himself upon an elbow.

"Oh, I'll go, of course."

"Thank you, no. Forget it. I brought it up only so that I could be sure about my own plans. Very well, then, we'll proceed accordingly."

As Janet stood, watching, stricken, helpless, Graydon went out of the room. She stood for a moment after he had gone. Then she went to Jed. Leaning down, she kissed him upon the forehead.

"I'm sorry, Jed."

"Sorry! What about?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. Good night." She turned to go.

"Mother."

"Yes, Jed."

"Do you suppose dad meant what he said about it being all right? I mean my tennis trip."

Janet hesitated a moment.

"Your father usually means exactly what he says, dear."

"WELL—you see it's this way: This trip will mean a whole lot to me. I've got to the point where I need the sort of competition I'll get."

"I know. I understand perfectly. But you must, too, Jed. Do you realize how long your father has been counting upon this trip?"

"Yes, but there is my side. What good will a summer pottering over Europe do me?"

"Aren't there other things to consider besides yourself?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Yes. But you can see dad didn't want it that way. He said he had kind of lost interest himself."

"Yes, because he could see you were not interested."

"Well, I can't help it. I'm not. What's the use of kidding?"

"No use, I suppose. So we won't talk any more about it."

"Oh, mother!"

"It's all right. When you have a son of your own perhaps you will understand. We always have to wait until then, I'm afraid. And that is the tragedy. Good night." Leaning down she kissed him upon the forehead.

He shook his head impatiently.

"I'll wire tomorrow saying I can't go."

"Don't be silly, Jed; of course you'll go. Anything else would be wholly futile. Go ahead. But, dearest boy, I wish sometime you would open your eyes to that father of yours. Sometime you will, I know. But I wish you'd hurry—before it's too late."

So she had left his room. And now Jed was brooding over the breakfast table, wholly remote from her understanding, and Hamill Graydon's place was vacant. While dressing, Janet had heard him out on the lawn directing the butler as to the raising of flags, this being, as Janet recalled, Memorial Day. He was invariably very particular about flags and other observances on national holidays, and as he grew older, Janet had noticed, he took things of the sort with ever increasing seriousness.

SHE was about to rise from the table to find him when she heard his heavy step in the hall, and as he entered she rose with a little wondering exclamation. For he was clad in the uniform of an infantry captain in the A. E. F., the uniform in which he had come home from France. Janet had not seen him in it since, in one of the great emotional moments of her life, she had hidden her face against the breast of that tunic on a bitter winter day more than ten years ago, on a pier in Hoboken, his big arms about her. Home from the war. Hers forever now.

But somehow as she gazed upon her husband Janet was not thinking about this. The uniform was no longer well fitting. It was tight—not extremely so—but just enough to make him appear gawky. True, he had kept fitter than most men have time to do; none the less more than a few pounds had come with the years and he was taking on the landed-squire mold exemplified in some of the dining-room portraits of his ancestors.

And so, her mood developing into amusement at this sudden and most unexpected manifestation of martial ardor, Janet would have smiled in that way which her husband thoroughly understood—he had paused inside the threshold, gazing at her, as it seemed, with a certain defensive self-consciousness—when, not knowing why, a wave of tender emotion enveloped her.

"Come, soldier boy," she said gently, "you must eat your breakfast, you know."

Jed grinned mirthlessly. He was a foe to sentiment and now, suspecting sentiment in his father, he was decidely ill at ease.

"Why all the pageantry, dad? Elks' carnival today?"

Graydon seemed to start. Then without a word he took his place at the table.

"That, Jed," Janet remarked, "is the uniform your father wore in France. How did you ever find it, Hamill?"

"I had Mrs. Haskins break it out."

"Oh." Janet flushed. Why had he gone to the housekeeper? Then deciding he might have had some diffidence about his intention to wear it on this day, she smiled.

Rising from her seat, she went to him, throwing her arms about his neck.

"My old soldier!" Her light laugh did not destroy the emotion in her voice.

"Old is right, girl." Turning, he looked at her, a soft twinkle in his staunch blue eyes. "I never realized it until

(Continued on Page 214)

AND NOW, INDEED, KEN CARTER WAS AFRAID. DUMB FEAR WAS UPON HIM

Little Fellers

By KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

FROM the head waters of Goose Wing Creek down to the hamlet of Windy upon Hollow River is a matter of many lonesome miles. Ken Carter made it between dawn and dusk and tied his pony to the hitching rack before Warren's General Hardware Store before the sun went down. It was the month of May, and the days were getting longer. There were as many as eight other ponies, he noted, tied to that rack. The entire population of Hollow County was pretty nearly all accounted for: Bill Edmunds' gray, Sandy Graham's pinto, Flaxman's bay, Marley's buckskin, the white horse ridden by Eddie Giles, the strawberry roan May bought down at the Indian Reservation last October, and the blue roan his nephew Sam had traded in his black horse, Gus, for on the same occasion. And there was the great speckled animal with the ornamented saddle and glittering martingale, which was the pride of handsome Donald Drew.

Ken Carter noted them all and tightened up his lips. Before he went into the store he flapped the dust from his sombrero and shook it out of his silk handkerchief. He was rather well dressed. He had ridden down to be introduced formally, according to Bill Edmunds' promise, to the only woman in Hollow County. Crystal Warren had come in, just before the big November snow, over the great, difficult mountain pass to help her father in the store. Since then, Goose Wing Creek had been cut off from the rest of the world. Now it was May. Ken Carter smoothed back his hair and opened the shop door.

HIS heart was beating its wings like a great scared bird. He shut the door very quietly and stood against it, not making his presence known. The shop, long and narrow and dim, was filled with men. They were leaning close against a counter behind which stood a girl. As Ken, blind from his sudden loss of sun, softly closed the door of his unobtrusive and unnoticed entrance, this girl spoke.

She had a round-throated and sun-nourished voice—like a bird's on a low branch, friendly.

This is what she said:

"Don't you fetch in any more menfolks for me to get used to, Bill Edmunds, please. Since I came out here I've met about all the menfolks I can possibly—negotiate."

Said Eddie Giles, and his tone was almost tremulous, "You ain't sayin' it's womenfolks you'd care to meet, Miss Crystal, are you?"

"Yes, sir. That's what I'm sayin'—just."

"'Tis a strange wish for a woman," commented Sandy Graham dryly.

And at this Crystal laughed.

To that laughter the men listened with an amazed delight. Children and girls and tenderly cherished women alone can laugh in just that key, with just that gay abandonment. It presupposes a heart not so seriously bruised by the shrewd cruelty of living that it is afraid to give its sudden merriment away. Crystal, confident of kindness, laughed, and the store full of lonely masculine wanderers and workers listened. All Windy seemed to listen and the wild and lonely mountain and range land that lay about it, vacant of child laughter or woman laughter, knowing only the hysteria of the coyote or the raucous, the reserved or the sardonic mirth of men.

When her laughter was over the girl's voice spoke again, fresh and plaintive now in a new cadence: "Do you men know what I'd love most to meet just now?" She seemed to be grieving. "It's . . . children . . . little fellers. When I was living with my married sister back in Nebraska, before I came out here to be with pa, there was six of them in the house. All ages, from seven years down to two months. If I could just have the feel of them in my arms again. . . ." The voice that grieved so singingly broke off.

Ken Carter was heard by no one quietly to leave the store.

A lean and grave young man, black-headed and gray-eyed, he stood for five minutes on the porch and pondered. The sun was setting behind one of the bare, smooth buttes. It was a big red sun. Ken Carter, as it slipped out of his sight, went in his high-heeled boots lightly down the steps and got himself again into his saddle.

"We'll stop up yonder in Mountain Meadows, old fellow," he promised Wrangle, "for a drink and a feed. Likely we won't see home before the mornin'."

Thus unobtrusively, without having made at Warren's store a single one of all his meditated purchases, did Ken Carter, of Goose Wing Creek, ride thoughtfully away, not to appear until ten days later on a Wednesday. On Wednesday there were rarely any ranchmen in the town of Windy.

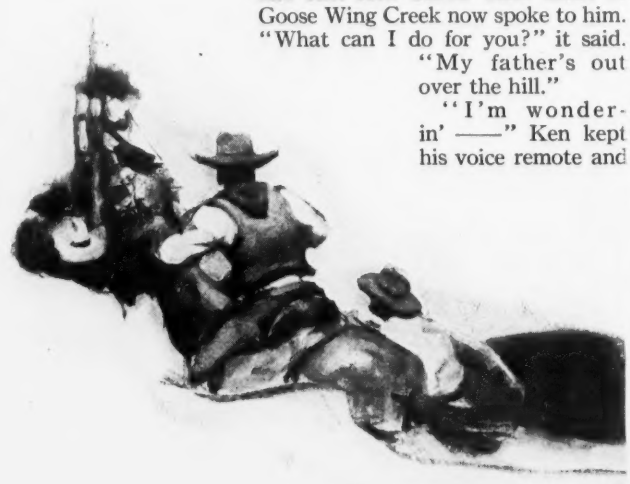
When Carter again opened the shop door, therefore, Crystal was alone behind her counter.

THIS time he came close and looked at her. But he kept excitement out of his eyes and removed them swiftly to the shelves above her head.

It was a lovely head, with eyes that matched her given name. And she was a girl such as that word calls for, youthful and gay and fair. The voice that had sent Ken Carter back alone to Goose Wing Creek now spoke to him. "What can I do for you?" it said.

"My father's out over the hill."

"I'm wonderin' ——" Ken kept his voice remote and



troubled, as he had kept the look in his eye—"I'm wonderin' if you folks hev got anything in stock that would be like—say, well, like undergarments for two little fellers—about three-year-old?"

Crystal said in a voice that had come nearer and grown warm: "Open the door, mister, and see if you can force up that window yonder. It's so dirty and cobwebbed that it don't give me any light." She stood with one hand pressed against her cheek while he did her bidding, so preoccupied, it would seem, with the sudden vision of two three-year-olds in need of underwear that she had forgotten her lovely self and his own strangeness.

"There was a box," she murmured, "an old, old box, labeled 'Tie-arounds'—somewheres here on a shelf. How pa come to get it!"

"Tie-arounds," Ken echoed hopefully—"they sound just about right, don't they?"

"When you use them you don't need buttons nor safety pins," Crystal went on, quoting from the label as she desperately searched.

"I WAS aimin' to get me some of *them* too." Ken examined a large sheet of paper labeled conspicuously "Shopping List for the Little Fellers."

"Well, we got plenty of safety pins and buttons in stock . . . Oh, here they are—the Tie-arounds."

She came to the counter opposite him in a glow of sympathetic triumph.

"Now, let's see. How big are the little fellers? Boys or girls? Did your wife tell you the measurements?"

Ken Carter answered slowly, his eyes on the dusty box she was opening. "I've not got me a wife yet. My brother died a spell since and left a widow with twin babies, a boy and a girl. She got herself a second husband and about a month ago she and him were both drownded in the Mississippi River flood, leavin' these two little fellers for me to raise. My sister-in-law's neighbor, who didn't get drownded, fetched them up as far as the town of Lincoln, to which I traveled out and from which"—Ken felt his own bronze cheeks growing warm and hurried over his "whiches"—"I took them home with me." Here for the first time he dared to lift his gaze from the Tie-arounds and to open its engaging clarity to her inspection. "After bein' a bachelor for twenty-eight years, this bein' saddled with a pair of twin babies is sort of—staggerin'."

"I should—say!" breathed Crystal.

"It's advice I stand in need of. Over the Timber Creek Pass, now, they tell me, there's a bunch of homesteaders, married men and such. If Hollow River was anyways fordable up my way and if, agin, I had a little old car, I might be able to run me over and get me some advice from one of those Timber County mothers. But with them two 'ifs' between me and them, they might as well be located behind the moon. As far as me and the little fellers is concerned, there ain't a woman in a radius of sixty miles."

Ken Carter sighed, lowering his eyes.

"Except—me," Crystal suggested in an inconspicuous sort of voice.

"Except you, of course, Miss Warren ——" He interrupted himself with resolution: "Now this here Tie-around looks the size of Gert," said he.

Closer to Ken Carter's homestead on Goose Wing Creek than to the town of Windy, which harbored Crystal Warren, lived old Jack Marley, ex-miner, ex-wanderer, ex-everything a Westerner can be, and now the friendliest imaginable gossip of a recluse. He rode a buckskin and kept a cow. He plowed and planted his alfalfa field and experimented in alien grain for his summer amusement. What there was to know of the doings of Hollow County he would know. Nobody passed his door without stopping in and telling what he surmised or had learned. At his door, therefore, Ken Carter alighted, when the Thursday morning saw him traveling northward.

For half an hour Marley and he discussed the future of "emmer," a Californian import, warranted to mature three crops a season and to feed both man and beast. For another half hour they discussed the next election, the matter of taxation and of government interference with the rights of free men. Then did Ken Carter put a question.

"Who's agoin' to marry Warren's gal?" asked he.

The little blue eyes of the little old man sparkled and squinted.

"Why, now, hevn't you heard? I am."

"Sure. I might 'a' knowed you'd get the jump on all us boys."

"But if she changes her mind at the eleventh instant, now, her second choice, I figure, will be Donald Drew."

Ken sat down on a chair beside the kitchen stove, on which his host was stirring a great pot of stew, and took out his makings.

"The handsomest man in Hollow County," went on Marley, "and the he-est. Six feet two in his socks and six feet two and a half without 'em. Eyes like windmills and fists like millstones. Got a good ranch with a hot spring on it, where a lady can bathe winter and summer if she takes kind to outdoor bathing, and about a thousand head of cattle growin' yearly, and that's about half of what any feller can manage with the winters we get in Hollow County. Bets are on Donald Drew, Ken. They sure are, I'm a-tellin' you."

Ken rose.

"You bettin'?"

"I'm figurin' too."

"Then put your money on me, Mr. Marley, for, in this contest, I'm the dark horse."

Marley chuckled. He looked his Goose Wing Creek neighbor over from head to heel.

"What you offerin', Ken, besides your countenance?"

KEN meditated. He was out of the door and halfway to his saddle before he answered. Then, "Twins," he replied, and left old Marley with his mouth open and a violent color in his unaccustomed face.

A mirthful feeling, the sensation of a faint chuckle, possessed Ken's eyes and mouth corners and other stray crannies of his being as he rode on; but when he came slowly up the Goose Wing trail toward his dark and lonely cabin under the pine trees and the early stars, that sensation, with all its slight penumbra, faded from his body and his mind. It was still and cold here, so high and far away. No light burned in his windows. No smoke rose from his chimney. He turned Wrangle loose, slapped his hind quarters, gave him a hatful of oats by way of hors d'œuvres to the long meal of grass ahead of him, and let himself in to the dark spaces of his empty home. He got his lamp lighted and a fire in his stove. He cooked himself an absent-minded supper. He drew up his chair and took down the mail-order catalogue. The rustle of its leaves as he turned to the contents and the cracking of the iron stove-cheeks made loud noise for him, the vast outer night being so windless and so still. The parcels he had bought at Warren's store lay unopened on the table.

He rose and thrust them out of sight in a box beneath his window. Returned to the catalogue, he ran his finger down to B: Batteries. B-power units. Babbitting Jigs; then, Baby Goods.

Bib aprons. Bands. Baskets. Bassinets. Bathtubs. Blankets. Bloomers. Bonnets. Bottles. Buggies. Buntings. Cribs. Diapers. Dresses. Ear Caps. Eiderdown. Exercisers. Foods. High Chairs. Gates. Ginghams. Gocarts. . . .

Bewildered, Ken found himself involved in Christening Garments. After a while he got himself a pad and pencil and began to make a new, laborious list.

Gradually the chuckling sensation, or its ghost, returned to stand beside his elbow.

ONLY half a mile farther south than that point where Goose Wing Creek tumbles into Hollow River another canyon creek slides into its slow-moving waters unobtrusively. Up Timber Creek "a way" lived Donald Drew. In distance he was Carter's nearest neighbor, but from no other man was he so separated, for at this point Hollow River, which divided their two holdings, was rarely fordable and, even at such rare times, deterringly dangerous. But from one bank to the other the men at times observed each other, and when Ken rode toward Crystal on the last Wednesday of two months whose Wednesdays had made a sweet gage of the passing weeks he saw, outlined against the great sky on a smooth hilltop, the big young man on his big horse, watching him from the other side of Hollow River. There was no wind to stir his trappings or his horse's mane. Man and horse, they stood as still as iron, watching him. But when Ken's trail, coming out into the open after a descent, showed him the round hilltop again, the figure had disappeared. A cloud of dust smoked south along the farther bank. Ken heard hoofs beating. And he spurred Wrangle.

He was bending over the counter in Warren's dim little store—his hand laid warmly over Crystal's fingers—when, on

(Continued on Page 225)

THEY RODE LIKE MEN WITH A PROMPT PURPOSE AND THEY RODE ANGRILY

John LaGatta, With Brush and Pen,

MEN say woman is bewildering, and she is bewildering. Her character can be changed with the changing of a dress. She is not the same woman in a kitchen apron as she is in formal dress, and she is quite another woman in sport clothes and in a bathing suit. In effect, woman is a lovely blotter; she possesses a sort of capillary attraction which saturates her with her surroundings. Adaptability is her middle name. She has adapted and assimilated and saturated herself down the ages. In a stern era she has been grimly stern; in a gay era she has been hectically gay, and the outward signal of what is going on inside her soul is her dress—the design and the color and the mode of wearing her dress

We are, or I hope we are, emerging from a period of matter-of-factness, which woman has reflected in her clothes, in her thought and in her behavior. For too long now a spade has been a spade and a leg has been something you walk on, and a fact of life has been a polite conversational subject at dinner table. And in this era, now passing if luck is with us, she has been franker than the era, more matter-of-fact, more obvious. She has made a parade of what, in another day, were concealments; she insisted upon ruthless frankness to the point of indelicacy.

In such a curious and unappetizing age she seems deliberately to shed what is most becoming to her. She tosses away her mystery and reveals secrets which aren't so.

We seem now to be in a period of transition back or forward to something a little less blatant, and already woman is feeling it, and fumbling around for her rôle in the new play. When she has found it, we will hope she does not overplay it—that she will stop a little journey short of Ultima Thule.

She has reached a realization that legs are no longer a treat, so she is upon the verge of taking legs out of circulation. The

Pictures the Return of Feminine Charm

era is slightly bored with legs, so skirts drop below the knees and reach for ankles. Having discovered that men prefer masculinity at stag parties but go in society generally to enjoy the society of women, she is on her way to try to be the sort of woman men have turned to in their reaction from her recent herculean efforts to make herself unbeautiful and unfeminine.

It is with anticipatory pleasure that I welcome the advent of gracious, flowing lines, of lines that suggest and conceal, and baffle and mystify—but do not reveal. Now, again, we may delight in the ever-changing loveliness which can be created only by texture in flight.

The pendulum is swinging—backward or forward. Perhaps, probably, it will bring romance and gentility back to us—for the semblance of these fine things has been stored away for years as something quite repellent and to be ashamed of. We have been long enough without Romance—and quite too long without good manners.

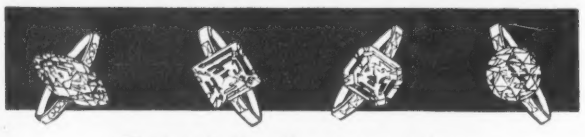
Now come back to us long fabrics graciously floating, which restore to woman the beauty which is hers by gift of Nature; and she will derive from this graciousness and grace and alluring concealment qualities of mind and of heart of which they are the outward form.

Enchanted by soft, fragile daintiness, she will once more belong to the world of Moonlight and Romance; she will once more set afloat golden-sailed argosies, noble ships whose cargoes, made possible by her inspiration, will be loftier poetry, nobler music, more splendid painting. Again she is woman—feminine, desirable.

And we may expect with confidence and with deep satisfaction that the natural response to her renaissance of charm and graciousness will be a rebirth of courtesy and refinement and *good taste*.

To illustrate some of the loveliest features of the present bridal mode, Mrs. John H. G. Pell, herself a prominent recent New York bride, has posed in a princess model of heavy oyster-white satin with shirred bodice and cap sleeves, a creation from Bergdorf-Goodman. An exquisite touch to the fashionable wedding ensemble is the bouquet of beautiful large white orchids and trailing sprays of smaller orchid blossoms, designed by Wadley & Smythe.

PHOTO. BY NICKOLAS MURAY



The four fashionable engagement rings.

Fashionable

Described by

EARLY in the morning the florist's wagons drive up and disgorge dozens and dozens of giant ferns and large picturesque candles. Armfuls and armfuls of great white chrysanthemums, roses or lilies, as the season dictates. Casual passers-by turn interested heads and say with a quickened glance, "There's to be a wedding at St. Thomas' today!"

All morning and well into the afternoon, expert hands are transforming the interior of the church into a flower-lined haven which still retains the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

By three, the long narrow awning and strip of velvet carpet have already been thrown out from the church door across the long flight of steps down to the very edge of the sidewalk—to shield the expected bride and her attendants from the public gaze and to protect her against the weather.

The public takes its cue, begins to linger, to collect, to steal into the church if it can! Special police arrive to guard the doors and clear the sidewalks. Extra traffic officers are placed to direct the heavy additional traffic.

At four-thirty the wedding guests arrive. Gleaming cars deposit some two thousand friends and relatives—and pass on to line the streets for blocks around. Often it is necessary to suspend certain parking rules.

Inside, the ushers are placing the guests according to a chart made out that morning. The groom, a mere accessory, has made his modest arrival and awaits his cue, unseen, to come from the vestry room to meet his bride before the altar.

Now a sudden stir. Necks are craned on the crowded sidewalks. Policemen stiffen. It is the motorcycle guard that heralds the bridal party itself, and at last—a little bit late as traditionally prescribed—the bride herself, flowing train, gorgeous bouquet, filmy veil—really as traditional a figure as any bride that ever stepped out of a fairy tale!

So it has been since New York's important families gave their daughters in marriage in old St. Paul's or Grace Church.

A hundred thousand things remain the same—exactly the same! And a hundred thousand others change!

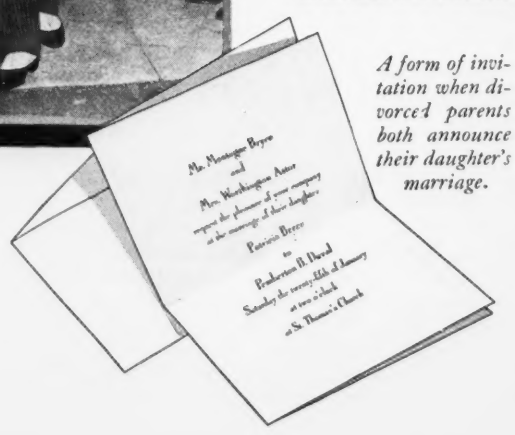
The bride still walks up the aisle to the strains of Wagner's stately "Here comes the bride!" The couple still marches down the aisle to Mendelssohn's triumphant burst from the organ. The bride is still "given away." The clergyman pronounces almost word for word the eternal words that have made a young man and a maiden man and wife through the centuries.

But—the wedding ring has become a slender thread of platinum, the trousseau is in pink or peach or orchid and is shrunk to a fraction of its size, the bride no longer withdraws into maidenly seclusion the morning of her wedding, the wedding reception takes place less and less frequently at the bride's home, the wedding gifts may be acknowledged by a card and the florist's bill runs up into the thousands!

This article will tell about the dramatic happenings, the thousand and one changes that new social conditions have brought about in the conduct of weddings. It will not touch upon the many time-worn usages which are still charmingly observed.

PHOTO. BY ACME NEWS PICTURES

The bride is the former Miss Bernice Chrysler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Chrysler, leaving St. Bartholomew's Church after her marriage to Edward W. Garbisch. This photograph shows the police protection necessary at important New York weddings.



A form of invitation when divorced parents both announce their daughter's marriage.

QUESTION: Who makes the wedding arrangements?

ANSWER: A hundred thousand details to be attended to! Invitation lists to be assembled and no one forgotten from the groom's dear Great-aunt Patricia to the bride's own beloved old nurse. Bridesmaids and ushers to be chosen. Trousseau selected. Wedding gifts acknowledged. Prewedding parties to be attended. Caterers, florists, dressmakers, jewelers, hairdressers, photographers, the rehearsal at the church. No—one million things to be attended to! And not one single detail may be overlooked.

Q.: Does the enchanted bride do it all herself?

A.: Sometimes yes, more or less so. Sometimes hardly at all. For most brides it begins as the most thrilling, the jolliest adventure in her young life, and it ends as a Gargantuan task.

Hence, the social secretary. Three months before the wedding the social secretary is called in to consult with the bride and her mother as to how much of the preparation she will take over. Invariably she will take over the invitation and announcement lists. From there on, the secretary may lend a helping hand in every detail, the florist's decorations, fittings, the acknowledgment of gifts, the arrangements with the caterer, arrangements for a special train for out-of-town guests. Some New York weddings are really enormous pageants involving a great deal of planning and attention to exact detail, and involving enormous expenditure. At a

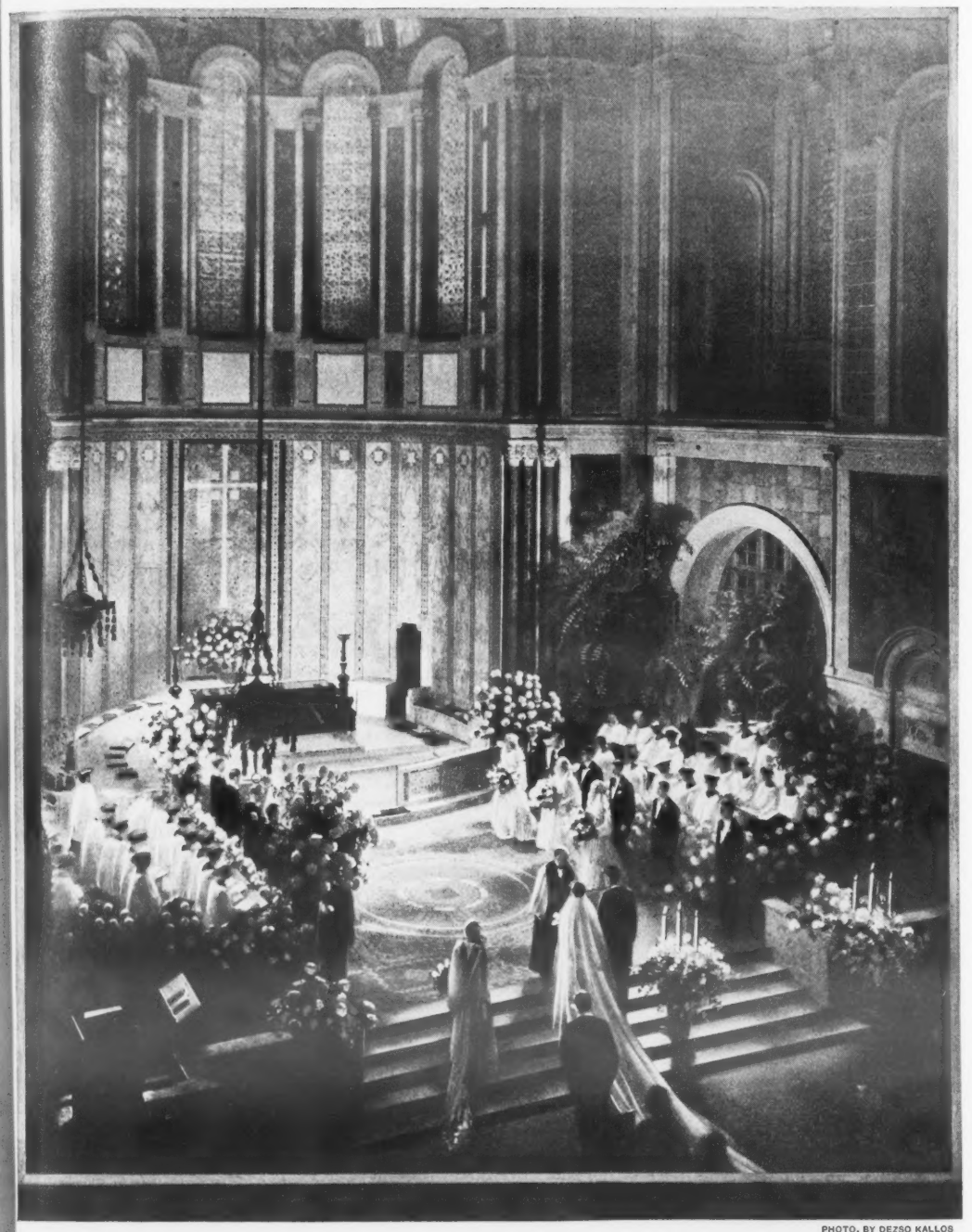


PHOTO. BY DEZSO KALLOS

At left—At St. Bartholomew's—the wedding of Miss Jane Shonnard, daughter of Mrs. Joyce Shonnard and Horatio Seymour Shonnard, and Geoffrey Gates. The bride wore a moyen âge gown of cream-colored satin embroidered with seed pearls, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaids wore tulle frocks in fall tints, with matching capes and velvet toques, and carried yellow roses. The church was decorated with chrysanthemums.

The four fashionable wedding rings.

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD STUDIOS

Weddings

Anne Barclay

recent wedding the social secretary earned two thousand dollars in commissions on orders to stationers, florists, jewelers, musicians and the hotel where the reception was held.

Q.: When and how are wedding invitations sent out?

A.: The engagement is first announced informally to friends and immediately given to the newspapers. It is usually announced six months before the wedding. The wedding invitations are sent out a month before the wedding. Lists are supplied by the bride, the groom and the father and mother of each, making a total running into the thousands. These must be checked over carefully not only to avoid duplicates, but to keep abreast of the changes due to divorces, deaths, and the seasonal change of addresses of New Yorkers who may have as many as six residences. At one recent wedding there were twenty-two different lists to be checked—uncles', aunts' and grandmothers' lists on both sides, the father's list of business friends, and his partner's list. As many as thirty-five hundred invitations have been sent out, though not half that number are always expected. The preparation and checking of such lists makes necessary very careful work by the social secretaries, for no one may be overlooked neither may the wrong person be invited.

The changing social acceptance of divorce has brought about such novel situations as the invitation by a divorced

(Continued on Page 90)

Below—Mrs. Reginald Grenfell, the former Miss Joyce Phipps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Phipps and one of the five Langhorne sisters of Virginia, married at St. Margaret's Church, London. The wedding, together with the reception following it was held at Lady Astor's in St. James's Square.

PHOTO. BY LENARE

"P. & A. PHOTO"

One of the most brilliant weddings in American history. . . . Miss Estelle Manville, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Edward Manville, and Count Folke Bernadotte, nephew of the King of Sweden, who were married at St. John's Church. The bride was gowned in white velvet and lace, and wore a coronet upon her head.

Above—Mrs. James H. Van Alen. The former Miss Eleanor Langley who was married at the Church of the Advent, Westbury, Long Island. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Langley, wore an extremely simple gown of ivory satin and carried a white prayer book. The groom is the great-grandson of Mrs. William Astor, and the grandnephew of Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt.

"IT IS CHIPS," SHE EXPLAINED. "HE HAS SUCH WONDERFUL SPIRITS! AND HE IS UTTERLY FEARLESS"

The Psychology Pup

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by

Robert L. Dickey and W. Emerton Heitland

WHEN old Miss Ginevra Garrod's very formal dinner to the Queen of Ruritania was at its very formal height, a diversion was created by the spectacle of a hard-chased rat scuttling into the dining room and blindly running up the back of a chair and thence jumping down to the table.

Hot on the fleeing rat's heels dashed a smallish and nondescript mongrel, which gained the table top at one frantic bound. The dog pursued his prey from one end of the board to the other in a whirlwind rush, creating a deep furrow amid the bank of roses and the glass and silver. At the table's head, directly under the nose of Her Majesty, he made his kill.

Jerram, the butler, stepped gravely forward and lifted the mongrel in both hands—the rat still close-gripped between the grinning jaws—and bore him from the room. Miss Ginevra Garrod beamed apologetically about her.

"It is Chips," she explained to the badly startled guest, seeming to feel that this bald announcement made all clear. "He has such wonderful spirits! And he is utterly fearless. You saw that, just now, for yourself."

Under her breath, the old lady added—to the man beside her:

"'A cat may look on a king.' But Chips wasn't going to permit a rat such familiarities with a queen. There never was a dog like him."

The next week a highly important personage, who just then was running for a highly important office, called ceremoniously to pay his respects to Miss Garrod, who had been his long-dead father's friend in the days of Grant's second administration.

As usual, at teatime, Chips trotted into the room. The highly important personage was balancing a full cup in one hand and a bit of cake in the other. He was gesticulating with the hand which held the cake. Chips regarded the waving of the morsel as an invitation. He trotted up to the visitor and planted both paws on the gray-trousered knees. Chips had just come in from a scamper in the muddy garden.

THE guest was not a dog man. Impatiently he kicked at the pawing mongrel. The half-deflected kick stung Chips and he retaliated by inflicting a really creditable bite on the offending leg's shin.

The tea was spilled. So was the highly important personage's temper, as the hot liquid scalded his lap and the pain of the raking bite excoriated his shin. Leaping up, he delivered a harder and more vigorously directed kick at the dog—a kick which Chips eluded with no difficulty at all.

Before either man or mongrel could renew the encounter, Jerram had appeared from nowhere in particular, scooping up the angry Chips and bearing him growling from the room. At the same time, Miss Garrod was on her feet, white and terrible, as she confronted her fuming guest.

"Since it seems impossible for you to show your inferiority to a dog in any better way than by kicking him," she said with awful iciness, "may I suggest that you will find the afternoon air more congenial from the other side of my front door? I have never exercised my recent prerogative of the ballot. But next week I shall do so—if only to help bar from office a candidate who has just shown himself so vilely unfit for it. Please do not let me detain you longer. I am certain you can find more dogs to kick in the street than in my house. Good day. And good-by."

Neither of these incidents need have been related here—though they passed into folklore in Miss Ginevra Garrod's regally exclusive set—except to show the all-encompassing hold which Chips, the nondescript little mongrel, had gained over his mistress' heart; and to explain more clearly what is to follow.

To the age of seventy-seven, Miss Garrod never had owned a dog, nor had she had the remotest personal experience with one. Then, during a visit to her nephew, Paul Gray, at Garth, she had encountered the Grays' eccentric Chips and had insisted that he be given to her. It was a royal command. She bore the queer little dog back with her to the gigantic Philadelphia mansion where she reigned as last and richest representative of the Philadelphia Garrods.

Hers had been a drearily lonely life. Into that loneliness frisked the gayly devil-may-care Chips. On him, presently, Miss Garrod was lavishing all the affection which should have gone to the children she never had had. Also, in her dense ignorance of dog nature, she looked on his elfin cleverness as nothing short of miraculous. Mentally she endowed him with more astoundingly human and superhuman traits than have been the portion of all of history's dogs since Cerberus.

If Chips had been less an own-your-own-soul canine, the petting and adulation might well have spoiled him. They might have done so in any case but for Jerram, the household's elderly butler. Jerram was an Englishman. He had been in Miss Garrod's service for more than thirty years. But his father had been kennel manager of a sporting nobleman's estate in the dukeries. Jerram himself had begun life as kennel boy, before he was transferred to the job of page as a first step in his long climb toward butlerhood.

Jerram knew dogs. He took Chips under his wing and sought to make a respectable house dog of him. He did not succeed—thanks to Miss Garrod's spoiling—yet he grew attached to the odd little mongrel. And Chips came nearer to loving and revering Jerram than any other human.

Besides Miss Garrod and Chips and the servants, the huge and ugly old house's occupants were Dorothy Fane and Cornelius Van Loo.

Dorothy was Miss Garrod's companion and social secretary. The girl was young and decidedly pretty. Her sweetness and tact and forbearance had won Miss Garrod's heart as well as her confidence, during their two years together. Van Loo was general secretary and major domo and financial handy man to Miss Garrod. He had held the office, at a surprisingly good salary, for more than forty-five years.

He had been an excellent employe in his day. But now he was nearly eighty. Not only was he increasingly fragile of health, but he was still more increasingly forgetful. When, one day, he drew a pay check to the order of Miss Ginevra's farm foreman, and made it out for eight thousand dollars instead of the requisite eighty dollars, he himself admitted it was time for him to retire.

Miss Garrod pensioned him at full pay and sent him off to Scranton to end his days with his grandson—who did not want him. And so Cornelius Van Loo passes doddleringly out of our story—a story which never would have existed except for his retirement.

As Miss Ginevra Garrod was one of the nine richest women in the United States and as her business interests were many and varied, it became necessary to fill Van Loo's place, not only satisfactorily but promptly. Her personal counsel, Claiborne Ritter—of Ritter, Pennifold & Ritter—asked for the vacant and profitable berth for his son, Parsons Ritter, a young lawyer of high repute and of ultraconservative ways.

CHIPS HAD JUST COME IN FROM A SCAMPER IN THE MUDDY GARDEN

THE same evening Dorothy Fane approached the old lady. The girl spoke with worried rapidity, far different from her wonted gentle calm. Her face, too, was flushed; and her manner was hesitant.

"Miss Garrod," she faltered, "I'd like to say something to you. But perhaps it is presumptuous. I ——"

"Probably it is," assented Miss Ginevra. "Most things said to rich old women are apt to be. If you are asking for a raise of salary ——"

"You know I'm not!" declared the girl. "I ——"

"Or if you're getting married and leaving me in the lurch, just when poor old Van Loo's absence is making me need to throw so much extra work on you ——"

"Won't you please stop guessing, dear Miss Garrod?" pleaded Dorothy. "It gets me so—so confused and ——"

"Of course it does!" exclaimed Miss Ginevra. "That's what I meant it to do. You came to me with a nice diplomatic speech all carefully rehearsed. I saw that, the minute you stepped into the room. If I had let you go on, you would have led up to the point so gracefully that it would have taken me ten minutes to find out what you were driving at. So I crumpled your battle line. Now, please forget all about the rehearsal and tell me what you want."

"Mr. Van Loo has been pensioned," began Dorothy valiantly, yet visibly shaken from her original plan of attack. "And you need someone to take his place ——"

"You astonish me. I am too old to be subjected to such sudden revelations. But go on. I am recovering enough from your news that Van Loo is gone and that I need someone in his place, to hear the rest. Well?"

Steeling herself against the ponderous sarcasm, Dorothy continued as best she could.

"If it isn't impertinent, I'd like—ever so much—to suggest someone to take Mr. Van Loo's place. Someone I've known always. I know he could do the work. I know he could do it splendidly. Would you mind very much seeing him and talking to him about it, dear Miss Garrod? He's—he's a friend of my family. He's a friend of mine. He ——"

"Yes," dryly agreed Miss Ginevra, as the girl faltered again. "I gathered he was a friend of yours, Dorothy. People don't shake all over and hem and haw and get pink and starry-eyed talking about strangers. Who is he?"

"Graeme Bliss."

"Why didn't you say so right away? I was afraid it was some exemplary bore you went to business college with. I've known Graeme Bliss since the time I threatened to have him sent to the reformatory for robbing my cherry tree out there. I haven't happened

to see him in nine or ten years—not since he went to college, I think—but I doubt if he's much changed. He didn't even have the tact to lie out of it or to beg for mercy when I caught him in my cherry tree. He wouldn't even give the names of the other boys who were with him—the ones that ran away before I could get there. The young tough! That was why I didn't have him arrested. So he's the lad you want me to hire for Van Loo's position, is he?"

"Yes, Miss Garrod. Oh, yes. If you please. He ——"

"H'm! I knew his grandfather, too—old Cartaret Graeme. Cartaret lost his mind when he was ninety. He got the perfectly absurd and illogical idea that he was a postage stamp. He used to go around with an envelope, asking entire strangers to lick him and put him on it. Came of the right stock, though. And up to ninety, he was wise enough. He—he proposed to me, once. No, twice. Very prettily too. Of course, that was long before he took to asking people to stick him onto an envelope. Long before. I needn't tell you that. I —— Let me see—you were saying you wanted Graeme Bliss to take Van Loo's place. Why, may I ask?"

DOROTHY FANE AND BLISS ANNOUNCED TIMIDLY TO MISS GARROD THAT THEY WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED. THEN, BREATHLESS, THEY WAITED FOR THE POSSIBLE STORM

"BECAUSE I like him. And because I know he will do the work well. And because he is splendidly square. And because he has ever so much cleverness. And ——"

"Those are reasons enough. Never mind groping for more. You told it all in your first reason. Let me think a minute."

Into the room loped Chips. In his jaws the dog carried the large T bone of a steak. Mounting upon the furred yellow satin cushions of the chaise longue, he snuggled down to his feast. Miss Garrod eyed him fatuously. Then her eyes glinted.

"Good!" she declared. "Chips has given me an idea. Just as he always does. There never was such a dog! Claiborne Ritter is at me to give his son, Parsons, the position. Now you are at me to give it to Cartaret Graeme's cherry-stealing grandson. Claiborne Ritter paints his son in even more glowing colors than you paint Graeme Bliss; in fact, to hear his father talk, young Ritter has not a single redeeming vice. Now, here is what I am going to do ——"

She paused dramatically, her withered old fingers rubbing the unresponsive Chips' tatterdemalion ears. Then she went on:

"I shall send for both boys to come here to see me. Both the same day. Perhaps an hour apart. Not longer than an hour apart, for I want to keep the comparison fresh in my mind. Chips shall be in the room while each of them is there. Do you catch my trend?"

"I'm afraid not, Miss Garrod," answered the girl, puzzled.

"And yet, in the past month or so, you've read aloud to me no fewer than three stories or essays about dogs, that said a dog's psychic sense is more to be relied upon than the wisest human logic, when it comes to testing character! That you may safely trust a human whom dogs take to; and that there is something fundamentally wrong with the man or woman whom dogs dislike! Don't tell me you've forgotten."

"No, of course I haven't forgotten. And I've heard the same thing all my life. But I don't see how it affects ——"

"No? Well, in addition to my own judgment of both the applicants, I am going to watch Chips' reactions to them. A dog knows. And if any dog knows anything, Chips is that dog. Aren't you, Chipsey?"

AGAIN the long old fingers caressed the head of the industriously gnawing dog. Chips continued to rend the few remaining shreds of steak from the T bone, oblivious of his mistress' ministrations. She looked up, to see Jerram standing in the doorway.

"Beg pardon, Miss Garrod," said the butler, "but it's time for me to take him for his evening run. And, if I may make so bold, he don't belong on a sofa. I've taught him to ——"

At sight of Jerram the dog had sidled swiftly to the floor, where he strove to look innocent of the crime of jumping on the chaise longue. Then, with little dancing grace-note steps, he followed the butler from the room, still gripping his beloved T bone.

Dorothy Fane watched man and dog disappear. Vaguely she wondered why Jerram had waited so long before coming in and summoning Chips to his walk. For twice, as she had been talking with Miss Garrod, she had glanced across the threshold and had seen him standing in the hallway outside the room—presumably out of earshot; certainly outside the range of Miss Garrod's vision.

Half an hour later Dorothy chanced to be crossing the lower hall as Jerram and Chips returned from their ramble.

"Jerram," she said nervously, "you know all about dogs. Is it true that ——"

"No, miss," he corrected her, "I don't. And neither does any other mortal human. Off and on, since I was a nipper, I've been handling dogs, miss. And maybe it's been given me to know pretty near as much about them as most folks can hope to. But that isn't one-tenth of the whole of it."

"Do you believe the old saying is true?" she asked. "The saying that a man can be trusted if dogs like him, and that a man isn't worthy of trust if dogs don't take to him?"

"Miss," replied Jerram oratorically, "there's all sorts of lies—all manner of lies, miss—floating around this world. And the silliest of those lies is about dogs. But of all the crazy lies ever told about dogs, the craziest is the lie about their knowing good folks from bad folks; and that you can trust a man a dog takes to. That's the silliest of the lot."

"Oh!"

"Yes'm. Up in your state of Maine, a governor sent a collie to be a pal for the prisoners in a penitentiary, a year or so back. The newspapers said the dog chummed with mostly all of the prisoners, and seemed to love them. Well, out of that lot of jailbirds, there must have been at least one or two that wasn't saints. Likewise, one or two of the very worst blayguards I ever met had dogs that worshiped them. Likewise, miss, one or two of the finest and holiest men I have known couldn't make a dog stay in the same room with them. How could a dog know a good man from a bad man, at sight, any better than a human can know? How can he tell who is honest and who isn't? He can't. Some folks he likes. Some folks he don't like. It hasn't anything to do with their goodness or their badness. It doesn't prove anything, except that he happens to like them or not to like them. I tried to tell Miss Garrod so, once. But she said I was an old fool. It's better to be an old fool than an old liar like the man who made up that silly story, miss."

Crestfallen, the girl made her way to her own room. Stolidly Jerram stared after her. He had taken a strong liking, long since, to the pretty young companion who was so invariably pleasant to him. With smug good wishes he had peered out of a window, more than once, on Dorothy's afternoons off, to see her joined at the street corner by a well-set-up youth who always held out both hands eagerly in greeting as he met her.

"Chips," remarked the butler, as the dog trotted down the hallway after him toward the baize door which separated the front half of the rambling house from the servants' quarters—"Chips, me buck, a poet chap said once: 'There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream,' Chips. I and you are too old to dream that way. But the both of us can do our bit to help along them who isn't too old for it, Chips."

ON AN afternoon dreadful with suspense to Dorothy Fane, the test was made. At four o'clock the doorbell buzzed. Before Parsons Ritter's well-gloved finger could complete its pressure on the button, the front door swung wide. Jerram stood on the threshold, to usher the visitor into the house and thence into the awful presence of Miss Ginevra Garrod.

Ritter was punctual, to the split second—an admirable trait, as he knew, in an applicant. His somewhat wooden face was courteously expressionless. His well-cut clothes were faultless, from tie to toe.

Clothes and face underwent a sharp change for the worse as he stepped into the gloomy front hall and handed his hat and gloves and stick to the butler. For a house man chanced to be crossing the hall at the moment, bearing a dustpan heaped high with ashes. As he detoured around the immaculate Ritter, the house man slipped awkwardly on the gleaming marble of the hallway floor.

Ritter had been noting wordlessly that a house man thus laden had no place in the front hall of a well-conducted house at such an hour, when his meditations were wrecked by a cascade of dusty white ashes that fell athwart the entire lower expanse of his faultlessly tailored trousers.

An explosive and perhaps excusable oath ripped its way between his tight lips, as he stared in wrathful consternation down at his ash-strewn trousers and shoes. But, on the instant, even as the clumsy house man scuttled away, Jerram was down on both knees, with a mysteriously produced cloth

(Continued on Page 192)

Golf Should be a Happy Game

By ALEX J. MORRISON

MISS RICE'S COSTUME COURTESY ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO., NEW YORK CITY

START YOUR PRACTICE BY STANDING ERECT AND POINTING THE CLUB TOWARD THE RIGHT

GOLF isn't going to interfere with our happiness," said the young husband. But from the way he spoke I suspected that golf was indeed the fly in the connubial ointment and the wrench in the marital works.

The Arthur Howells had only been married about three years, and according to Mr. Howell: "We get along fine until Marian starts whining about her game of golf. I'm fed up with it; I don't know what's wrong with her game but if she doesn't shut up about it soon she'll have to quit playing, that's all." And Mr. Howell wasn't trying out his voice, he meant every word of it.

Mrs. Howell would come home from the golf course and start in. "Arthur, I tried your style of putting today and still Mrs. James beat me. Darn it, even that old hen can make the first flight and I'm still dubbing along in the beginner's class!"

"It takes time and lots of practice, dear," Mr. Howell would advise. "Have patience."

"Patience! What I need is a new set of clubs." Mrs. Howell could argue as logically as most women.

This young couple came to me during one of my lectures in Chicago. "We take our golf seriously, Mr. Morrison," Mr. Howell explained, "and we want you to tell us if it is possible for Mrs. Howell to play good golf."

"Anyone who has the right swing can play good golf," I told them, "and the correct swing is a perfectly simple and natural motion which anyone can learn to make."

"I know I couldn't." Mrs. Howell spoke ruefully. "I'm too fat."

"Your size and age have very little to do with making the correct swing," I assured her.

"Well, when are you going to teach me this swing?"

This was more than I had bargained for. I knew that if I started with her I would have to establish the correct swing or wind up by having her swinging on me.

Grantland Rice Says:

ALEX J. MORRISON is something more than a fine teacher of golf. He is also one of the few who have made a close study of breaking up tension, which is the curse of every game played.

Rex Beach Says:

Alex J. Morrison knows more about his business than I will ever know about mine.

SWING THE CLUB WELL BACK OVER THE RIGHT SHOULDER

I started out by telling Mrs. Howell to stop playing altogether and devote at least half an hour every day to swinging the club around in the air like a baseball bat, swinging back and forth without stopping until at least ten or twelve consecutive swings had been made. I explained further that the most important point in the exercise was that of keeping her head from turning around with the swing, and that she could keep her head in the proper position by pointing her chin well to the right and keeping it there throughout the entire swing.

She could not report any improvement after two weeks' time, and when I asked her what she was basing her judgment upon she told me, "Why, my scores are worse than ever."

"Scores?" So she had been out playing without my permission. I immediately called Mr. Howell and we took Mrs. Howell out to one of the practice tees in Lincoln Park. There I told her to swing away and show us what she had learned.

In trying for over half an hour she didn't hit one shot correctly, and it was evident that she had not developed the proper swing. On the side I told Mr. Howell "I know from what she is failing to do here that she hasn't carried out my instructions, but I'll get her to hit the ball successfully before we leave this afternoon."

Mrs. Howell tried to excuse her failure. "That's just the way my ball goes on the course, no direction and no distance ——"

At this point I cut in. There was no need of letting her say any more; I wasn't her husband and I didn't have to listen to her alibis. "Don't tell me what you can't do on the golf course. What you are doing here proves that you are too lazy to think of the one simple point about keeping your chin back. Now we're going to stay right here until you show us that you can keep your chin back until the entire swing is over."

By succeeding finally in keeping her chin back she brought about a swing that enabled her to hit many beautiful shots, to the great delight of Mr. Howell. He agreed that the results I had got justified the means, so I continued, "You haven't established any semblance of the right swing and yet you expect to play good golf. You are not even willing to take the trouble to do the simple exercise to learn the swing."

Mrs. Howell tried to excuse her lack of practice by saying, "Well, I haven't any place to swing the club." In talking to me she still must have thought she was dealing with her husband.

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't space in one of the rooms of your apartment, on the roof of the building or in the yard?"

Here Mr. Howell came to my aid. "Why, of course, Marian, you could swing out on the lawn."

"But," she argued, "if I go out in the yard swinging a club the neighbors will think I'm crazy."

A Common Level

THAT explained her failure to practice—she was afraid of being conspicuous. "You would certainly be conspicuous if you played good golf," I reasoned, "and I wouldn't care what the neighbors thought if I could learn the correct golf swing. If you really want to improve your game, swing the club at home every day."

Less than a month later, believe it or not, right in the midst of my golf talk in the theater, Mrs. Howell walked

THEN HIT DOWNWARD WHILE KEEPING YOUR CHIN POINTED BACK OF THE BALL

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

down the aisle before hundreds of people and passed over the footlights to me a big, beautiful cup she had won. There were tears in her eyes as she said simply, "My teacher."

Any previous success you may have had as a wife and mother means nothing when it comes to golf. Admirals and generals of industry, doctors, lawyers and even the champions of other sports—all are leveled by golf.

I've seen this at first hand as it has been my privilege to work with many prominent people.

In playing with Douglas Fairbanks, I always felt that he worried more over a mashie shot than he did over his biggest production; in fact, he held up The Iron Mask until he had been able to make a score under seventy, the delay costing Mr. Fairbanks $225,000.

One of my pupils, Mr. Douglas Wesson, of the New England firm of Smith & Wesson, travels by train from Springfield, Massachusetts, to New York City, three hours each way. He gives a day out of his life every week for a golf lesson.

Overcoming Tension

NOW whatever may be true in other spheres of human activity, in golf it is all too easy to try too hard. The same will to win that gives a man driving power in his business or profession often takes all the power out of his drive on the tee. This burning desire to make each round a record brings tension, and tension is fatal to the execution of successful shots. And it can be overcome by applying my basic principle, worked out through years of study and experiment. I spend most of my time combating the tension that exists in nearly every golfer's technic.

In teaching the tired business man how to play golf relaxed in mind and body, I have the satisfaction of knowing that for him I have changed golf from hard work to a happy game. And something more—for his wife I've made a pleasant home life possible.

Every time I preach about golf being a happy game and not something to cause mental strain, nerve wreckage and physical suffering, all of which are bound to result in profanity, wasted energy and sour dispositions, I am reminded of a judge in one of our larger cities whose assignment for a good many years had been the police court.

This atmosphere, with its trying cases and exacting hours, never failed to find the judge most kind, courteous and genuinely sympathetic with those who were arraigned before him.

But the judge also played golf; in fact, he played in the low seventies at one time.

His well-known courtesy and kindliness toward those around him did not follow him to the country club; in fact, he was an entirely different person on the links. As he mumbled away about his hooks and slices he would let you know

ALLOW THE MOMENTUM OF THE CLUB TO BRING ABOUT A NATURAL FINISH

YOUR CHIN MUST REMAIN POINTED TO THE RIGHT THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE SWING

that he was sure every bit of traffic that went by was especially designed to interfere with his game; everything was against him, so he thought, and he always found some fault with either the players or the caddies that made up his foursome, resulting in abuse that often became profane. Little wonder that few players and no caddies cared to spend their time as unpleasantly as the judge could make a round of golf. He could rant and tear for hours about his game without realizing that he shattered his own nerves as well as the nerves of those who played with him. A golfer swears because he becomes just ten times as provoked as the fellow who hits his thumb with a hammer. And for the same reason. No matter what his alibi is, he knows in his soul that a dub shot is his own fault.

All golfers become provoked at some time during a game. Playing around with a clergyman friend of mine, I noticed that he got through the entire eighteen holes without any audible means of unburdening himself.

As he had plenty of reason for an outburst, I asked him, "How do you keep from swearing occasionally, particularly when you play as you did today?"

His answer was brief but to the point, "Maybe I didn't swear, but no grass will grow where I spat."

This fellow had taken up golf to improve his health; once started at the game it became more important to improve his swing. I used to visit his home often to help him practice the swing in his back yard, but our club swinging was interfered with on washdays.

Women Apt Pupils

AUNT KIT, the old housekeeper, threatened severe punishment if we spoiled any washing hung on lines across the yard. Little Aunt Kit wasn't over five feet tall, and even if all the ninety pounds were muscle, she would still have an awful time backing up her threats.

One afternoon Aunt Kit proved that we underrated her. I had raised my voice to emphasize my point that "anyone could make the swing," when she called out, "To hear you tell it, even I could swing that club right."

It seemed a great opportunity to demonstrate my point, so I asked her to come out into the yard and try to make the swing. I had her take hold of the club and standing erect swing it like a baseball bat around in the air as though "batting a homer." It didn't take her three minutes swinging back and forth without stopping to make the full swing and consistently hit a target placed in front of her at about waist height. A few more swings back and forth and she was then able to swing smoothly and accurately in hitting soft-rubber practice balls placed on the ground.

Aunt Kit laughingly scorned us. "Why, there's nothing to it! When I get old enough I'll take up the game seriously."

Women as a rule are better students of the game than men, for women are willing to be told, whereas men know it all to begin with. Wherever there is a good golf teacher you will generally find that nearly all his pupils are women. Men take an occasional lesson, but women take a full course of lessons and stay with their practice work until they have established the fundamentals before attempting to play on the course.

Wives often beat their husbands at golf, not because the husbands wish to have them do so, but because they just cannot help themselves. Mr. and Mrs. George —— both started as pupils of mine at exactly the same time. They both devoted the same amount of time to practice, and all the while husband George didn't think so much of Mrs. ——'s game—until one day they both entered a tournament. When the scores were posted, the 85 belonged to Mrs. —— and the 95 belonged to Mr. ——.

It was on that occasion that one of their foursome suggested helpfully, "George, why don't you pick up your ball and caddie for Mrs. ——?"

THE CLUB SHOULD POINT AWAY FROM THE LEFT ARM

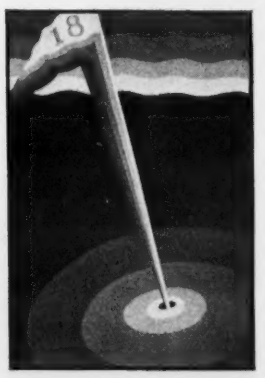
Although Mr. —— is today a vice president of a Los Angeles bank, he is still familiarly known as Mrs. ——'s caddie.

Mrs. —— has become the captain of the women's team of her country club. Golf has added to their happiness, I'm sure.

It is often the case that some players have to practice a great deal more than others, and no matter what improvement is sought, it can't be brought about without sufficient practice.

One of my pupils was Mrs. F. S. Hardin, who is called the golfing grandmother in California. Incidentally, she is not the only grandmother playing golf today, nor has her age kept her from giving stiff competition to much younger women.

She came to me for help when it became evident that her game was steadily getting worse with each round she played. I watched her swing as she was accustomed to making it, and found that she didn't have the right foundation.



We set out to establish the fundamentals, correct body balance, proper wrist action and proper position of the head by swinging the club in the yard.

In taking hold of the club I had Mrs. Hardin place both hands at exactly the same angle to the shaft. This made it possible for her to get the proper wrist action. Then I called her attention to a

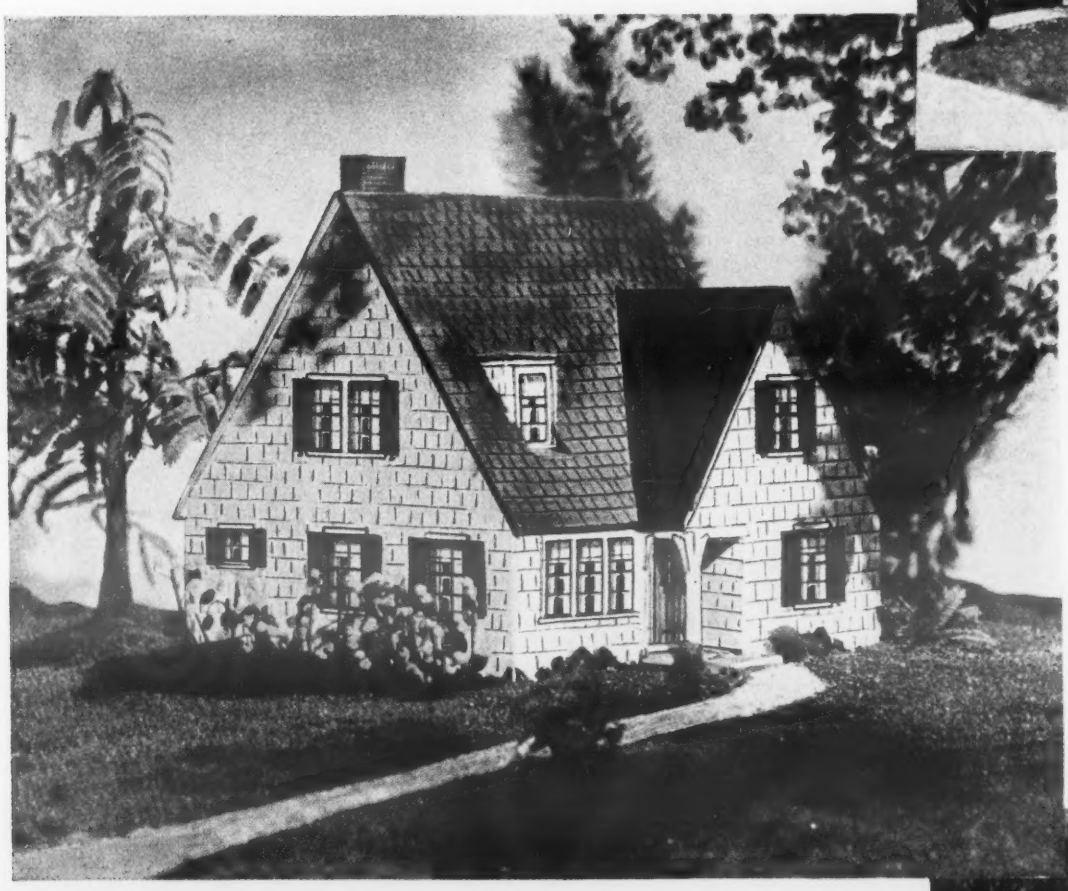
(Continued on Page 234)

Now is the Time to Paint Your House

Models Painted as Recommended by Save the Surface Campaign

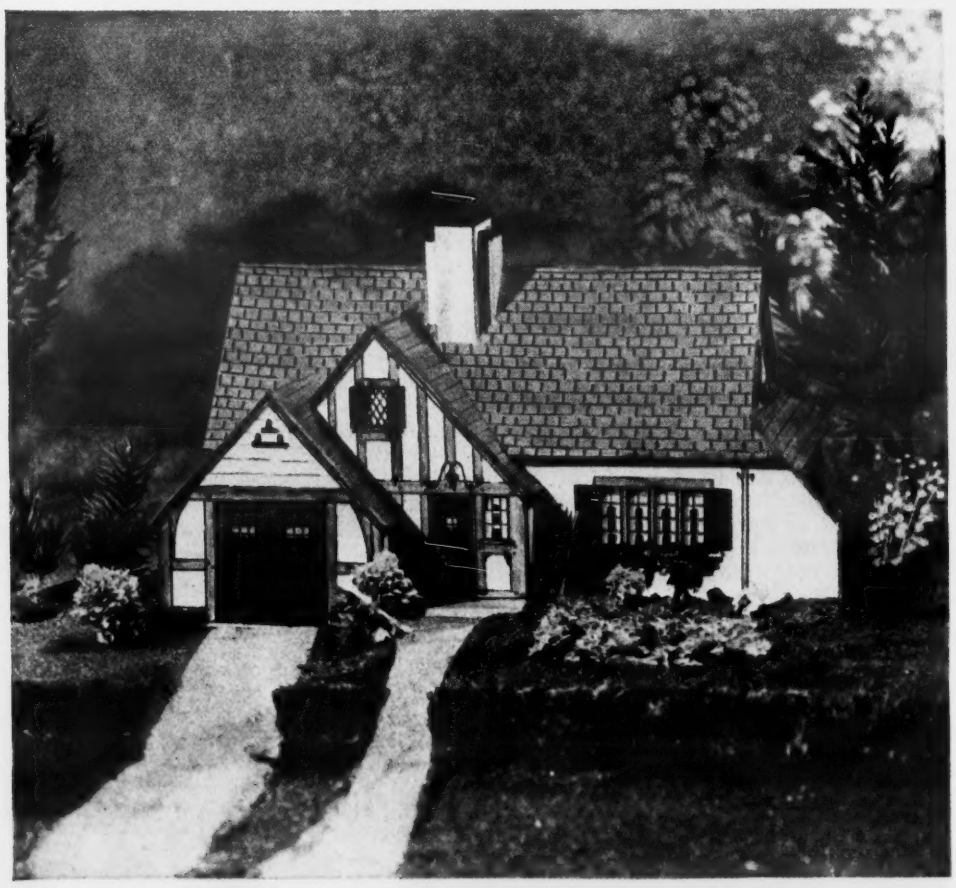
Text by **HELEN B. AMES**

The stucco bungalow, a favorite with those who live in southern localities, should be painted to fit in with the brilliance of the tropical foliage. Built without shutters and showing unbroken wall spaces, the house illustrated gains the needed gayety from the blue of its shingled roof and the red of its brick chimney. The attractive texture of stucco is further enhanced by painting. The primer should contain an excess of oil, but any high-grade house paint may be used for subsequent coats.



At Left—The shingled house may be painted or stained. Here the body of the house is painted, the roof stained. The green of the roof blends into the background of the foliage, giving it the effect of a more gradual slope from sharp peak to the first story. An up-to-date feature is the vivid green of the shutters, for shutter green is no longer dark and somber. When building a new shingled house, it is advisable to have the shingles pre-dipped, adding the second coat of paint or stain after they are fastened in place. This treatment gives the shingles a soft velvety color and increases their durability.

The rambling cottage is at its picturesque best when the body is painted white or a neutral color, and the shutters are lively in tone. Note how the tawny orange of the shutters in the pictured house brings out the natural color of the stone chimney, and how perfectly the brown shingles of the roof tie up the whole color scheme. The effect is a most pleasing combination of coziness and sprightliness which is thoroughly in keeping with the charming cottage style of architecture.



At Left—The English half-timbered house loses none of its old-time dignity if it is painted to accord with twentieth-century taste for unusual color schemes. In the house illustrated, both architect and painter conformed with present-day needs by changing traditional lines to include an up-to-date garage and substituting cobalt blue for the conservative trim once associated with this type of dwelling. The timbers are stained walnut brown to match the shingled roof.

Concealed ceiling lights are easiest on the eyes and a reading-light shade should have a broad spread.

Softly shadowed, yet light enough to substitute for easy daylight.

Better Lighting for Your Home

Will Make it More Inviting--is Easily Attained

By LOIS PALMER

Photographed in Natural Color at Nela Park School of Lighting

Side lights for story-telling are flame tint, shaded, in this Cleveland play room.

At left—Compare this gloomy, depressing corner with the one at top.

LIGHT, light of sun or moon or stars, and artificial light—one envelops us in its beauty freely, unasked; yet the other kind can be made to do our bidding at any moment beautifully, effectively, in our homes. How long could you be happy without a ray of light? To be imprisoned in a room where all is darkness, where no light can penetrate, is the severest of all punishments and one which the most hardened criminal cannot endure—he can do without food longer than without light.

Our minds, eyes, nerves, our very dispositions are affected, whether we realize it or not, by the degree of change from the light of the world to artificial light. Yet perfection in lighting—that is, an approximation of benevolent, radiant daylight—is within reach of everyone. And, luckily for those of us who cannot work out the problem scientifically, correct lighting happens to produce more attractive decorative effects in interiors than poor or insufficient illumination does. So if we put the cart before the horse and seek beautiful lighting effects, we'll find ourselves achieving what engineers would have liked to recommend at the start, though they often speak technically rather than decoratively.

Let us consider first what beautiful lighting effects are. Indirect lighting is easiest on the eyes—a lamp which throws light on walls and ceiling to be reflected back into the room, diffuses light pleasantly, making slight but interesting shadows. Those shadows are, in the perfectly lighted room, imperceptibly supplemented and overlapped by numerous other delicate shadows

(Continued on Page 99)

Other articles on Interior Decoration are on pages 75 to 82.

"DROP 'EM, UNCLE ROSCOE," HE DEMANDS. "YOU'RE NICE AND WHITE ALL OVER. YOU'LL DO FOR THE TURN OF THE S"

A Hop With Cyril

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrated by Raymond G. Sisley

YOU couldn't blame the girl. In my new puttees and blue cap I expect I looked more like an honest-to-goodness nonstop ace than anybody else around the outfit, even if I was only packing the bearings of the dolly wheel.

"Please," I hears someone say, "is this the plane for Phœnix?"

And I glances up to see this young Goddess of Liberty with the tanned arms and the startled blue eyes. You know. Had a look in 'em like she was seeing something surprising. Made you feel kind of important. If I wasn't off the femmes complete I might of felt a thrill myself, for she's quite a stunner. But I ain't taking any more chances with blondes. I just nods casual "No passengers this trip," says I. "Special charter. And we're taking off in half an hour."

"But, captain," she goes on, "you could bring someone back, couldn't you? I understand that these railroad officials are not returning, and there is a young man in Phœnix who can't get a place in the mail plane and is quite anxious to ——"

"Wire him to look us up at the A. F. S. field and I'll see if I can fix it," says I.

"Oh, thank you so much, captain!" says she.

As you might know, though, a couple of them ground-crew gobs overheard what she calls me and starts the razz.

"Didja get that, Bim?" says one. "Captain! She hangs that on Bunch, the crate cracker!"

"WELL, why not?" says Bim. "Look at the uniform he's bulgin' out of. Got everything on but a pair of silver wings and the D. F. S. medal, ain't he? Say, Bunch, when you gonna pull another one-point landing and crash the back wall of a hangar for us? I missed the last one."

"If you'd missed being born there'd been less cheap comedy sprayed around the sheds," says I. "Get busy on them tie-rod buckles and lay off me, will you?"

As I'd been picked for assistant pilot and mechanic on this hop they had to sign off. Not that I've got my license yet, but I should have if I hadn't had bad luck in a few landings. Maybe you know how snooty them N. C. inspectors can be over the way you bring a bus down, and they don't give you your fifty-hour check unless you can do the near-butterfly stuff. Besides, my being a bit stout hands 'em an excuse to stiffen up. Call me the Boy Blimp, and all that rot.

"Don't mind 'em, Bunch," Mr. Corbush tells me. "If you think they're rough you should have heard what I got from the top kick at Kelly. You'll make your numbers yet."

He's all right, Ken Corbush is, and he ain't forgot how I helped him find his Miss Alex when old Z. K. thought he had her hid from him. Looks like that match was working out swell too; and, now that Z. K. is so air minded he has invested heavy in the company, son-in-law Ken has been jumped to acting-vice and just about runs the show. So we've added this new tri-motored job to our fleet and are bidding for a rail hook-up contract. Which is why Mr. Corbush plans to handle the controls on this demonstration flight with all the directors and division manager on board. And taking me along as mate shows how I rate with him, don't it? He knows I can be useful.

"There are things in that luncheon hamper you'll know how to serve, I suppose, eh, Bunch?" And he gives me the wink.

"If they're all mixed, I can," says I. "Got sandwiches and cigars too?"

"Even caviar canapes," says he. "We'll show 'em Pullman service at the fifteen-hundred-foot level."

Which we did, with me changing into a white coat and stepping brisk between the rows of wicker chairs when it came time for refreshments. And, barring two that lost their appetites owing to some lumpy air beyond San Bernardino, the trip was enjoyed by all. We lands 'em in Phœnix before dark, and Super-Service Airways common should have been a good buy about then.

We'd just had the big ship towed under cover, when there's a call for Mr. Corbush on the field-office phone. It's a Mr. Cyril Shaw, who wants to book a return that he says has been spoken for. And then I remembers the stunner with the brown arms and the startled blue eyes.

"Must be her sweetie," I tells Ken.

"Have to get him to her then," says he. "You talk to him, Bunch. Regular fare, leaving 9 A.M., usual baggage limit."

And a soft, drawly voice says he'll be awfully obliged. After which we washed up, had dinner, and went to a talkie. Some burg, this Phœnix. Everybody acts like they was going places to do things, and the traffic hum that don't end until midnight begins again at sunrise. So we had our ham and eggs early and got out to the field to begin our inspection. No light job on a ship that size, but by 8:30 we'd covered every point and had the local crew refueling. Ken tells me the hotel people have dug up another passenger for us.

"Looks like our man coming now," he adds.

It was, and he had big business wrote all over him, even to the jutty chin and the leather brief case—a wide, heavy-built party with a big, hand-hewn face. If he was self-made he'd been rushed when it came to features—turnip nose, whopper jaw, deep-set eyes and a furrowed brow. Reminded me of a wax Santa Claus that had been left too near the fire. Don't have any Santa Claus disposition, though. Peppery old boy. Books as R. J. McCarter, Cleveland.

"Name and address of nearest relative?" says I.

"What for?" he demands crisp.

"Notification in case," says I. "Company rule."

"Oh, well!" says he. "Make it Miss Dorothy Buell, Ritzmore Hotel, Los Angeles."

"Why, she's the new tennis star, ain't she?" I asks.

"WISH she'd stick to tennis," he growls, "and not go —— Well, she's my niece. That's enough, isn't it? And I've got to get where I can head her off from making a fool of herself as quick as you can take me. Starting soon, aren't you?"

"Scheduled for 9," says I. "You can go aboard now if you like."

At which he climbs into the cabin and fits himself into a seat. Fidgets in his chair, though, chews a dry cigar, and keeps looking at his watch. Meanwhile Ken tunes up the motors until they're running sweet and we're idling against the chocks. It gets to be five past the hour, then ten.

"Say! What are we waiting for?" barks McCarter.

"Sorry," says Ken, "but another passenger is due. Bunch, call up the hotel and see if he has overslept."

(Continued on Page 66)

Just Like Mother Used to Make

By LOGAN CLENDENING, M.D.

Illustrated by F. G. Cooper

"MIX WITH COMMON SENSE AND COOK FOR PALATABLENESS"

MODERN science is a wonderful thing. It spends a great deal of its time finding out that things everybody has always known are true.

From time immemorial milkmaids used to scald the insides of their milk pails. They said it kept the milk from souring. The rational group among our forefathers smiled loftily at what they considered this quaint superstition. Then Pasteur came along and discovered that germs sour milk, and that scalding water kills germs. The milkmaids were exonerated.

The milkmaids also thought that thunder soured milk. They therefore put their cans in the cellar quickly if a thunderstorm threatened. In the cellar the milk was protected from the noise of the thunder. Another amusing superstition! Except that it happened to be the truth, and with the Pasteur explanation at hand it was pointed out that germs develop rapidly in milk at a certain high temperature. The little spell of heat just before a thundershower is just the right temperature for this development. If the milk is put in the cellar it will be cooler and the germs will not have the proper temperature for development. Score another for the milkmaids!

Animal breeders could have taught anyone the doctrine of evolution long before Darwin, and the laws of heredity long before Weismann and Mendel.

Medical science has the same experiences. The Indians used to let epileptic members of their tribe be bitten by rattlesnakes. A good laugh in that for the unsuperstitious professors, but, lo and behold, we find an accepted and scientifically buttressed modern treatment for epilepsy is to inject snake venom or some other form of foreign protein under the patient's skin.

THE "MODERN" MEAL

THE "MOTHER" MEAL

Facts and Theories

THE inhabitants of Peru dosed a fever patient with the bark of a certain tree for fever. It was a religious ceremony until medical science proved that the cause of most of the fevers was malaria and the bark, quinine, killed the malaria organism. The Panama Indians used to send people with a certain skin disease, called Uta, down to the swamps to catch malaria. They thought the malaria cured the Uta—these superstitious Indians! It was really awfully amusing. Nowadays sanitariums carefully cultivate malaria so as to have it ready to inject into patients with certain forms of syphilis, another disease which, like Uta, is due to an animal parasite. The high temperature caused by the malaria fever kills off the parasite.

"M-M-M, AH T'INK DAT'LL BE ABOU' RIGHT"

Score again for the milkmaids. One of them told Edward Jenner she could not contract smallpox.

"Why not?" asked Jenner.

"Because I have had the cowpox," she answered.

What was the cowpox? An eruption of little pus-filled blisters milkmaids got on their hands when there were cuts in the skin, from similar blisters on the udders of cows.

Could this be true? Could smallpox be universally prevented this way? Jenner began to experiment and as a result we have vaccination.

The mothers of the world used to have a habit of giving everyone in the household a dose of medicine in the spring. Whether they needed it or not—especially the children! The children got two or three doses. Sometimes it was sulphur and molasses. Sometimes it was sarsaparilla. Sometimes it was cod-liver oil. Usually it was a mixture with the cod-liver oil a regular ingredient.

It thinned the blood—or thickened it according to whatever theory you listened to. The mothers of the world differed a little on theory, but they were at one on practice. The practice caused many an indulgent smile among highly scientific doctors prior to 1906. Of course, they said, there was no sense in giving cod-liver oil in the spring—no reason for spring tonics. I even remember a whole lecture on the subject by a member of the faculty with a flair for sarcasm.

Now it turns out not only that the mothers were right but we can explain why. Sunshine creates some sort of chemical substance in animals just as it does in plants. During the winter there is less sunshine than usual. Therefore in the spring the disordered conditions due to lack of this chemical substance make their appearance. In children it has a definite name—rickets. Rickets is a disease of the spring months. Almost never do you see a fresh case in the fall. Cod-liver oil has the substance—vitamin D—which will prevent rickets. Therefore the mothers of the world were right when they gave a few doses of cod-liver oil to the children in the spring.

The scientist likes a theory. The practical worker—the man in the street, or the man in the barnyard, or the man in the machine shop—likes a fact. On that fact he will build a theory. It is usually an absurd one, and alienates the scientist.

But when the scientist gets a rational explanation for a fact he usually acts more rationally than the practical man. The practical man makes the proved scientific theory prove all sorts of things it was never intended to prove.

No subject illustrates the theme more perfectly than dietetics—the science of food and nutrition.

On a certain day in 1850 the mad king of Bavaria munificently donated to a pair of German professors a machine. And that day was a sad day for many husbands, wives, children and even domestic pets, for on that day the word "calorie" was born, and the swarm of diet faddists winged their way out of the misty bell towers of superstition, exchanged their dingy, batlike, cobwebby appearance for the shining armor of scientific verisimilitude and swooped down on the unprotected populations of the world.

Up to that time things had been going along on a sort of practical basis. "Like mother used to make" was the general standard.

As soon as the food faddists got a good slant at dinners like mother used to make, they set up shrill cries of terror and flew around wrecking confidence to the right and to the left. But people got along very well on dinners such as mother used to make. They remained quite healthy. They were even unaware of the wrong they were committing.

Mother was like the milkmaid who scalded her milk pans. Mother learned a lot of things about food that were true—she accumulated through experience some good solid facts.

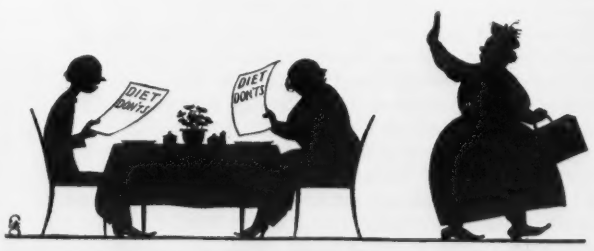
Mother's Meals

THE world of science has found out in many instances why mother was right. It has given explanations for many of her practices. The real scientists support mother. It is the pseudo-scientists—the people who have obtained a little knowledge, a side glint of science, who exalt that little into a system and go around poisoning the minds of a universe of people who used to enjoy what "mother used to make."

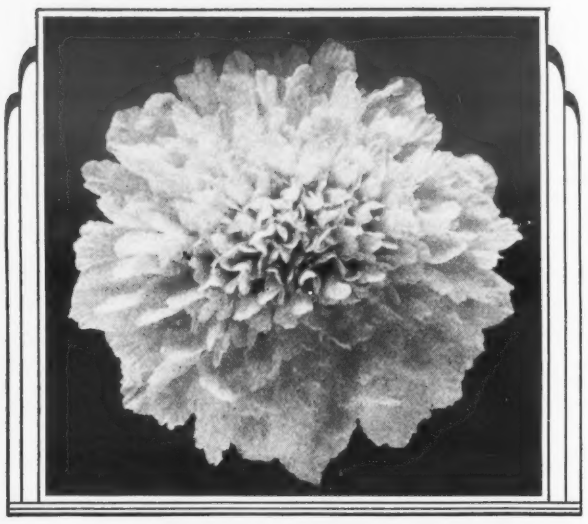
Let us recall some of mother's meals. She began with soup. It is very doubtful if she had a very clear mental picture of the mucosa of the stomach, or the vegetative nervous system, or reflex arcs, but the soup, being seasoned and hot and odoriferous, stimulated the digestive juices to flow and got the whole digestive apparatus "set." She gave you a small helping of meat and a large helping of vegetables, with a good-sized slice of bread and a very small pat of butter. This maintained the proper relationship of starch four parts, protein one and a half parts, and fat one part, which metabolists consider the right proportion. You will find the exact proportions pictured in Elliott Joslin's Diabetic Manual, with the legend, "Proportions of food in a normal diet."

Then she had, in the salad, green vegetables uncooked. These furnished two things—first, bulk so the intestinal

(Continued on Page 218)



JACK SPRATT MUST EAT NO THIS,
HIS WIFE MUST EAT NO THAT,
AND SO BETWEEN THEM BOTH
THE COOK JUST LEFT THEM FLAT

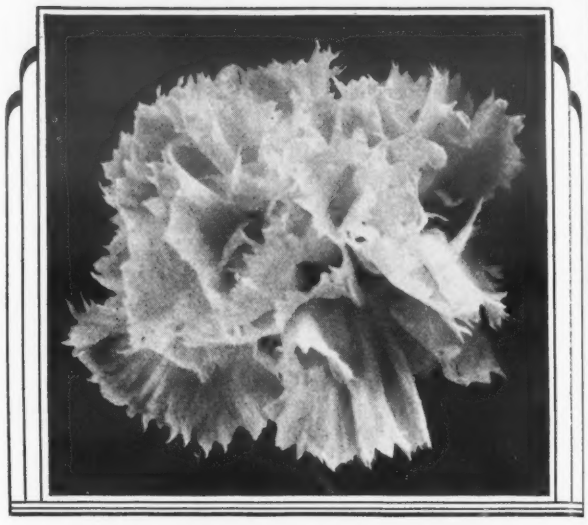


Shasta, a new and larger-flowered annual scabiosa, is one of the most exquisite of all white flowers for cutting. It will bloom in your garden in a few months from seed.

New and Better Annuals

By F. F. ROCKWELL

Photographs Courtesy of Henry A. Dreer



Carnations that actually rival the florists' greenhouse varieties in a few months from seed. Chaubaud's New Giants, which are winter-hardy, will supply cut flowers until freezing weather.

TODAY the wide-awake gardener can achieve with annuals, in a few weeks from seed, such glorious and varied effects as would have been possible, a few years ago, only with a well-rounded collection of choice hardy perennials.

Would you enjoy in your garden this season the stately spires of hollyhocks and delphiniums, flame-flowered Oriental poppies, the graceful sprays of multicolored lupines, the charm and fragrance of sweet-williams and garden pinks, the inimitable color tones of wallflowers and gaillardias, or the coveted sky-blue of anchusa? These things, which you have been accustomed to think of as available only among the hardy perennials, you can obtain for this year's blooming from seed planted now. And they supply but a taste of the multitude of really new flowers which await anyone who will dip into the treasure chest of modern annuals.

For these annual forms of many of the popular perennials are by no means the only important improvements to be found. Another great advance has been made in extra-early flowering strains. What gardener, for instance, has not carefully watched and tended through all the summer months a bed of cosmos, only to have crabbed old Jack Frost reap the entire harvest after the first lovely blossoms had brought laughter to the garden through a few September days? Never again! For with the new types one may sow seed in the open as late as June and still have blooms before frost! They flower nearly two months earlier than the old-fashioned sorts. Or have you been forgoing the pleasures of having pansies because you had no frames in which to start them early enough or to carry them through winter? There is a distinct new type which may be sown out-of-doors in spring, as it blooms fully a month earlier than the standard varieties. And did you know that there are dahlias you can have in bloom in less than a hundred days from seed?

We moderns like to enjoy our flowers in our houses as well as out-of-doors, and the double forms almost always keep better for this purpose. In the most recent achievements along this line—including cosmos, Shirley and other poppies, new petunias and coreopsis—the graceful charm of the flowers has been retained, while they are very much more satisfactory for cutting.

Zinnias and Petunias

OTHER striking improvements made in many of the old favorites include more brilliant colors and new shades, increased size, longer season of bloom, compact growth where straggling habit made an otherwise attractive flower undesirable, dwarf forms for bedding, or to eliminate danger from wind injury—as in the cases of "baby" zinnias and lower-growing snapdragons—and the addition of fragrance. Did you know that Burbank had produced a fragrant petunia?

What has been the cause of this wealth of new and improved annuals? As a result of the revived interest in the old-fashioned hardy flowers, the annuals were for a long time comparatively neglected by the plant hybridizers; now the pendulum has swung back, and they are getting the attention they deserve. Consequently really worthwhile new things are being introduced so rapidly that the average garden lover can scarcely keep up with the procession.

In putting down a list of annuals newly or recently introduced, of really distinct merit, most of which I had tried or seen in other gardens or in seedsmen's trial grounds, and which it seemed to me were worthy of "honorable mention," I found I had one hundred and fourteen! Here are some of them. You will find it interesting to hunt up others in your seed catalogues, even if you cannot try growing them all.

Hollyhocks everyone admires; nothing else is so effective in the way of towers of bloom against a wall or building, or in the rear line of borders or beds. Until the introduction of the new Annual Everblooming type, it was necessary to sow seeds one year and to carry the plants over winter for bloom the next. Now you can sow them in a cold frame, or even out-of-doors, in April or early May, and have them in bloom from late July or August until frost. Even if you grow the old type, this new annual kind is desirable, for it comes into bloom after the others are past their prime. Single, double and frilled flowers, in a wide range of colors, are included in the mixture offered.

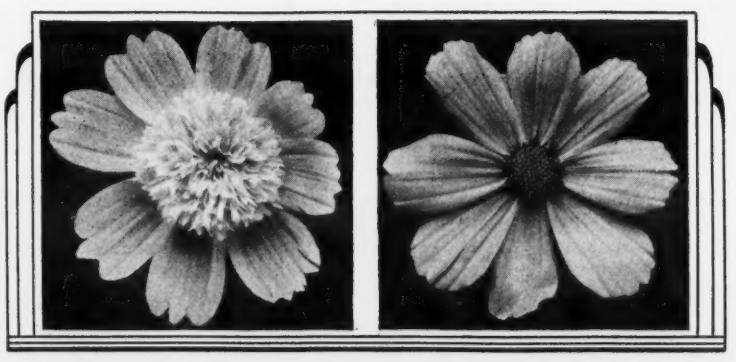
Sweet-william *(Dianthus barbatus)* is another favorite often not grown because of the necessity of waiting a year for the flowers. With the new annual form—a cross between the perennial and the China pink—you can now enjoy these spicy fragrant flowers, in their varied range of colors and great profusion of bloom, from seed sown out-of-doors like any other annual.

Delphiniums, with their matchless shades of blue, and their imposing spires which dominate every garden scene where they are present, have gained in popularity more rapidly than any other flower during recent years. The annual delphiniums, or larkspurs, are not new, but until the introduction of the newer types they did not offer a satisfactory substitute for the perennial kinds. With such glorious, tall, upright-growing double or stock-flowered varieties as Exquisite Pink Improved, Exquisite Rose, La France, Defiance, Los Angeles and White Spire, a wonderful pure white, one may obtain much the same effect as with the perennial kinds, except that they are not quite so tall, reaching a height of about three to three and a half feet; they bloom in ten to twelve weeks from seed sown in the open. The new Emperor type—of which Pink Delight is perhaps the finest variety—and the Giant Hyacinth-flowered are lower growing, but even earlier.

In the variety Blue Bird we have an annual form of anchusa, universally admired for its wonderful blue flowers, which will bloom in sixty to seventy days from seed. The glory of the Oriental poppy has been captured for the annual garden in a strain that flowers the first season from seed with scarlet, black-spotted blooms five to six inches across on eighteen-inch stems. Garden carnations, or pinks, have been so greatly improved in size and substance that they almost rival the greenhouse blooms of the florists; the new Chaubaud's Giant Double, sown early in the spring, will flower freely before the end of the first season, and from July on during succeeding years.

The greatly admired wallflower, famous in English and Continental gardens, has been little used in this country because, north of Philadelphia, it is not quite hardy enough to withstand our winters. The new double annual, Early Wonder, may, however, be sown out-of-doors in the spring. Other perennials of which there are either new or greatly improved annual types include gaillardias, especially the variety Indian chief, lupines, babysbreath, scabiosa, bouncing-bet (saponaria), chrysanthemums and phlox. The modern annual or Drummond phlox has flowers as large as those of the perennial varieties; no flower is more easily grown. Simply sow the seeds in rows or broadcast, thinly, on any fairly good soil, and in a few weeks the ground is literally covered with a spreading sheet of color.

The new midsummer or extra-early flowering cosmos, in both single and the new double forms, blossoms weeks ahead of the older sorts.



One of the most miraculous accomplishments of the plant breeder is the progressive reduction of the time required to get flowers to come into bloom after the seed is sown. Seldom has there been so striking an instance of this as in the new Extra-Early or Midsummer Giant and Early Double cosmos, which actually bloom four to six weeks earlier than the old late sorts. The newest variety, Early Express pink, is said to flower in six to seven weeks from seed. These are of more moderate growth—four feet or so—which is an advantage also, as the five to six feet stems of the late-flowering types are often whipped about or beaten down by storms.

Those who love pansies—and who does not?—will be more than delighted with the new World's Record, a distinct hybrid type flowering a month sooner from seed and continuing to bloom well through the summer, as they withstand hot weather better than the standard sorts.

There are several named varieties as well as the usual mixed colors. The new Roggli's Giant (Swiss Giants) is an extra-early strain of long-stemmed flowers especially fine for cutting and for summer bloom.

New Carnations

THE new Giant-Flowered Marguerite carnations bloom in about twelve weeks from seed and are so superior to the old favorites as to seem almost a new flower. Early Double-Flowered wallflower is a new type blooming in less than a hundred days, making it possible to grow it as an annual. Winter-flowering stocks are now available for the outdoor garden, in the new Early Giant Imperial strain (Improved Bismarck), splendid for following the popular smaller "ten-week" type. An earlier and longer-lasting babysbreath may be had in the Paris market, more robust and with larger flowers than the old *Gypsophila elegans*, but just as graceful; it should be planted freely in every garden where flowers are used for cutting.

Dahlias from seed are becoming more and more popular. For a real show of flowers the first season try either the Coltness Gem Hybrids or the Mignon types, which bloom in a hundred days or less from seed and produce a quantity of entrancingly gay single flowers, in a wide range of colors, until frost. They are excellent both for cutting and for bedding, as the plants are bushy and dwarf, making unnecessary the usual staking and pruning.

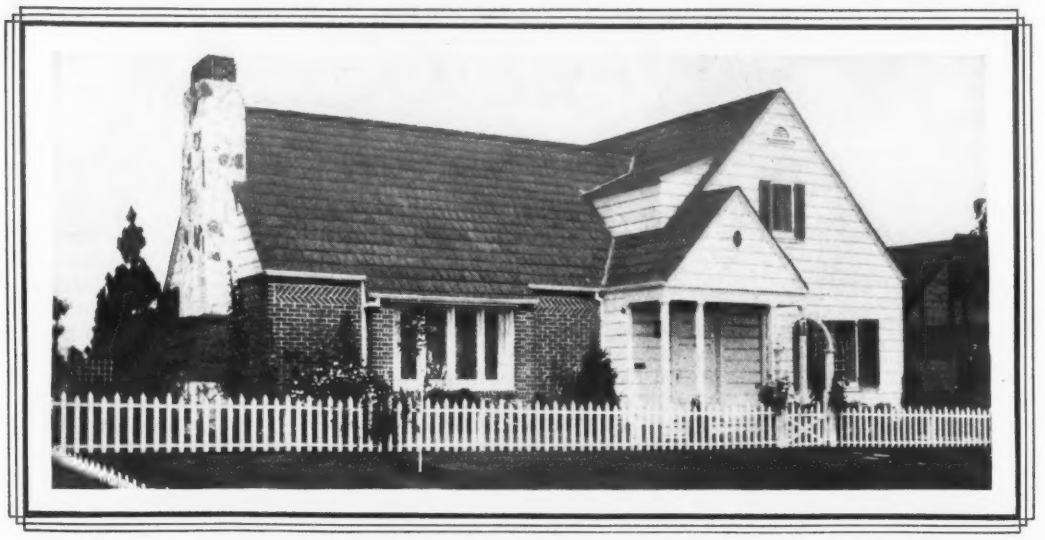
Sometimes, after remaining much the same, perhaps comparatively unknown, for years, a flower species or variety will suddenly break into some new type or form and begin a rapid journey to stardom.

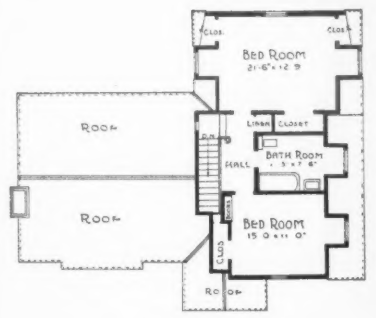
Take the humble zinnia, for example. Always popular with the multitude, despite its crude colors, because it was as easy to grow as any weed, it was nevertheless merely tolerated, if not actually ignored, by those who considered themselves real gardeners. Came the new giant-flowered type, with wonderfully soft artistic color shades, and immediately zinnias became so much in demand by everybody that dozens of named varieties were introduced. Since then there have

(Continued on Page 209)

Other articles on Gardens will be found on pages 195 to 210.

The house combines brick veneer in maroon and brown, and wide shiplap siding in white.





With green shutters, it preserves the charm of long-ago with the most modern of materials.

A Little House of the Long-Ago

By CHARLES ALMA BYERS

ANDREW MENZIES, *Architect*

THERE is pictured here a little Pacific Coast home that is quite unusual. It is interesting not only from the standpoint of architectural style and interior planning but also in respect to interior furnishing and decorating. Indeed, it is a home of virtually a thousand and one engaging points, for there is an entertaining story connected with nearly every detail.

Architecturally, the house is of Early New England inspiration. Not only does it pleasingly and very consistently affect the general lines typical of the better-class small New England home of a century or more ago, but—and herein lies not a little of the house's charm—there has also been brought to it much of the style's olden-time atmosphere.

The chimney is of gray and white stone, with split-shake skirt and brick top.

Two views of living room. The fireplace is patterned after one in Independence Hall. Only antique furniture is used.

Below—The dining room is featured by an arched window between dining room and hall, which adds an unusual note.

The latter, of course, results in no small measure from the inclusion and the handling of certain details. One of these is the "green-tree firebrand" used as a medallion-like ornamentation in the front-porch gable—which, by the way, is not an imitation, but an original, being considerably more than a hundred years old. Another is the low picket fence, with its arched and rose-covered gateway, which reaches across the front lawn, within a few feet of the house, and incloses the grounds in the rear; and still others of these atmosphere-lending details are comprised of the old-style green shutters at the windows, the antique latch-and-knocker equipment of the front door, and the two electric-light fixtures—one suggesting a lantern and the other an old-time kerosene lamp—employed at the front entrance.

And the interior is even more interesting. Here one discerns the same conscientious regard shown for architectural detail, notably in the true Colonial-style woodwork, in the living-room fireplace, in the lighting fixtures, in the built-in features, and even in the patterns and colors of the wall paper. But here one also finds the atmosphere of the long-ago brought to charming and harmonious effectiveness through still other mediums. The furniture, for instance—and this applies to nearly every piece, in living room, dining room, sleeping rooms, and elsewhere—is comprised of rare antiques. Chinaware, glassware, pewter sets, clocks, bric-a-brac—these, too, are all a product of a century or more ago, and if one is invited to be a guest for tea, the service will be from genuine Royal Doulton.

The home is that of Donald and Florence Welsh Gray, who live in California. Their home is the result of long-treasured dreams come true. The house they built, finished and decorated in a style that would provide a natural, appropriate environment for furniture and other articles of the Colonial period, and they have exercised their love for the antiques, not merely in bringing together an enviable collection for display but in creating a real home, harmonious in effect throughout and uncommonly attractive. And yet, although reflecting the long-ago, it is a home that is thoroughly modern in its arrangement.

Nearly two years were spent on the tentative planning of the house. This entailed a trip through the New England States for the purpose of studying the style at first-hand, during which many sketches were made of details, and also involved not a little research work in libraries and elsewhere. Subsequently, between two and three months were devoted to working out the actual plans with the architect, Andrew Menzies, and there naturally still remained numerous small problems.

As indicating something of the thought and study given to planning the home by the owners, the living-room fireplace is virtually an exact duplicate, save for possible minor discrepancies in the matter of size, of the one in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, it having been built from sketches made of the latter by Mr. Gray during a visit. The fireplace tools were specially wrought, likewise from sketches made of an antique set, and the design of the door and

(Continued on Page 170)

Other articles on Home Building are on pages 167, 168 and 206.

Mrs. Barr

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

Illustrated by Frederic A. Anderson

MRS. BARR, large, round, dressed in gingham the color of her eyes, which were blue as the sky, gave the last touch to her company dinner and stood looking round her kitchen. The kitchen was warm, steamy, but amazingly neat, considering all that she had accomplished there that morning. She had the knack of fitting one occupation into another; while she waited for the last viand to grow tender, she washed the pans in which the others had been cooked. As she removed the gingham apron which matched her dress, she glanced out into the yard and sighed. "All is bare," said she, "and we'll have yet several snows before the onion snow." Replacing the gingham apron with a white apron, she looked at the large old-fashioned stove whose fuel was not gas but coal, brought by her, bucket by bucket, from the cellar in winter, and the bin at the end of the yard in summer. She counted aloud, pointing with her finger.

"Chicken," said she, indicating a platter. "Mashed potatoes, corn, onions. We ought 'a' had oysters yet, if the Mister would only look at it right. It's not, as it is, such an A-1 dinner." Outside the window on a shelf were two pies and a bowl of gelatin. "It is, I guess, everything now set."

She began immediately to carry the platter and the covered dishes into the dining room. The table was covered with a stiffly starched white cloth and an array of silver and of glass plates of preserves and pickles. Where she was to place the main dishes was not evident, but by making various rearrangements she succeeded in setting down each one.

From the front of the house, she could hear distinctly two voices. One which was deep and round seemed to be delivering a lecture or reciting the priest's part of an antiphonal service; the other, also a masculine voice, uttered gentle and infrequent responses. The first was that of Mrs. Barr's husband, the other was that of the minister.

"I have to leave for a month," said the deep voice. "It's a long time to go off. I don't know how she'll get along. I was never yet so long off without coming once in all the time home. I said to her, I said, 'Now we'll have the preacher to eat before I go, then that can be off your mind.'"

"You were very thoughtful." A keenly observant person might have noted a slight break in the answering voice.

"You won't get such a dinner as sometimes. She's of course upset by my leaving. But I hope it will be fit to eat."

"Oh, I'm sure of that!"

"Women are not so good alone," declared Barr. "They're all right when everything goes along like always, but they don't think quick in emergencies. They seem to have one thinking machine and only one. If something is going on on the one side, then they can't see anything on the other. Now in my business ——"

MRS. BARR walked from the dining room into the hall. There, standing humbly out of sight of the gentlemen in the parlor, she announced in a sweet voice, "It's now everything ready."

Barr heard her, but he had not yet concluded all that he had to say about his business.

"It's now everything ready," repeated Mrs. Barr a little more loudly.

"If I didn't have more than one mind, where would I be?" asked Barr, still addressing his guest.

"It's everything ready," said Mrs. Barr again.

"I think I heard Mrs. Barr speaking to us," said the gentle voice.

"Perhaps you did. It's time." A listener might have guessed that Barr consulted his watch. "She's three minutes late already."

Mrs. Barr's lips puckered as though drawn into a circle by a string. Backing, she stood under the kitchen door. The gentlemen entered the dining room, Barr walking first. He was short and slender with the gait of some very belligerent little bird. His nose was long and he had a bristling black mustache. His left arm was shorter than his right and its muscles were clearly not altogether obedient to his will. The minister was a much larger man with a short gray beard and eyes as blue as Mrs. Barr's. He walked forward instantly, past the laden table, to the kitchen door, to shake hands with his hostess. Her face glowed as though he bestowed upon her some unexpected and honorable attention. There dwelt in her breast, if one had but eyes to discern, a lovely soul.

"It was kind in you to invite me," said he. "Especially as Mr. Barr tells me he's about to go away. You must be very busy."

"She'll have plenty of time to catch up after I'm gone," said Barr. "Sit down, Pastor, and say the blessing. I expect her"—he declared when the minister had concluded his grace—"I expect her to do the housecleaning while I'm gone. If there's anything I hate it's housecleaning with ladders, scrubbing rags, and a woman everywhere in the way. The time to do it is when the menfolks are off."

Barr laughed—it was a solo performance. The roast chicken was already carved and he served it. The minister paid it a compliment.

"That's surely roasted to a turn."

"It seems she done pretty well this time," said Barr.

Mrs. Barr cut Barr's meat into fine pieces; otherwise he served himself without awkwardness. It was only for operations that required strength or delicacy that his arm was useless.

"These are delicious mashed potatoes," said the minister. "They've been beaten well, and they have enough salt."

"That's what I always say to her," answered Barr. "Beat them good, and salt them good. I wouldn't stand any other kind. I get some at restaurants that are gray and have lumps. The first thing I do when I get to Altoona is I hunt me a good place to board. There it's everything full of railroad dust. When I come back I say, 'Well,' I say, 'anything's better than railroad dust.'"

"Are you still working for the same accounting firm?"

"I am. I'm now going over the books of the Red and Black Five and Tens. They are, you know, such a chain; in some of the stores the managers are falling back. First we go over the accounts—that's what I'm doing. I have a sharp eye and mistakes rise up and hit me. I never make mistakes. I ——"

THE minister turned his own eyes in the direction of Mrs. Barr and waited until Barr concluded his account of his sharpness.

"Mrs. Barr, how's the Quilting Group of the Ladies' Aid getting on?"

"Oh, the Quilters!" Barr meant to sigh, but all that his mighty vocal apparatus could produce was a hoarse groan. "Don't start on that subject, Pastor! That's all I get for meals some days—Mantana Kaltreider and Annie Kreider and Lizzie Gobrecht, the grape pattern and the feather."

"We last year earned ——" began Mrs. Barr.

"And what they earned, that to it, yet," interrupted Barr. "Well, tell it, then." He spoke without pride in the accomplishment of his wife and her friends, only with a desire to have the stupid matter concluded.

"What did you earn last year?" asked the minister. "About twenty-three hundred dollars, wasn't it?"

Barr decided to answer himself and thus make the matter short. "Twenty-four hundred. Pastor, leave me give you some chicken; you haven't had any dark meat. When I get to Altoona, it means work. I work here, but it's nothing to what I work there. I ——" Barr went on and on. Mrs. Barr rose several times and went busily round the table, passing fresh viands. Barr's appetite was amazingly large.

"You ought to have an automobile," suggested the preacher pleasantly. "It isn't so far away that you couldn't come home for week-ends. Then you could take Mrs. Barr with you sometimes."

Barr flushed scarlet. It was extremely thoughtless of the preacher to forget that he could not drive a car because of his arm.

"I wouldn't have a car for a gift," he declared. "I wouldn't have the finest car in the world. I wouldn't have Thomas Rhodes' one-seated Fluvia that they say can go a hundred miles an hour, I wouldn't have Mrs. Thomas Rhodes' Imperator with a chauffeur all dressed up. I prefer walking, or if I go anywhere I go in the train, not laying on my back in the heat and dust, doctoring a car."

(Continued on Page 104)

HER FACE GLOWED AS THOUGH HE BESTOWED UPON HER SOME UNEXPECTED AND HONORABLE ATTENTION

Women in Journalism

By

CATHARINE OGLESBY

JOURNALISM is the profession of youth. There is no sterner, more jealous taskmaster. Yet none presents such rich awards of self-expression, action, adventure—none which offers such interesting contacts with people who are doing things, or so forward a seat before the current drama of the world's conflict and progress.

The woman who chooses a career in journalism should have these four fundamentals—health, education, a "nose for news" and an indomitable urge to be a newspaper woman. This seems a large order, yet these are but the essentials for success in a profession whose demands are as varied as its branches.

Many a woman has broken under the physical strain of journalism. It calls for long hours, strenuous intervals of work. It gives but brief moments of relaxation. Aspirants for honors must have the courage to face all kinds and sorts of situations. Courage and strength to withstand cold and heat, rain, snow. Must go without food, sleep, clean clothing, not occasionally but habitually. They must be equipped with dogged perseverance, an active sense of humor and an unlimited capacity for hard work. And they must swing back quickly from news-gathering excursions, still urged by a keen zest, an eager hunger for the game.

It is not surprising, therefore, that newspaper work is so generally regarded as a man's job. Man is, beyond a doubt, the huskier animal of the two, and can endure exposure with nonchalance, when to a woman it would mean both pain and danger. Yet the first ranks of this taxing profession are not devoid of women. Notwithstanding the severe tests placed upon them, women have "arrived" in journalism.

Most necessary to the successful woman journalist is education. She must be a student, an inveterate reader. Many of those in the lead today have interspersed their jobs with college courses. And it is not unusual to find one and even two or three groups of letters following their names when official etiquette is in order.

That mystical term, a "nose for news," the third distinction of the successful journalist, is a God-given gift—as much a talent as the artist's sense of line or the musician's tone sense. But like theirs, it may be cultivated; in fact, it is only through wise, self-studious direction that a nose for news can be developed to its highest possibilities.

A Nose for News

A NOSE for news is the direct descendant of curiosity. A journalist must be curious. It is as essential for her to have an inquiring mind as it is for her to have a sturdy body and a facile pen. To observe, to see, to wonder about people and things and ideas and reactions, then to be able to grasp their significance, to write about them simply, directly, tersely—as people want to read about them—that is having the nose for news that lifts the "cub" to the job of the "star" reporter and sends the salary of the "star" up among the thousands of dollars.

And last, and perhaps most important of all, is the urge. There is a lure about printer's ink as intoxicating as footlights. Many persons find themselves in a profession because life and luck drifted them that way. Not so the journalists. Invariably they are newspaper women because they must be. There exists within their very souls an insatiable longing, an intense hunger for the game. This may seem—probably is—Greek to those who have not felt such desire. The woman who does not know it, or who has been able to silence it, should not attempt to be a newspaper woman; in fact, the biggest question which confronts every woman hovering on the verge of a journalistic career is, "To be or not to be."

Journalism is such a versatile profession that it is not possible for the experienced to take the novice by the hand, lead her up on to a mountain top and let her see the straight paths which descend to comfortable homes in the valley below. Instead, the aspirant must stand in the valley and face a range of mountains whose parade of peaks mount one above the other in bewildering and glittering array.

Each of these peaks represents a type of achievement exacting special requirements of those who would assail it.

Unfortunately there are scattered about through the newspaper world some successful persons, graduates of the school of hard knocks, who scoff at specialized preparation. They are in the main men who by sheer stick-to-itiveness—and perhaps luck—have gained executive editorial positions on the smaller dailies. To the "cub" or would-be reporter such men are personages of success and importance.

These men usually denounce college courses and schools of journalism. As a consequence, many ambitious young women, guided by their mistaken counsel, come into the game without proper preparation. The result is that they discover their mistake and—if they are conscientiously ambitious—leave their jobs to return to college, or they keep plodding along in a dull rut which leads nowhere.

Journalism, at its zenith, requires no less of its followers than does law, medicine or science. Therefore a four-year college course is not a waste of time, money or effort. Though not necessary to the getting of the first job, it is essential for future progress and ultimate achievement. Every day sees progressive editors more eager to fill the vacancies on their staff with college graduates.

The collegiate studies which best prepare one for a journalistic career are history, economics, sociology, government, psychology, science and literature, according to Willard Grosvenor Bleyer, director of the School of Journalism, University of Wisconsin. He also advises two years' subsequent training in a school of journalism. But while these studies are being pursued, the would-be journalist need not—and should not—keep away from newspaper work.

While in high school, news notes may be sent in to the city editor of the daily on which you hope some day to be employed. Vacation time presents several free months, which may be spent "cubbing," helping the woman's page editor or society editor, reporting arrivals and social affairs at the resort where you are summering. Magazines and newspapers are all eager for special stories on school and college life and happenings. Many pay well for such articles. This work, besides its compensation value, leads to acquaintances and contacts with newspaper and magazine executives, and familiarity with writing technic. This will stand one in good stead when time to get the first job arrives.

Usually the would-be journalist yearns to get a job on a metropolitan daily. This is a mistake. The best training is to be had on a daily published in a town of from 50,000 to 150,000 people. Naturally the big city dailies pay more; about thirty-five to forty dollars a week against the small-town paper's pay, which runs around fifteen dollars. But the city newspapers are now so highly organized that there is little opportunity to secure the variety of work that the smaller paper affords. It is this variety which broadens and develops the young reporter and enables her to discover the branch of the profession best suited to her.

PHOTOS. BY RICHARD T. DOONER

AT WORK IN THE FASCINATING, ADVENTUROUS CITY ROOM

THERE ARE MANY WORTH-WHILE SECRETARIAL POSITIONS IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE

THE ASPIRING JOURNALIST FAMILIARIZES HERSELF WITH THE MECHANICAL DETAILS

The Society Editor

PERSISTENCE is most essential in the getting of the first job. Letters of application do little or no good. Frequent calls on the city editor are often necessary. His reluctance wears down gradually and thus the job is landed. There are times when an introduction from a prominent citizen helps. But in the newspaper world everyone stands pretty much on face value, and such "pull" frequently works the wrong way in the long run.

Many successful women journalists have entered the newspaper office by way of being the society editor. This is good training, and a means of becoming acquainted with the workings of the "sheet"—as one's paper is fondly but rather irreverently termed. The usual pay is about fifteen dollars a week, and all that is required is tact, accuracy, and an honest—not gossiping—interest in people and their good times. Local acquaintanceship

(Continued on Page 229)

Leisure to Live

By GOVE HAMBIDGE

With Italic Comments by
DOROTHY COOKE HAMBIDGE

IN SUMMER my grandmother began her day when the sun's finger tips first groped up to pull his big red face over earth's rim. In winter the day was ushered in with candlelight and goose-flesh as she stood and dressed in wolfish cold. Day ended sometime between eight o'clock and midnight in an orgy of last-minute chores, ironing or bread-mixing. She had nine children to clean, cook, sew and wash for—in the Canadian backwoods. I knew her—white-haired, hands like a Rembrandt portrait—when she might have spent some of the day playing. But after all the years she had forgotten how. My wife, by comparison, lives in a veritable Utopia of leisure. So do I.

I'm not so sure about that.

Because we housewives of today have the tools to reach it, we dig every day after dust that grandmother left to a spring cataclysm. If few of us have nine children for a weekly bath, we have two or three for a daily immersion. If our consciences don't prick over vacant pie shelves or empty cooky jars, they do over meals in which a vitamin may be omitted or a calorie lacking.

Home labor is somehow a malignant growth; eliminated here, it grows anew there, a constant substitution going on, a new task for an old.

Consider the literature of the home and child. Even to read a digest of it makes day creep toward midnight. And there is what might be called the psychological burden of the modern mother, who measures her child with critical and fearsome eyes in this day of Binet tests and I-Q's.

No, leisure is not bestowed, machine-made, on the modern housewife doing her own work in the home—though I admit it is lightened and leaves in its wake little of the utter physical weariness of other days.

Washing, ironing, baking, pumping water, taking care of a furnace and a kitchen range—these have disappeared, practically speaking. Our house furnishes us with heat, light, water, much as our bodies furnish us with necessary digestive juices; we give little thought to either. This house has long passed the toddling stage. It is nearly grown up. Some day soon I shall be teaching it to shut the bedroom windows on cold mornings.

This much machinery is doing for us—rock-bottom jobs that once took up most of life. In office, shop and factory, also, it has shortened the working day. Fifty years ago we worked twelve hours a day. Now we work eight. A man can now talk about the five-hour day without being considered the next thing to a Bolshevik.

The leisure we have achieved today dreamers once dreamed we would have in a place they called Utopia. We shall never reach this place; it will always be a shining land beyond the horizon. But our children will go farther toward it; and for us, a new and richer life is even now possible. We have more possible uses for leisure than we ever have had.

Leisure for the homemaker, like any other household commodity, follows demand, and there is only one simple way to achieve it. Schedule it first, and make the labor of the home knuckle down to its demands. Not carelessly and inefficiently, but deliberately and intelligently. You cannot trust mechanical gadgets to spout leisure for you, and if there is in you a desire to own a bit of every day for whatsoever you please—as you should—then you must set markers on a certain space and time and placard it boldly, "This is mine. Do not disturb!"

Achieving Happiness

THERE is much talk of the break-up of the home. Some thinkers advocate breaking it up deliberately, putting children in institutions and mothers to work in offices and factories.

To the contrary, it seems to me that in proportion as leisure increases the function of the home becomes not less but more vital, and its opportunities grow in number—that is, provided the aim of life is happiness. Some will not agree that this is the aim of life. This is written for those who do.

Where is happiness to be found? The exceptional man or woman finds it in great achievement, in a big job well done, in sacrifice for others, in the long search for truth or beauty in science or art. But since cave days the common garden variety of happiness has been found in leisure, which comes from an old French word *loisir*, meaning permission—permission to do what you like.

This happiness lies in the time when there is respite from necessary toil. Some believed this time would come only after death; they invented heaven. Some believed it would come in the distant future; they invented Utopia. The average man believes it will come some day after sixty, when he can quit work and take life easy; he invented savings banks and endowment policies.

But to my thinking, this time is here and now. And by and large, for most of us, it lies in the time when we are at home—in spite of those who say there is no home life any more; we spend all our time gadding.

This much I know! The leisure I have today, even though I believe it is not nearly enough, is such as a Pharaoh might have had in Egypt, a philosopher in Athens, a baron in the Middle Ages. Every day, if I so will it, I can have a snack of Utopia; every week a slice of heaven. I can squeeze in a pile of happiness long before the "endowment at age sixty-five" matures.

WHETHER PLANTING IN THE GARDEN, WORKING AROUND THE HOUSE OR STRIVING FOR CHAMPIONSHIP HONORS YOUR PLEASURE WILL BE GREAT IF YOUR OWN CHILD IS EMULATING YOUR EFFORTS

PHOTOS. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

Homes are becoming nearly as popular as automobiles. A single woman used to live in a room in the city and vacation in a boarding house in the country. Now she has an apartment in the city and a week-end shack of her own in the country, to satisfy that instinctive desire for the good life in the home that is in all of us.

But I am inclined to think that the goodness of this life increases the more we accomplish its break-up—into portions, that is, that suit individual tastes, to avoid overfeeding one woman and starving another. There are still women today who want the full portion of home life. There are others who make the best homes they are capable of—and good ones they sometimes are, too—on three or four hours a day. If it were possible for every woman to have a trial period during which she might test her twofold appetite for home and career, the home would settle to its own firm foundation. Of course it will anyway, but I mean more quickly and easily.

To snatch happiness from daily living requires a new emphasis, an emphasis on living for its own sake. And this has not been common in America, where industry and business have absorbed most of our thought and energy.

Women ought to be the first to concentrate on living for its own sake. They have a closer contact than men with those things that are outside business. But women, too, are infected with the viewpoint that nothing is quite worth while except success as it is commonly understood.

The average young woman of today is successful in business or profession, makes a good living at it. She marries. Gone the profession, the independent livelihood. She tumbled off the bobsled just when the coasting was best. Life becomes suddenly a matter of nursing bottles and vacuum cleaners.

If she is happily married, she does not regret the tumble. Yet eight times out of ten there is in the back of her mind a nostalgia for that pay envelope of her own; buried in her heart there is a secret wish that she might, as the psychologists put it, maximate her ego by successfully filling a niche of her own in the business or professional world. She may be a successful homemaker, her children may be paragons, she may make her husband as contented as a bullfrog gurgling in an April shower. These things do not quite weigh down the balance.

A pay envelope may not be salt to the cereal but it is cream on the pie. It isn't that we can't do without it but that we can do so much better with it. Sometimes, indeed, the balance does weigh all the way down, but sometimes not quite. It depends on the readjustment, and there lies the difficulty which makes some women malcontents, the real "problem women" in the home.

In the cities or on the fringes of towns, many, with the help of all-day and nursery schools, work back into jobs on a full-time or part-time basis. Or some types of work can be carried into the home as the children lead more of their lives out of it.

For others who are not quite so advantageously situated, it seems to remain either to find a path of their own to complete subjugation of the suppressed wish for a career, or to discover some latent ability that can be transmuted into a pay envelope in the home.

The Art of Living

I CANNOT help thinking that this is partly, perhaps largely, the effect of our standards of success. The world is liberally sprinkled with women who are successful tea-room managers, sellers of bonds, advertising copy writers, illustrators, secretaries to vice presidents. The intelligent housewife sees, admires and longs to be like them. If this longing is not satisfied, she is thwarted and ill-content, or pricked by the subtle thorns of an inferiority complex. The same thing is true, to a lesser extent, with men. Unless a man is placarded like a signboard "I make Money," he, too, is in danger of hell-fire.

Now there is plenty of reason for discontent in this world, human nature and circumstance being what they are. But I should like to see the emphasis of this particular discontent thrown another way. I should like to see people discontented because they do not take full advantage of the opportunities right under their noses.

Success in such pursuits as I have mentioned above is good. Success in the Art of Living is better.

"The true business of life is living," one who is discontented might say. "Why am I not living richly? What can I do, what changes can I make in my life, so that I and those near me may reach out and touch happiness with our hands?"

The first answer, I think, would be to cultivate a rich home life during those hours of leisure of which the average man and woman have more today than ever before. Call this, if you will, a reversion to the old slogan. "Woman's place is in the home." There is much wisdom hidden in that sentence, but it needs an appendix—"So is man's."

Leisure alone does not make happiness, of course. On the other hand, I do not believe it is possible to have too much

(Continued on Page 141)

Other articles in the Modern Homemaker Department will be found on pages 112 to 136.

Adapting the Mode to Personal Needs

By JEAN CHARLES WORTH

THE long and varied discussions that greeted the adoption of the mode of 1930, in which everyone from taxicab drivers to political and social leaders has taken part over a period of many months, have usually left out the most important point. That is the infinite variety of these new fashions, which permits what every Frenchwoman knows to be a necessity—the expression of one's own individuality.

There is, I know, a tremendous difference in the way in which American women buy their clothes and the care and pains with which a Frenchwoman is able to plan her wardrobe. America is the home of mass production. Her size as to country, her enormous population, and her point of view, make this inevitable. France, however, is still the home of small businesses and shops. Ready-made clothes are not so good as in America, and the well-dressed Frenchwoman forms a triumvirate with the manufacturer of fabrics and the couturier to secure for herself the kind of clothes she desires.

A Paris designer today must be the interpreter of the conscious or subconscious desires of his clients. He must know their psychological reactions to the social changes of our present-day civilization and be ready to spread his ideas before them in the shape of costumes perfected by weeks of work when they suddenly realize that they want something different. He must keep his finger on the pulse of the times and the changes in social usage as carefully as a doctor watches the pulse of a sick child.

How does he do this? In a multitude of different ways, but principally by contact with the smart international women who set the styles for all the world. He watches them at play on the beaches, at the theater, in restaurants, at parties, and at all the other social functions which they attend. When they come to consult him he draws out their ideas of what they are seeking; he transfers their ideas to the suppliers of fabrics, trimmings and accessories, and these men in turn try to interpret the desires and needs of these women. So, you see, that, after all, it is the smart women who take an intelligent interest in their clothes who influence to a great extent the ideas and innovations of the mode.

MAN RAY, PARIS

M. Jean Charles Worth supervises the designing for the famous Maison Worth on the Rue de la Paix. He was photographed in Paris with his small son, Jean Jacques, who will one day direct the house founded by his great-grandfather.

No. 100, "Le Lido," an evening gown in printed chiffon, yellow and black on white with a broad black velvet girdle, and bow in the back which is practically concealed by the cape wings. Note that the fullness commences at the waistline, though flat, in the skirt. The wide and very long hemline is almost even.

Longer Skirts

BECAUSE some of us poor mortals have eyes which we do not use, many people have said that the change from the postwar mode of short skirts and the angular, flat figure to the more graceful, longer skirts and the silhouette which molds the body has been a very hasty one. This, however, I refute. It was not like the beanstalk of Jack in the fairy story. It did not grow up in a single night to extraordinary proportions. No, there were models in previous collections for a number of years which pointed the way, because we designers in Paris felt the tendency for a change; but not many of these models were accepted.

We couturiers showed them one by one, and occasionally a few were sold, and as their influence spread from the smart sophisticates, who are always ready to accept the new and daring, to the writers about fashion, who have a great influence on the acceptance of the new modes, and then to the greater mass of our population, there appeared more and more of these dresses—and the style was launched.

No. 2, "Attendez Moi," an afternoon dress in black tweed lace with deep yoke and cuff effects in white georgette. At the right—No. 213, "Stamboul," a gray georgette ensemble with sleeveless jacket, blue silk blouse and gray fur scarf.

No. 61, "Ecolière," in Bianchini's pin-star-dotted Flamenga in black and white, with white blouse. This is in the "robe-manteau" category, as the bolero is attached. Note the V dip at the waistline to conceal the natural line.

Although a designer may create a beautiful gown through the inspiration and aid of lovely women, he further needs their collaboration, for they must wear his gown with charm and distinction before it becomes a perfect work of art.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion that this molded silhouette with its long clinging skirts, which flare below the form-fitting lines of the hips, can be worn only by the tall, slender and very young. Yet, many of our best clients are women past their first youth and some of them have not been able to retain the slender figures of their girlhood. Since these women form an important part of our

(Continued on Page 64)

Other Fashion articles will be found on pages 36 to 62.

Among Those Present

By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

LACY CRANDALL picks up a pearl earring from the floor of a crowded supper room and pawns it to meet his bridge losses, salving his conscience with the plea that he is only borrowing the jewel. The pawnbroker proves to be a fence and the next day Lacy is waited upon by three high-class crooks, Andy Horn, Jimmy Greco and Pots Slavini, who propose a partnership, Crandall to join the coterie because of his entrée into society. The alternative is exposure.

And so Lacy Crandall, eligible bachelor, clubman, man about town, well-born and well-bred, and with an impeccable social position, becomes a professional thief. And he remains a thief, maintaining his place in high society and living luxuriously, until he meets Joan Seeley on shipboard and falls desperately in love with her. He resolves to go straight, to make restitution to his victims. He eludes his partners and gets a job in a Boston bucket shop. But he is finally discovered by Pots Slavini, who discloses the existence of a man higher up, "the chief," a master mind. The chief's orders are for Lacy to return or else harm will come to Joan.

Lacy returns to New York and resumes his place in society, in order to lull the suspicions of the gang. But he is fully resolved to protect Joan and to track its master mind to his lair.

The Wetheralls give a house party and Joan and Lacy are among the guests. Joan is wearing her mother's emeralds. Over the phone Pots Slavini repeats orders from the chief for Lacy to steal the jewels. The crisis has arrived; Lacy must rob Joan, for there is no mistaking the seriousness of the veiled threats against her person.

Lacy is downstairs, after the others have gone to their rooms, when he hears Joan scream. He realizes that the other men are nearer to her than he is and he reasons that an intruder will attempt to escape by lowering himself from her window. He dashes out of the door and round the house to find a dark form descending a stout vine. Clenched in the man's teeth is the necklace. Lacy and the marauder grapple and silently, viciously, they fight. A crashing blow and Lacy lapses into semiconsciousness. The man flees into the darkness, but Crandall has the necklace; with a last desperate effort he hides it under the waistband of his trousers.

XII.

I CAME to. In a half circle around were Mrs. Aldine, Betty, Alice, Joan and the rest. I looked at Joan to see if she had come to harm. Beyond a pallor in her cheeks and the wideness of her frightened eyes, there was nothing to indicate that she suffered more than fright.

Dick was holding a glass to my lips. My collar and tie and coat were off, but something pressed against my stomach by the waistband of my trousers.

I swallowed the cognac Dick forced upon me.

"Did he get away?" I gasped.

"He did," sputtered Billy Brodbeck. "Gad, if my wind hadn't gone ——"

"How do you feel, old man?" asked Dick.

"All right," I said.

"Nasty bruise on your head, old man," he said. "You put up a great scrap, Lacy. Too bad you couldn't have hung on one minute longer. We'd have got him and the necklace too."

Now my mind was not clear yet, and I do not know why I didn't give the necklace up that second. I know that when I tucked it inside my waistcoat I had done so only with the idea that if the burglar came back he should not recover it. How, with the household aroused, he would dare to come back had not entered into my thoughts in that half-conscious moment. But I didn't intend to steal the necklace now. I can only account for my action on the ground that sometimes the plans we think are conceived on the spur of the moment are really the growth of a seed planted long before, of which planting we are unconscious.

"He got away with the emeralds?" I asked.

Dick nodded.

"But he won't get far. I have servants out looking for him, and we've phoned the Tarrytown police—but you'd better get to bed, young feller."

Supported by Dick and Billy, I limped upstairs. The women, excitement in their voices, followed after, chattering madly, and the babel was augmented by the screams of a maid who decided apparently that hysteria was not the prerogative of an employer.

Once in my room, Dick released me long enough to tell the ladies that the wounded hero would probably be receiving in his pajamas shortly, but that in the meantime he must close the door. Volunteer nurses might stand in line, he gayly suggested.

"I've phoned for a doctor," he said. "Meantime Billy and I will help you out of your clothes."

I glanced down at my waistline, marveling that the bulge there had not been already noticed.

"Don't be an ass," I said. "You'll do nothing of the sort. I'm no infant."

"You're a badly hurt man, Lacy," said Dick. "As game a thing as I ever heard of. Here, help me lift him, Billy ——"

"Get out of here!" I cried. "All I need is a shower ——"

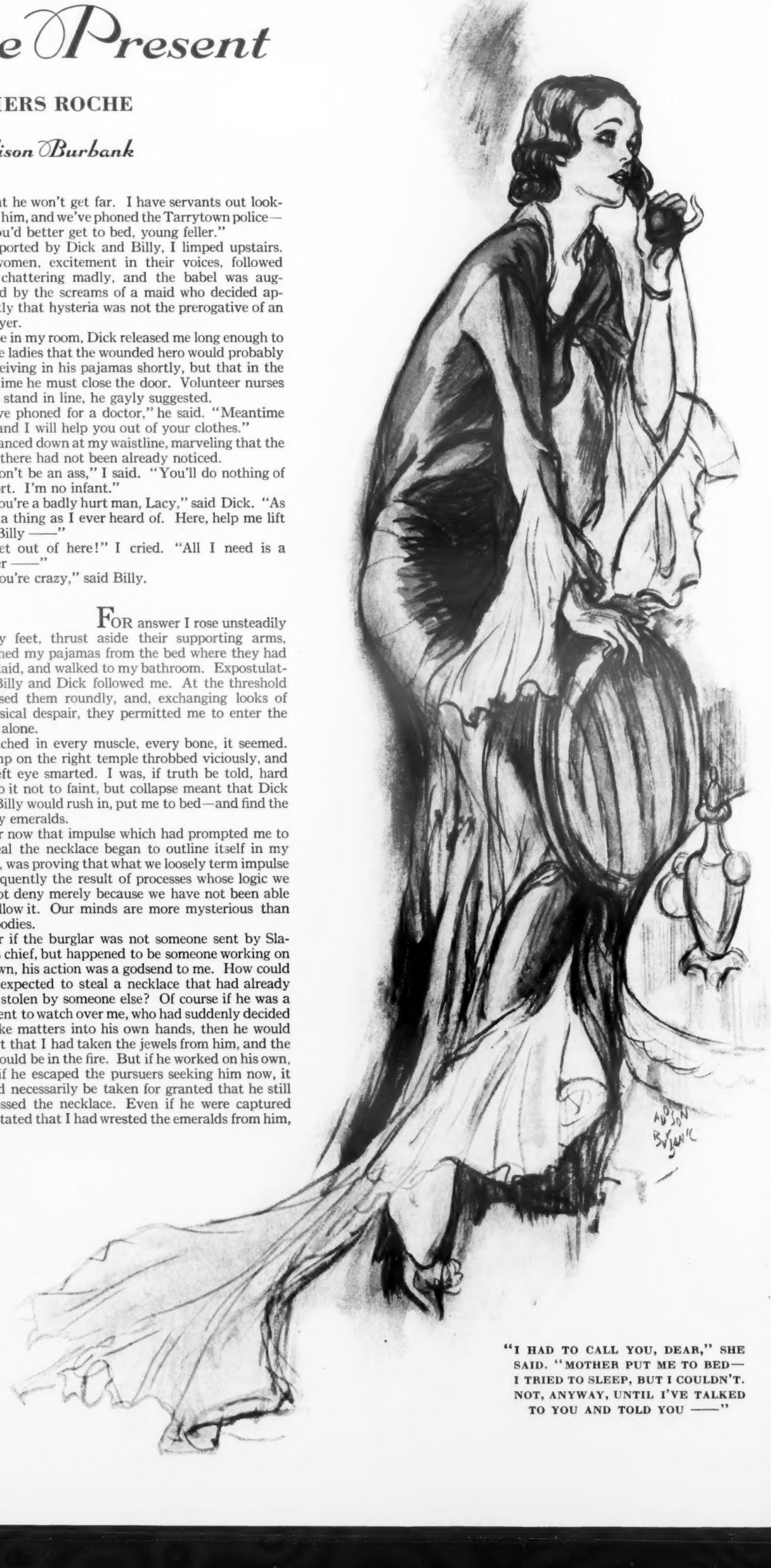
"You're crazy," said Billy.

FOR answer I rose unsteadily to my feet, thrust aside their supporting arms, snatched my pajamas from the bed where they had been laid, and walked to my bathroom. Expostulating, Billy and Dick followed me. At the threshold I cursed them roundly, and, exchanging looks of whimsical despair, they permitted me to enter the room alone.

I ached in every muscle, every bone, it seemed. A lump on the right temple throbbed viciously, and my left eye smarted. I was, if truth be told, hard put to it not to faint, but collapse meant that Dick and Billy would rush in, put me to bed—and find the Seeley emeralds.

For now that impulse which had prompted me to conceal the necklace began to outline itself in my mind, was proving that what we loosely term impulse is frequently the result of processes whose logic we cannot deny merely because we have not been able to follow it. Our minds are more mysterious than our bodies.

For if the burglar was not someone sent by Slavini's chief, but happened to be someone working on his own, his action was a godsend to me. How could I be expected to steal a necklace that had already been stolen by someone else? Of course if he was a spy sent to watch over me, who had suddenly decided to take matters into his own hands, then he would report that I had taken the jewels from him, and the fat would be in the fire. But if he worked on his own, and if he escaped the pursuers seeking him now, it would necessarily be taken for granted that he still possessed the necklace. Even if he were captured and stated that I had wrested the emeralds from him,



"I HAD TO CALL YOU, DEAR," SHE SAID. "MOTHER PUT ME TO BED—I TRIED TO SLEEP, BUT I COULDN'T. NOT, ANYWAY, UNTIL I'VE TALKED TO YOU AND TOLD YOU ——"

his story would hardly be credited by the Wetheralls. But, of course, Slavini and the others would believe him.

I prayed for that burglar's escape as I have seldom prayed in my life. Not through any feeling of kinship of career, but because his escape meant that I would be freed from any necessity for obeying Slavini's orders. Not that I intended to keep the necklace. I would let Joan even think that it had gone with the burglar. Then, on some date not too remotely in the future I trusted, when I had met Slavini's master face to face and thrashed out to a finish his attempt to dominate me, Joan's necklace could be returned to her.

But meantime I must hide the jewels so carefully —— I took my shower, shuddering. But if, later, the burglar were captured and claimed I had the necklace, my insistence on being left alone would be remembered, and if Dick and Billy should have heard no sounds of my shower bath —— The drops of water hit my bruised temple as savagely as hailstones. But they served to revive me, after all, and my faintness was gone as I dried myself.

But I might sleep late tomorrow morning. A valet might quietly enter my room, might tiptoe into the bath to freshen up the room. So I put the emeralds in my pajama pocket, wedged a couple of handkerchiefs on top of it, threw a dressing gown over all and reëntered my bedroom.

DICK solicitously seized my arm. He and Billy together lifted me and put me in bed, tucking in the covers. I think they thought my insistence on bathing was due to the fact that my brain was a trifle addled from my rough treatment at the hands of the burglar. Dick, too, I felt, regretted his levity when we had entered the bedroom. Indeed, he said as much.

"Didn't mean to kid, old man, about the volunteer nurses and all that. Doctor will be here in a minute. How do you feel, old top?"

"Not so hot," I replied. "But I don't need the doctor."

"Nevertheless, my son, you'll have him," said Dick.

And I did. But when he would have felt me all over I remembered the necklace, and made him confine his ministrations to my temple and eye. Then, when he left, the house party was ushered in.

Out of the babel of question, of exclamation, of afterthought spoken aloud, Joan's voice finally resolved itself, and the others listened to her as she told her story to me.

"I'd hardly been in my room a minute, it seemed," she said. "I'd let the maid go because she seemed so tired. I was brushing my hair, and my necklace was lying on the dresser before me. I felt someone behind me. A hand reached over and seized the emeralds. I screamed and snatched at the necklace. The man—he was young—not over twenty-five, I think—pushed me away, and rushed toward my window. He didn't even wait to put the necklace in his pocket. For I ran after him, reaching—I didn't scream again, I think I was too angry that he should dare—it took both his hands to fight me off, and he gripped the necklace in his mouth ——"

"Funny thing to do," commented Billy Brodbeck.

"LEFT both hands free for climbing," said Dick. "Something else—if he put it in a pocket and tore the pocket climbing, he might lose the necklace. But if it's in his mouth or around his neck, he can see and feel it every second."

Billy shrugged his shoulders.

"Just the same, I don't understand it. Do you, Lacy?"

I thought I did.

"Fingerprints," I answered. I hadn't thought of that until this minute, but now I could see that a clever burglar would try not to leave his thumbprints on a jewel until he had it safely out of the house. I wondered if, when he snatched it from the dressing table, he had left any marks on it. Probably they were obliterated by my own by now, however.

"I'll bet you're right," said Dick. "But when you tackled him—did you see the necklace?"

I shook my head.

"He must have pocketed it by then," I said.

"You were very brave," said Joan quietly.

"Nonsense," I said.

"It isn't nonsense at all," said Joan. "To attack a desperate man ——"

"You did something along those lines yourself, didn't you?" I asked.

"That was natural impulse," said Joan.

"And you were quick-witted as all get out," said Dick. "To rush outside and head him off ——"

"Well, you and Billy were upstairs. I was pouring myself a drink when I heard Joan cry, and I figured out the way he'd have to leave the house ——"

"A professional burglar couldn't have figured it out better," exclaimed Billy.

I twisted slightly on my pillow lest my blush be observed. Alice, thinking the movement one of pain, cried out in quick sympathy.

"We're killing the poor thing," she said. "Lacy, you drink this medicine."

She held to my lips a sedative which the physician had left. I drank it obediently.

"Everyone get right out of here," ordered Alice, shoving them into the hall. "There'll be someone outside the door all night, Lacy," she added. "If you need anything ——"

"Not a thing," I assured her cheerfully and truthfully.

She switched off the electric lights; I heard a subdued murmur of voices, and then, incredibly, a whisper.

"Lacy!"

"Joan," I breathed.

"I couldn't go ——"

"You must," I protested. "Alice—the others—they'll know."

"Silly," and her voice was tender. "Of course they know. Alice sent me back. Oh, Lacy, do I need to tell you now?"

But who was I, her necklace in the pocket of my pajamas now, to let her yield to the excitement, the glamour, of the moment?

"Joan—you mustn't ——"

Her hand touched my face, fleetingly, lightly, and then she was gone. And I—alas for love—fell instantly asleep. The doctor had not been one of those who believed in half measures. His sedative was no weak-as-water beverage.

THE house party broke up the following morning. To begin with, Mrs. Seeley, questioned by reporters as to the exact value of the emeralds, telephoned Joan in high excitement, ordering her home immediately. And the Wetherall home was infested by cameramen and reporters who, not content with Dick's straight statement of what had occurred, wished separate stories from each member of the house party, and particularly my own account of my struggle with the burglar.

Extra editions of the Sunday-morning papers had been printed, and they were adorned with photographs of the house with explanatory dotted lines and drawn figures representing Joan and the burglar, and myself and the burglar, and photographs of every member of the house party. Even I, who had avoided cameras for many years, was there, an old flash light of myself in masquerade costume, taken during college days, serving in place of anything else. And I was, so the headlines informed me, a millionaire clubman who had battled almost to the death with a midnight marauder.

Alice and Dick had let me sleep after the departure of the other guests. They told me that Joan had left messages for me, and had only gone—with the Aldines—because of her mother's frightened insistence. They begged me to remain until the following day at least, but I pointed out to them that as long as I stayed in the house the reporters would not

(Continued on Page 177)

HE WAS RIGHT BESIDE ME AS I PICKED UP THE TELEPHONE, AND THE MUZZLE OF HIS WEAPON WAS THRUST, ICY COLD AND STEELY HARD, AGAINST THE NAPE OF MY NECK

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

The Decade of Charm

SUBTLY, almost without our being aware of any change, a new keynote is creeping into the lives and living of American women. Yesterday, and for a decade past, the great desideratum was Smartness. Today, and for the years that lie immediately before us, it is Charm.

The stark sophistication of the postwar period, which was cultivated assiduously and often unbecomingly by millions of women, is passing out of fashion. And in its place is coming swiftly a return of elegance, of grace, of charm. Life will be lovelier in the Thirties than it has been in the late lamented Twenties.

On every hand the change is evident. The disappearance of knees as skirts have lengthened is an immediately welcome sign, for knees, though necessary, are rarely beautiful. And no woman in a long evening gown can behave in the hoydenish manner that short skirts actually seemed to call for.

The failure of modernist furniture to break into the home reflects an innate desire for charm that discomfort, however smart, can never satisfy. Black and white, the colors of sophistication, have been shoved aside by the bright hues of charm. Diet fads are passing into the limbo of forgotten mistakes, and eating once more takes its rightful place as the most delightful form of entertainment and home satisfaction. Even homes become more alluring as new designs provide for greater privacy and charm.

For Smartness was standardized—the herd instinct following somebody else's ideas of how you ought to look, what you ought to say, how you ought to act, how your home should be furnished. Those who traveled in sophisticated circles knew always what to expect—what they would do and say and see and talk about. No wonder they complained of boredom!

But Charm is your own individuality, your personality, your self.

Smartness, says the dictionary, was "an artificial standard of appearance"; Charm, according to the same book, is "that which exerts an irresistible power to please and attract." Smartness was selfish; Charm is always generous. Smartness came to its utmost expression only in the full spotlight of publicity; Charm is self-possessed graciousness among many or few. Smartness was often unmannerly; Charm knows the right thing to do, and does it.

The return of charm does not, however, mean a renaissance of sweetness and light from the mauve decade. The languid, swooning, oversentimental ladies of the age of innocence are forever laid away among their lavender and old lace. Whatever else the era of sophistication may have done, it brought to us a sense of power, of vigor, of understanding things as they are that provides a wholesome background for the dawn of charm.

Nor is charm to be thought of merely as a matter of appearance. Real charm is as much an attribute of the mind and of the spirit. It has its beginnings in an instinctive knowledge of good taste, in an instinctive avoidance of vulgarity and artificiality.

As one girl recently put it: "I am glad now that I was taught good manners when I was a little child. I've had to suppress them all through recent college years, but now they are becoming fashionable again."

And, to quote Mary Roberts Rinehart in this issue of the JOURNAL: "Manners and morals are not far apart."

Charm—"that which exerts an irresistible power to please and attract." It is a pleasant formula for homes, for gardens, for furnishings, for food, for entertainment, for art, for music, for books, for styles of dress. For what woman, young or old, has not always yearned to be, above all things in the wide world, charming?

Less Drinking in School

THREE eminent Michigan educators, conducting an investigation among high-school students in the city of Detroit, have found that drinking is less of a problem now than in 1917, that fewer pupils are using alcoholic drinks, that there are fewer cases of drinking on school property and fewer cases of truancy.

They found also that among the causes of delinquency, liquor was fifth, and that there is a little less of all kinds of delinquency now than before 1917.

Loaded Guns

IF YOU have a gun or a pistol in your home, please, for the sake of little children, be sure that it is never left loaded. There is always time to slip a cartridge in when it is needed, however quickly that may be. But there is never anything to do when a small boy, playing with forbidden firearms, is killed.

The most tragic excuse is, "I didn't know it was loaded."

You Pay for a Home

EVERY family is paying for a home, whether it knows it or not. The trouble is that many families do not know it—never get the home their rental expenditures entitle them to have.

Suppose your rent costs you $50 a month. At 6 per cent interest, this adds up to $7908.40 in ten years, and to $13,965.46 in fifteen years. If your rent is $70 a month, it will amount to $11,071.76 in ten years, or $19,551.64 in fifteen years. Any ordinary rental figure will equal a comfortable home in a few years.

It is true that limited capital may, in the beginning, make the financing of a home of your own prohibitive, but there are sound ways of overcoming this handicap. One is a savings account, another is to buy on payments a good building lot which, when paid for, will enable you to finance the building of a house without difficulty.

The point is, you are paying for a home every few years that you rent. Why not make the home your own?

Temper

A GOOD rule for every married couple is that by which some friends have lived for many years—never to put out the lights at night while any anger or resentment lies between them. They have occasional sharp words and disagreements, as every couple has when equal minds are spoken in true comradely manner; but never do they harbor resentments from one day to the next, never do they let petty arguments develop into cancerous rancors. Truly, they will live together in happiness till the end of life.

One of the finest compliments we ever heard any son give to his father was the remark of a ten-year-old: "Dad gets angry with me sometimes—I guess I need it. But he never stays angry."

In Romans xii, 10, we read: "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love." Bad temper will more than neutralize all the good one can do, and make life anything but a blessing.

The Chaotic Decade

By

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Decorations by Ben Dale

ALREADY it is difficult to look back to the beginning of this queer chaotic decade. Women will remember that dresses were long ten years ago, and men that Prohibition had just gone into effect. Hostesses will recall a society vainly seeking to formalize itself once more after the war, and a younger generation will not have forgotten the attempts to bring it to heel after two years of comparative freedom of action.

But there was a larger problem than that. The beginning of the past decade saw us struggling to amalgamate once more into our workaday world some millions of men who for a sufficient time had escaped the responsibilities of humdrum daily lives and in return for their services as an army had been fed, clothed, and thought for. Also we were returning to more or less dreary routine almost as many women, who in one way or another had felt the stimulus of war and the joy of service, or had enjoyed the excitement and the break in routine.

None of them, men or women, readjusted easily. At the end of ten years, some of them have not yet found themselves again. We discover them wandering from city to city, eternally restless, eternally unfit. Or we find them back in the old environment, either listless and defeated, or seeking by any means in their power to recapture the old thrill, the drama which is gone.

Enter Prohibition

NOR was this true only of the men and women whose lives had been radically altered by the war. It was true of the entire American people. The excitement had buoyed them, stimulated them; under it many of them had given money and effort, had sacrificed themselves cheerfully. But in return they had been given a vast, incredibly dramatic interest.

With the sudden withdrawal of that interest they suffered from a sense of defeat and anticlimax. Daily lives became dull and humdrum once more. And what is more important, life seemed even more stale and uneventful, by comparison, than it had ever been.

For those first postwar years, it may be said that the whole people were mentally below normal. And national depressions of this type are not matters of a day or a week. Life was stale, business conditions uncertain; to dullness was added anxiety. And as if at the very beginning to threaten the result of the experiment, in those low days came Prohibition.

The result was obvious. Precipitated suddenly, amounting to confiscation of vast properties founded in good faith, Prohibition came to a depressed people at the worst possible time for their cheerful acceptance of it.

The immediate result was a low-minded people, anxious by any means to return even temporarily to the normal, and the immediate organization of competent underground bootlegging machinery to enable them to do so.

Also, since only the so-called "hard" liquors could be transported by underground methods, the further result was that only the habit-forming whiskies and gins were available.

Manners and Morals

ONE of the first significant social changes of the decade was the substitution of the cocktail as a pick-up, for the glass of wine and a cracker of previous years. That this cocktail was unlawful does not enter into this discussion; what does enter is the drink for the jolt, instead of the mild stimulant.

But there were other changes. For some years before the war many of the old restrictions as to the mingling of the sexes had been abandoned, and properly so. This new relationship had been healthy, open and companionable.

With the first days of the war, however, the bars began to go down, and promiscuous mixing of the sexes took place. Why not? Who could tell whether these boys would ever come back or not? Make them happy. Be good to them.

But they were only boys, many of them, men in uniform but children in experience; and among them naturally was the fixed percentage who could not be trusted. The letting down of the bars sometimes went to rather terrible lengths. Nor were the men alone responsible. And even the most fatuous optimist cannot fail to recognize that letting down such bars is a vastly different thing to putting them up again.

Add to this drinking as a sport, or for a "kick," and the results are apt to be unfortunate. The ground is plowed and harrowed for trouble. And another factor entered here; that factor was the change in manners, and manners and morals are not far apart. For manners, in the last analysis, are conduct.

The free and easy manners of wartime had been comfortable. They required no effort. Metaphorically, the American man had taken off his dinner jacket and his women folk their stays. Later of course women were to do this literally, but not at first. There was rather a bad time when young women, in order to have dancing partners, began to park their stays in automobiles or in the dressing rooms at balls.

Only now, after ten years, is there an attempt to return to the decorums and even some of the decencies of fastidious living. And during the early years of the decade not only had these disappeared, but the sense of personal irresponsibility, only excusable in a people living under orders, persisted, now that there were no orders.

But with all these elements it is evident that the field is ready, plowed and harrowed, for the seeding of sex; and that the sowers are at hand.

Now the cult of sex is a totally different thing from its honest recognition. Honest recognition is neither prurient nor salacious; but the cult of sex is both. It is a failure to recognize this difference which has made the usual censorship of books and plays so absurd, so that even that proud matter, the conceiving and bearing of a child, is made somehow shameful.

Exploiting Sex

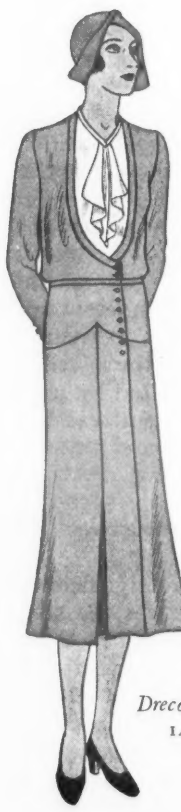
BUT side by side with this movement toward honest knowledge in sex matters have come its exploiters during this past decade. They have debased it, made it decadent and even degenerate. It is fortunate that to the average American, neither subtle nor degenerate himself, much of its true significance has been lost. Thus the imported imposture of the

(Continued on Page 172)

Paris Shows a Fondness for Collared Frocks

Philippe et Gaston
1430

Philippe et Gaston follow the smartness of lingerie touches and put fresh little cuffs and a collar of white on a frock, No. 1430, of brown-and-cream print. The close-fitting bodice buttons down the front, the full skirt is circular. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 42.



Drecoll-Beer
1429

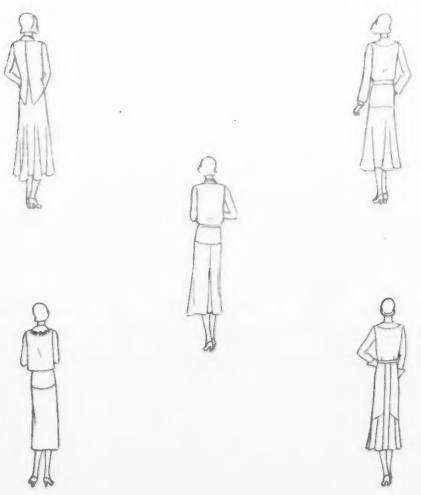
An inverted pleat in front, a slash in back, revealing a plain underskirt, give fullness to the skirt of Drecoll-Beer's smart and simple No. 1429. The coat dress, which buttons to the left, has a separate underblouse with jabot. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Premet
1418

The deep collar and undercuffs beneath full bell sleeves are touches of white on Premet's red-and-white-checked frock, No. 1418. The double-breasted blouse has a deep hip yoke, V in front, to which the circular skirt attaches. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Philippe et Gaston
1431

Philippe et Gaston choose scallops for the theme of No. 1431, with its smart and becoming bolero back. The deep white collar and the cuffs are scalloped, as are the skirt, which buttons on to the yoke, and the yoke itself. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.



Premet
1417

In No. 1417 Premet echoes deep collar with deep cuffs. The dress has panels, full-length in front and to the waistline in back; in the lower section of the skirt wide pleats give fullness. Designed in navy crêpe with white collar and cuffs, for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

To be Formal Your Skirt Must be Long--Says Paris

Not long skirts for sports. Even Paris, with its—to an American way of thinking—hazy idea of le sport, does not recommend them. But after midday the new frocks which are designed now for special hours and special occasions become noticeably longer as the hour grows later. Nicole Groult has designed the entrancing frock, No. 1415, at the left, below, for summer garden parties, teas, and even informal dinners in the country. The circular flounce joins the skirt in an interestingly uneven outline. The belt finishes in a huge bow. This is a charming frock for printed silks or cottons, and in white, with little sleeves, would be perfect for graduation. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 42. Nicole Groult has also designed No. 1414, at the right, below. She uses soft blue for the bodice, with its flat collar and tiny epaulet sleeves, and the skirt with its four shaped flounces. The inset circular section in front, the two tiny bows, she makes in bright flowered print. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

The color and fabric you choose for Design No. 1413, a one-piece afternoon frock from Drecoll-Beer, at the left, below, will determine whether it is to be worn at luncheons in town or afternoon affairs in the country. The scarf collar with which the V-neckline is finished and the trimming band which is set on to form a becoming version of the very smart bolero are details of particular interest. The long, close-fitting sleeves are finished with applied bands which tie at the wrist, and the skirt inset with four pointed sections, which give circular width. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Worth creates a charming princess frock, No. 1425, at the right, below, in hunter's green crêpe de chine and names it "Remember." The circular skirt is attached to a fitted yoke which emphasizes the princess line. Bands of white crêpe trim the flaring sleeves most effectively, and two flowers, one dark green, one white, are worn at the waistline. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

Dœuillet-Doucet—1434

Dœuillet-Doucet—1435

In the evening your frock trails the ground of course. Dœuillet-Doucet design No. 1434, at the left, above, with a softly draped bodice, and long trailing skirt of overlapping panels, joining the bodice with a scalloped outline. The jacket dips slightly in the back. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 42. From the same house comes No. 1435 at the right, above, an exquisite white satin frock in particularly lovely lines. Narrow bands hang from the shoulders to the scallops with which the long circular skirt joins the fitted bodice. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 42.

Nicole Groult—1415

Nicole Groult—1414

Drecoll-Beer—1413

Worth—1425

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

Summer Sports Frocks in the Paris Manner

If your mind is set on cottons or sports silks for summer mornings, or if you're going impartially to wear some of both, these designs combine the practical and not-hard-to-make qualities one looks for in summer frocks with the new and individual chic developed in Paris this season. Lucile designs an enchanting frock, No. 1409, at the left, below, in pink and white candy stripes. Trimming of applied bands and tabs which button appear at the neck, the short sleeves and the waistline of the dress. A circular flounce forms a comfortable lower skirt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. Joseph Paquin shows a white sleeveless frock—No. 1411, at the right, below—bound, along the zigzag bodice closing, with almond green, with an almond-green hat and shoes. The skirt is circular. Cap sleeves may be added. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 42.

Lenief
1427

Jane Régny
1420

Joseph Paquin
1422

Philippe et Gaston
1410

You'll want at least some of the new short-sleeved sports frocks in your summer wardrobe, for, though sleeveless frocks are still smart, short-sleeved ones are newer. Lenief makes No. 1427, at the left above, in white, and calls it "Yachting." The neck is square, the indispensable belt appears at the normal waistline, godets give the skirt fullness. It may also be made without sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The bodice of Jane Régny's wearable and chic No. 1420, at the right, above, buttons down the back. The V-neck and the short sleeves are trimmed with applied bands (it may also be made sleeveless). The chic circular and flaring skirt points upward in front where it joins the yoke, and inverted pleats in front, and again quite low in the back, give it extra fullness. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 40.

Lucile
1409

Joseph Paquin
1411

In Joseph Paquin's No. 1422, at the left, above, the skirt is plain in back, but is cut in three sections in front, to form unusually attractive cascades. The bodice opens at the left, is joined to a shaped yoke, and has cap sleeves. It is shown in blue-and-white finely striped silk, the double roll collars being blue and yellow, with yellow hat, shoes and purse to accompany it. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. On a sleeveless sports frock of white wool, No. 1410, at the right above, Philippe et Gaston button the zigzag closing bodice with navy blue buttons. Navy blue is repeated in the belt and the band at the neck, which may be worn open, or buttoned high at the throat. There are two box pleats in the front of the skirt, and a third at the right of the back panel. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. Price, 65 cents; Ensembles, 75 cents.

Vive DeLisle!

Head Chef Emeritus of the Campbell Soup Company

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The French Nation decorates Campbell's Soup chef for sending the finest cooking throughout the civilized world!

For twenty-seven years Louis Charles DeLisle presided over the kitchens which have made Campbell's Soups internationally famous for quality and savor.

Now, as Head Chef Emeritus of the company to which he brought that subtle sense of fine cookery inborn in the French, he has been signally honored by France.

For his grateful compatriots recently decorated him with the Cross of Chevalier du Merite, Agricole, for having contributed in distinguished degree to the appreciation of the artistry of French cooking throughout the entire civilized world.

You serve Campbell's Tomato Soup or any of the twenty other delicious Campbell's selections with the knowledge that in them combine the genius and the art of the world's most famous chefs! 12 cents a can.

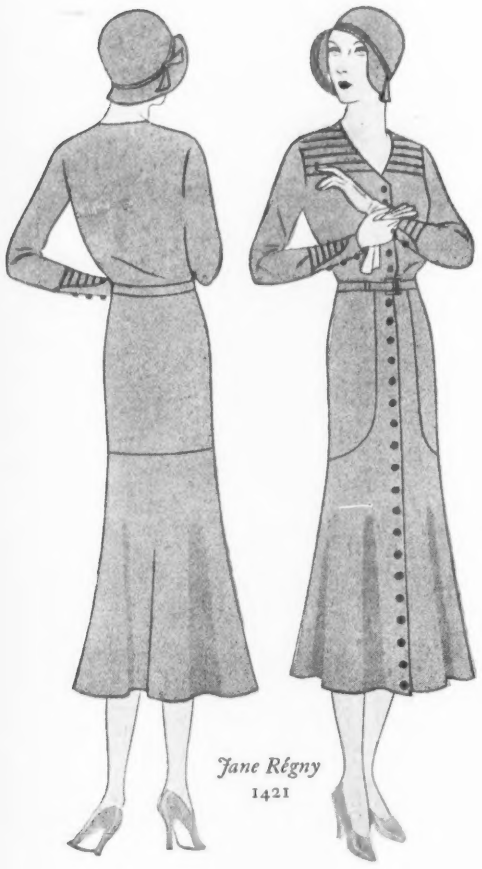
MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Campbells' Soups

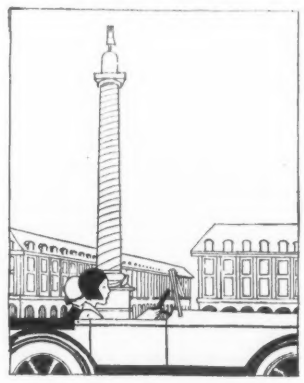
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Parisian Chic for Train or Motor Travel

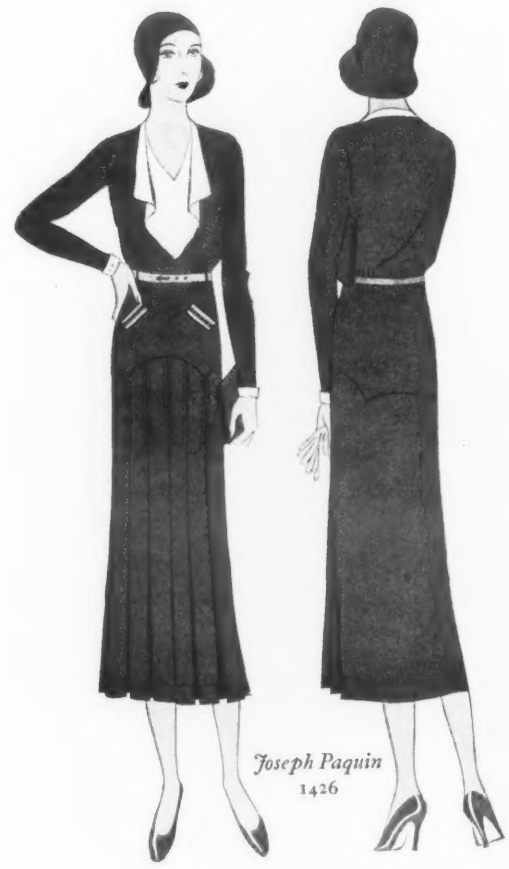
Costumes Practical and Smart



Jane Régny
1421



Being smartly dressed for travel, whether it's a short run to town in your own motor or a vacation trip on a train, means being inconspicuously, becomingly and practically dressed. The traveler's ideal, be she American or Continental, is to arrive as freshly turned out at her destination as she left her own boudoir; hence these Paris dressmaker creations have valuable suggestions for your summer travel wardrobe. At the left a typical Jane Régny frock, No. 1421, which might be wool or silk and worn with a fur scarf, would be smart for town or travel. It buttons all the way down the front, has a belt at the natural waistline, repeats its yoke tucks on the sleeves, and has a circular skirt. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. Joseph Paquin's No. 1426, at the right, has a becoming touch of contrasting color in the jabot, which forms a narrow collar in back. Again we have fitted hips, below which is joined a skirt box-pleated in front and plain in back—hence practical for travel. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.



Joseph Paquin
1426

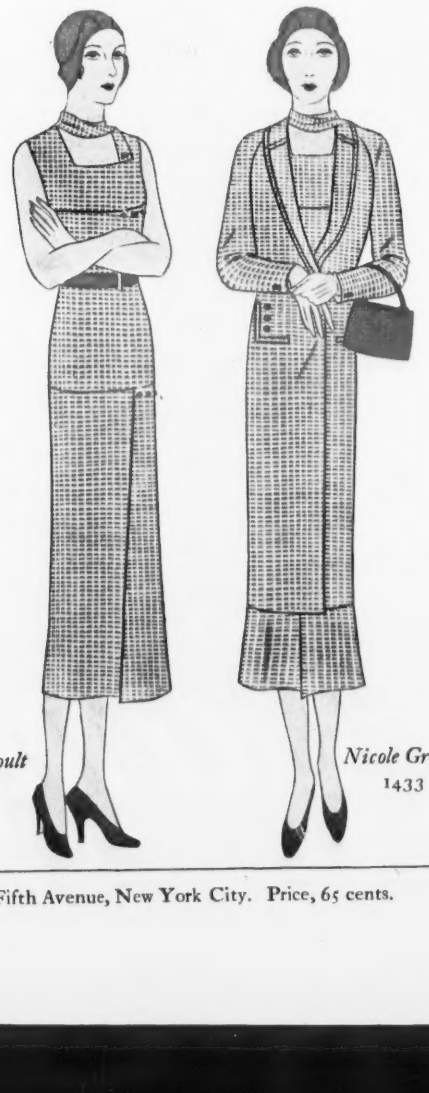
Joseph Paquin's No. 1424, below, is an exceedingly smart tailored frock, which would be suitable for sports in light fabrics and colors, but in dark silk or wool, ideal for motor travel. The tuck-in-effect blouse has a roll collar, sleeves finished with deep cuffs and fastened with links, and buttons down the front, as does the yoke of the slightly flared skirt. It may also be made with short sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. To wear over it Joseph Paquin designs a seven-eighths coat, No. 1423, with turnback revers which extend all the way to the hem, patch pockets, deep turnback cuffs and a narrow belt. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44.

Drecoll-Beer design a smart three-piece suit, No. 1428, in the center, below, with tuck-in blouse. The skirt has box pleats in front, with three inset godets to give width to the lower edge. The jacket, which buttons in front, has a roll collar, patch pockets, and sleeves buttoning at the seam. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42. Nicole Groult's ensemble, at the right, below, shows a sleeveless frock, No. 1432, with square neck, bodice yoke, scarf tie, and a slightly flared skirt with circular panel on the left. The three-quarters coat, No. 1433, has raglan sleeves fastened with links, and a narrow shawl collar. Both designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Joseph Paquin
1423

Joseph Paquin
1424

Drecoll-Beer
1428



Nicole Groult
1432

Nicole Groult
1433

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns; or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Price, 65 cents.

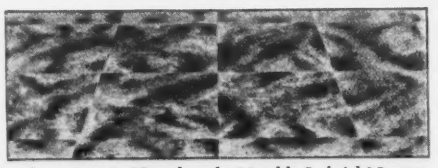
Let's have a tea time chat about that most-lived-in of rooms

. . . and about a floor that contributes lasting comfort and good cheer . . .

DECORATING a living-room sometimes seems so uncertain! You start with such high hopes. You want this room, above all others, to reveal your own good taste. Then . . . your well-laid plans go all askew. And you wonder why.

Please don't blame your pocketbook. Expensive furnishings aren't always the right answer. But nine times out of ten you *can* blame your floors. Just a little more careful thought about that large area underfoot will give *you* the right start and your plans a pleasant ending.

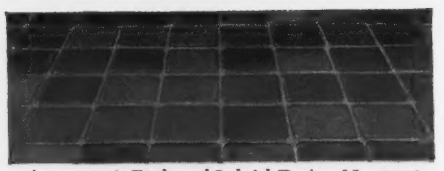
Unity, good taste—these are the contributions of a colorful floor treatment. The living-room picture that caused you to stop and read this message is blessed with such a floor. Note again how well



Armstrong's Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 90

the colors in this room are tied together by the happy floor effect.

Three new plain colorings of Armstrong's Linoleum turned the trick—an eggplant for the field, a peacock blue for border set off by a feature strip of tan. Your room may call for an entirely different scheme, a smartly patterned floor perhaps. You'll find the fashionable answer in the many new Armstrong's Linoleum Floors now



Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Design No. 5285

showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores.

Let's not forget the comfort, lasting comfort, an Armstrong Floor also contributes. First it's laid to last—cemented in place over linoleum lining felt. That means a quiet, foot-cushioning, warm floor, too. Then there's that important item of easy cleaning care. Just imagine, no spotting or staining, for the surface is Accolac-Processed. Wax it lightly, then polish — and it gleams with refreshing newness. Or in kitchens where washing may be necessary, renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

Before you begin to decorate let Hazel Dell Brown tell you the complete story of floors that make room plans end happily. Her latest book, "New Ideas in Home Decoration," brings you many model room interiors in full color, describes home decoration step by step. Should you wish further suggestions, this book tells how Mrs. Brown will personally help you free of charge. With your request include 10¢ to cover mailing. (Canada, 20¢.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 929 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

YOU can give your fabric rugs no finer background than a soft-gleaming, richly colorful Armstrong Floor. Just the right effect, too, for in Armstrong's Linoleum you have freedom of choice in both color and design. You may even fashion your own floors if you wish, create a smart foundation that is wholly original. Scheme shown is color No. 47 for field with two-tone feature border, plain blue linoleum No. 29 and tan Linostrip No. 28.

Armstrong's (A) *Product*

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · PRINTED · · ARABESQ · · *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

Now—

When Every Breeze Says

"CLOTHES!"

You Can Say

"PARIS Creations!"

A fresh wardrobe—just what every woman is wanting these glorious days! But—a fresh wardrobe from PARIS, selected from the Salons of the great French dressmakers . . .

This luxury, formerly reserved for the wealthy traveler, is newly yours this spring, *Madame* and *Mademoiselle!*

For the price of an ordinary pattern will bring you any of the distinctive PARIS Couturier creations illustrated in this Journal fashion section, cut in blue tissue to your own size, ready to be put together in the season's loveliest fabrics.

SELECT AUTHENTIC PARIS PATTERNS IN THESE STORES:

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Jamestown
Macomber and Stuart
New York City
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R. H. Macy and Company
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Rochester
Duffy-Powers Company
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Higbee Company
Toledo
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Hess Brothers
Lancaster
Watt and Shand
Philadelphia
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh
Boggs and Buhl
Joseph Horne Company
McCreery and Company
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The T. Eaton Company

or by mail from

The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
French Building
261 Fifth Avenue New York City

With a Typical Paris Touch

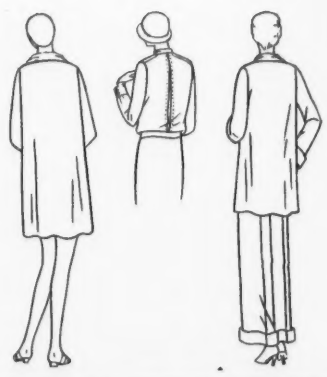
At right—Of course you have at least one suit this spring, and of course you are looking for amusing and unusual blouses to wear with it. Joseph Paquin designs No. 1412 in pale yellow crêpe de chine to wear with a navy-blue tailleur. There are epaulet shoulder bands, and small tucks, also at the shoulder, a straight collar tying in front, shirt sleeves with deep, buttoned cuffs. The blouse buttons down the front and has a slot-seam effect in back. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Joseph Paquin
1412

Lucile was inspired to combine black and white, that chic pair so dear to the Parisian, in the pajama ensemble, Design No. 1416, below. The tuck-in sleeveless blouse reflects the mode of the moment, and has a becoming scarf tie. The short jacket has tuxedo revers and collar, the bell sleeves are finished with turnback cuffs, as are the wide trousers. In the original model black satin is used for the jacket and trousers, white satin for the blouse, collar and cuffs. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

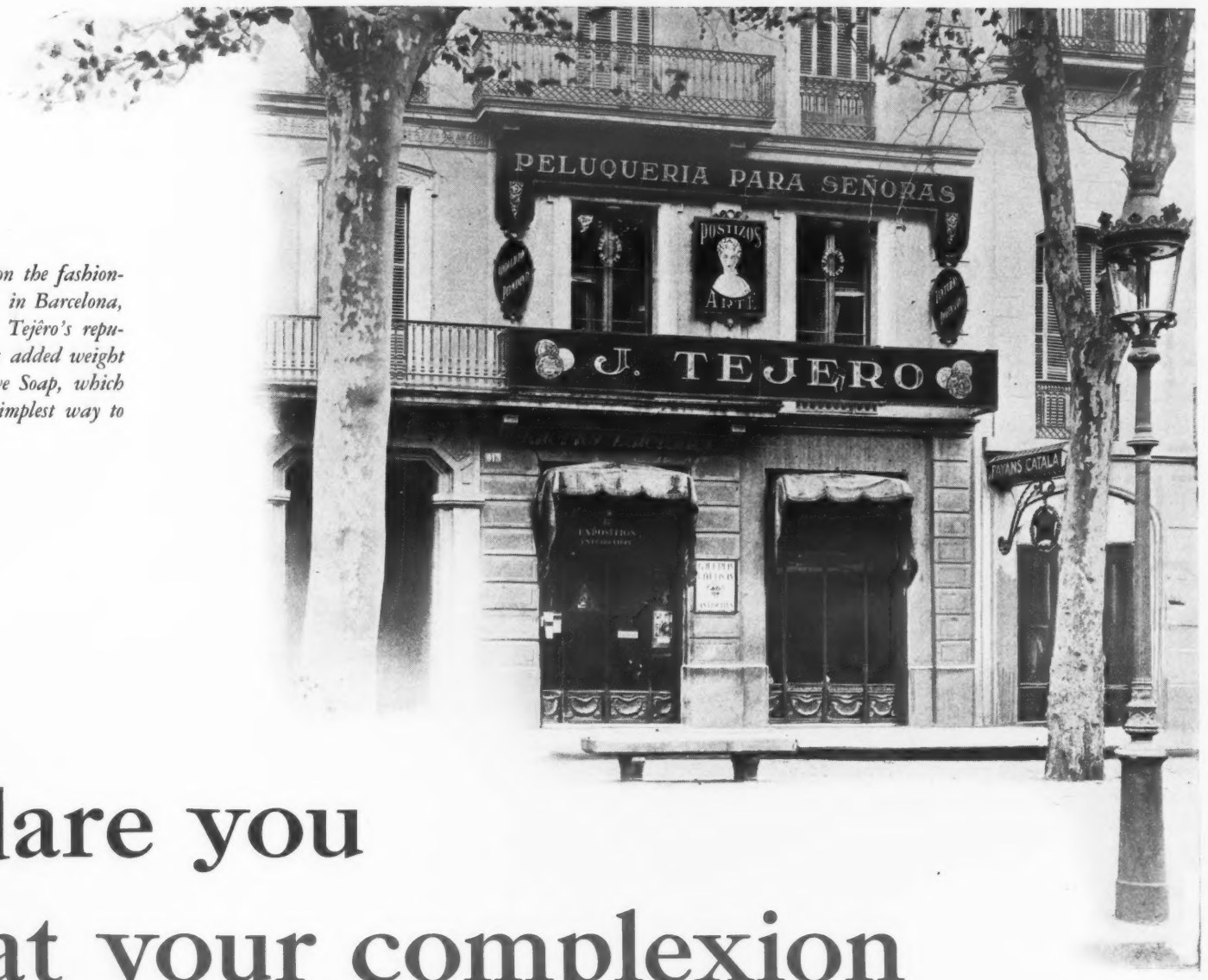
Redfern
1419

At left—You can be very chic and very effective on the beach, without looking either perishable or dressed for a musical comedy, if you adopt such a smart costume as No. 1419, designed by Redfern. The sleeveless-jumper-and-short-trunks suit is very practical, and there is a coat to match, with rolled collar and deep cuffs. Redfern makes the suit of brilliant yellow jersey, striped and belted with equally brilliant blue. The coat is of matching yellow terry cloth, with reversible white side showing on the collar and cuffs. With it are worn a bright blue cap and blue beach shoes. There are, of course, innumerable color-combination possibilities, such as navy and red, green and white, brown and yellow. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.



Lucile
1416

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.



The façade of Tejêro's salon on the fashionable thoroughfare Cortes Street, in Barcelona, Spain, is shown at the right. Tejêro's reputation as a skin specialist gives added weight to his endorsement of Palmolive Soap, which he considers the best and the simplest way to care for the skin at home.

"How dare you mistreat your complexion when it is so easy to use this Palmolive daily care?"

asks TEJÊRO *of Barcelona, distinguished beauty specialist*

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day—and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty.

"If soap irritates your face, that means that you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin."

Barcelona

"IF soap irritates your face, that means you are using the wrong kind. You should use Palmolive . . . the vegetable oil soap that is pure and harmless to even the most delicate skin." That is the expressed opinion of one of Spain's leading beauty advisers—Tejêro, of Barcelona—whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain.

19,800 experts will tell you this

Tejêro knows—as do the great experts all over the world—how much your skin needs soap and water. There are some accumulations in the pores that can only be reached by a penetrating, searching lather such as Palmolive gives.

And if these impurities are not routed out, they soon form into tiny, hard masses which develop into blackheads and pimples, causing enlarged pores and other blemishes to beauty.

"Use Palmolive Soap—twice a day," says Tejêro, "and see how simple it is to protect your facial beauty. Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin—so—rinse it off with refreshing clear water—to icy-cold temperature. A bit of my Epidermic Tejêro is then refreshing. If you do this you will have a complexion smooth and naturally fresh."

The choice of specialists

Palmolive is the choice of professional beauty experts because it is made of nature's finest cosmetic oils. Its color is that of the palm and olive oils alone. Their natural odor makes the addition of heavy perfumes unnecessary. Since the days of Cleopatra these vegetable oils have been considered best for facial care. Nothing has ever supplanted them.

Use Palmolive for face and bath. Try its effects for yourself. What a difference you'll find! Begin right away.

No product ever had such tremendous professional approval! 19,813 beauty shops advise Palmolive Soap!

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5214

I brouqht back from the "blue qrass country" Fritters with a future ... Ginqerbread with a past

I've seen the beautiful women and horses, and tasted the marvelous food, that have made Kentucky famous. And I've brought back some marvelous Crisco recipes from the very heart of the "blue grass country."

A mantle of hospitality hangs over the nice old hotel in Lexington where I stayed. For more than a hundred and fifty years (it used to be a tavern on the Cincinnati post road) cooks in its kitchen have sent travelers on their way happy and well-fed.

The jolly apple fritters I had with my Sunday morning bacon even *looked* different. Round honey-colored puffs of goodness with a hole in the center—strung on a slice of crisp bacon like golden beads on a cord, the kind of fritters that should have a brilliant future in any home. The inspired cook had pared the fruit whole, removed the core and sliced it *cross-wise.*

What good food does to your disposition

And the taste! They almost set me singing. Try them for YOUR breakfast, too. (I've given you the fritter batter with suggestions for other things you can do with it.) But don't try to fry them in any fat but Crisco. For nothing else can wrap fried foods in such a delectable crispness. Every "smidgin" tastes good.

And why shouldn't it? Crisco is so fresh and delicate-flavored itself. Just taste it the next time you're cooking. You'll know then why it actually improves the flavor of foods. It *never* smokes at the right frying temperature (and that's certainly a blessing if you like fried foods as well as I do). And you can use it over and over again for frying because it never carries the flavor of one food to another.

I had tea in the old Kentucky farmhouse where LaFayette was a guest when he visited Lexington in 1825. And, as I sat in front of the fireplace and munched the most wonderful gingerbread I've ever eaten, I heard stories of famous race-horses bred on the farm . . . of a gentlemanly ghost in an upstairs room . . . of recipes that have been used for eight generations in this home.

This gingerbread recipe is one of them. My gingerbread tastes every bit as good as that I ate in Kentucky, when I make it myself in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested.

The shortening I use is Crisco, of course. I never use anything else. Crisco is now so fluffy that there's no tedious process of creaming. Just put the sugar, Crisco and eggs into the mixing bowl together and blend with *one operation.*

Each speck of "spice and everything nice" gets fair treatment in this gingerbread, for Crisco is so delicate in flavor that it allows every ingredient to have its full share in the flavor of the finished cake.

The best bakers, too—I've found—are using Crisco in their cakes and baked goods. And when a baker is so particular about his shortening, you can be sure he is careful about his other ingredients, as well.

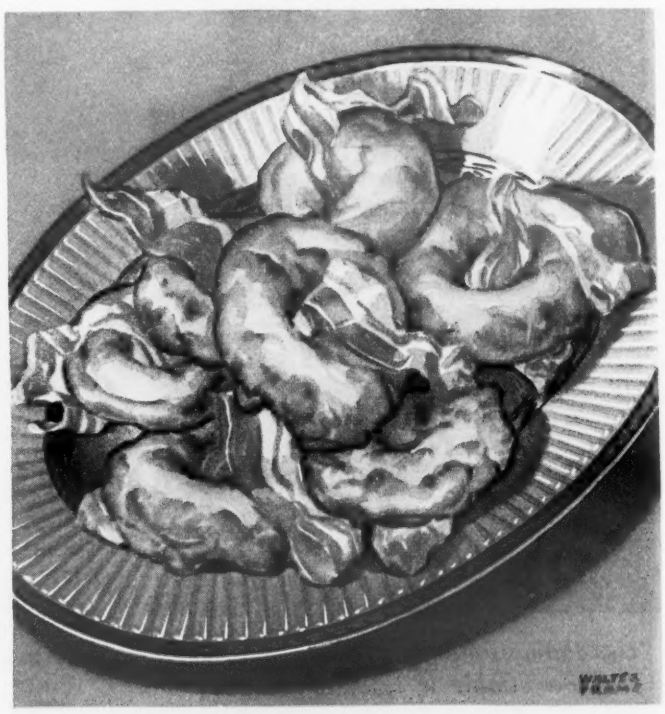
I have a little cook book, "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes," which I will send you free, if you write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-50, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

GINGERBREAD WITH A FAMILY TREE

½ cup Crisco
½ cup sugar
1 cup molasses
2 eggs
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon soda
3 cups sifted flour
¾ cup hot water

Put Crisco, sugar, molasses and eggs into mixing bowl together and blend with one operation (Crisco is as fluffy as whipped cream. No laborious creaming necessary, now. It mixes instantly with the other ingredients.) Stir in hot water. Add flour previously sifted with salt, soda and spices. Pour immediately into Criscoed shallow baking tin (about 8 x 12) and bake in medium oven (350° F.) for 30 minutes.



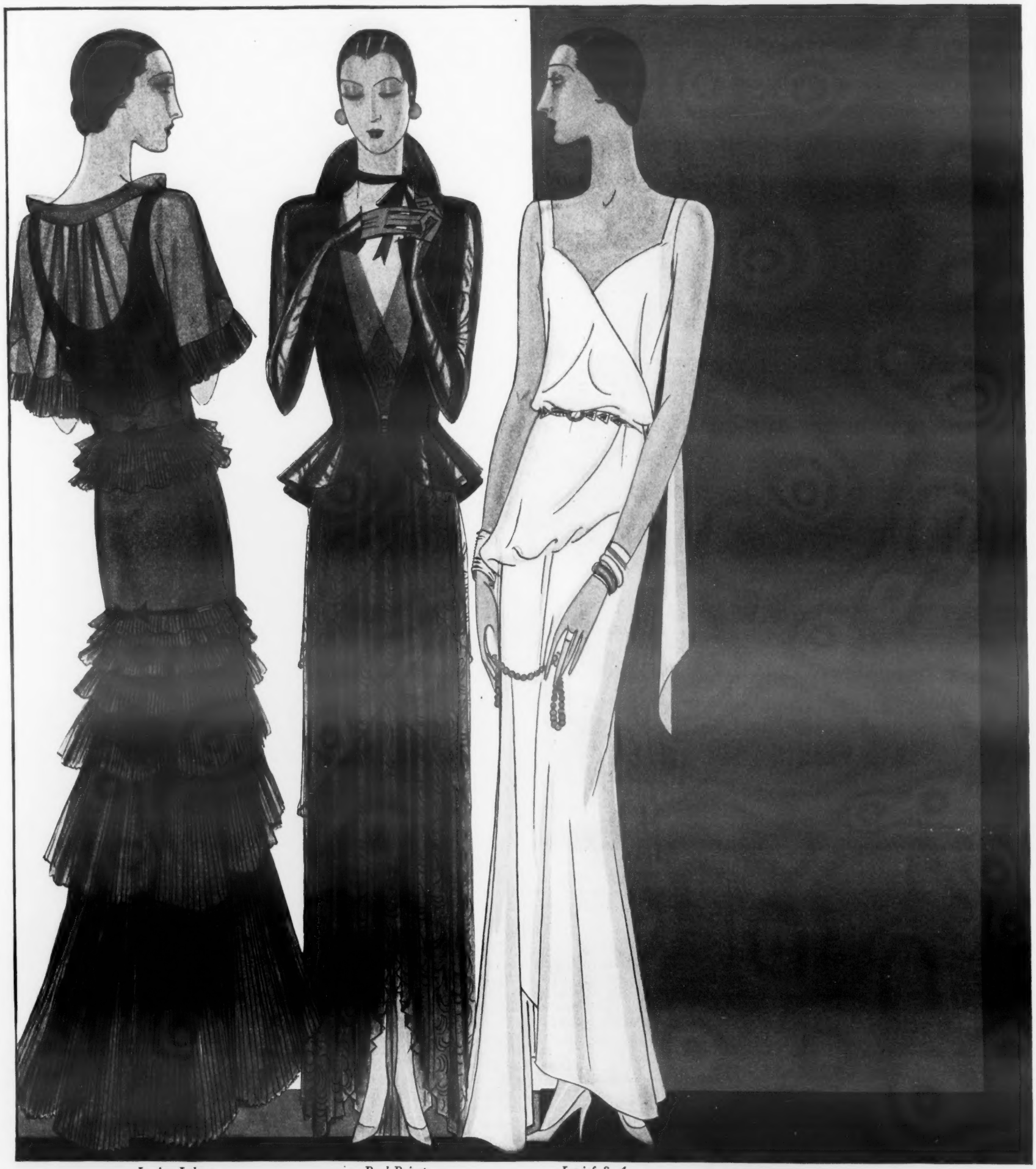
FRITTERS WITH A FUTURE

1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
3 apples, pared, cored and sliced thin cross-wise
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg (beaten)
1 teaspoon lemon juice
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon melted Crisco

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add egg beaten with milk. Mix well, stir in melted Crisco and lemon juice, then fold in apples. Drop by slices into deep hot Crisco (360° to 375° F. or when inch cube of bread browns in 60 seconds). Fry to golden brown (about 2 minutes). Drain on unglazed paper. Dust with powdered sugar to serve as a dessert. Serve plain with meat. Other fruit and berries (the juice is used instead of milk) can be substituted. You can omit the sugar and use cooked left-over vegetables with the same batter. There's no end to the things this batter will "dress up."

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter and Gamble Co.

Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.



Lucien Lelong *Paul Poiret* *Lenief, S. A.*

Evenings in Paris are Modern or Grecian

ONE of the general fashion rules for this spring of 1930 is the slim body line, and, as in all other rules of the fashion world, it seems most intensified in the evening hours. The princess effect, seen last summer in a few cases, and in increasing numbers in fall and winter models, is now camouflaged, or broken, by the peplum, as a single ruffle, or in tiers, by blousings, boleros or draping. One infallible rule is the length: To instep for the less formal versions, and brushing the floor for the very formal affair; this is more often uneven than an unvaried all-around length. Within these rules the couturiers show their genius for individual and charming variety, never more clearly seen than on this page.

Lucien Lelong makes his model, at the left, above, with a delightful bertha capelet, edged with pleated ruffles and for these details utilizes a flattering sheer tissue, black tulle. Similar ruffles form the quaint tiered peplum, and in graduated widths, starting below the hipline, form the skirt.

Paul Poiret makes a fascinating short jacket of black moire, ending in an amusing peplum, and a gown of soft black lace, simple of line and design, with graceful fullness of skirt. Both are shown on the center figure above.

The third figure, by Lenief, S. A., shows the Grecian influence, a dominating note in most of the spring collections. Of palest green crêpe de chine—*coeur de laitue*, the French call it—it has a classic grace in its draped skirt, surplice bodice, easy blousing and jeweled girdle.

To wash dishes a new speedy 1, 2, 3 way this special new form of Chipso

Chipso Granules

1. Instant suds. **2.** A short soaking and a swish or two with your mop. **3.** A hot rinse . . . and you're through!

Add water to Chipso Granules—see the glorious rich suds mount in your pan. Put in your dishes and watch these specially-made rich suds clear away grease and stickiness like magic.

Chipso Granules are a new form of Chipso—made especially for dishes. They're new. They're quick. They're easy to use. They are rich, lasting Chipso suds *in steam-dried form*—all ready-prepared for lightning-fast dishwashing.

With Chipso Granules you don't wait a moment for suds . . . You don't scrub at food particles or grease . . . and you needn't even wipe your dishes. A dash of hot water clears these rich fluffy suds away, and your dishes dry themselves with as bright a sparkle as though you'd polished them!

Try Chipso Granules this evening and see if you don't save more time than you believed possible. You can get from your grocer today a big 25¢ box that will do all your dishes for a month.

And for clothes - Chipso Flakes! *Rich, lasting* suds do the hard work

THE original flaked form of Chipso is used by more women on washday than any other flaked —*or other packaged soap* . . . "Chipso suds are so rich and lasting," these women say. "Chipso actually takes the dirt out faster." "Chipso-washed clothes are whiter."

"I'm sure *suds* are the secret of a successful wash," wrote a young mother from Connecticut. "My experience with Chipso in washing for an active family of five includes my first method of doing everything by hand, and now with my wonderful new washing machine. In both cases, I have found that the thick, snowy Chipso suds are the best cleanser I've ever used. Even work shirts and play clothes come out wonderfully clean!" Chipso's lasting suds *do* make washday easier!

There are other soaps, of course, that give a nice-looking suds. But often these suds have no "body" . . . they fall down when they meet soiled clothes, and practically stop working. These soaps are not *rich* enough.

But Chipso suds "stand up," because Chipso is a *rich* soap. (Notice the next time what a rich *feel* the suds have—see how long they last.) Chipso suds keep on working until you rinse. And you work less because the suds work more.

Because Chipso is so rich, the big 25¢ box goes far. One woman with a small family writes that she can do 8 washes with one box. I myself have found that I can always do 5, sometimes more. And certainly that is thrifty, isn't it?

Ruth Turner

Because Chipso is a rich soap, Chipso suds "stand up" in tub or washing machine, and loosen dirt *quickly*. Safely too—because Chipso is *rich*, not *strong*.

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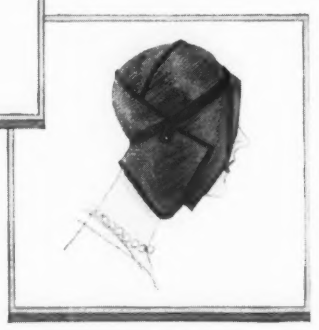
Important! Chipso-Now in 2 Forms—*Flakes* and *Granules*

Paris Confirms the New Mode

By RICHARD E. MYERS
Paris Editor of the Journal



Pleated cockades of black grosgrain trim Patou's bright green felt. At right—Dark brown bakou bound with grosgrain, long at the sides, from Rose Descat.

At left—Lewis gives a close dark brown felt an interesting silhouette. At right—Patou puts a ruffle of felt up the back of an off-the-face model.

Reboux's dark green felt model has pointed length at each side. At left—Rose Valois trims this light blue angora-straw model with Bordeaux red grosgrain.

FOR the second season, Paris launches three skirt lengths. For the second season, Paris clings to the natural waistline. But in her latest interpretation of these, she soft-pedals some phrases and puts on *forte* in others. Out of it all the most exciting new movement is the Grecian theme for evening, in a note of guileless abandon which approaches the poetic. Easily caught-up girdled waistlines, floating panels, draped surplice bodices, banded frills and pleated flounces, fluid skirts that float in movement and cling in repose—these are but details combined to express the meaning of "Greek." But for evening the Greek line might spar amicably with Egyptian, Directoire, and sometimes the Spanish, for there are numbers of boleros that reflect the gay matadors. The bolero, in fact, has a very dramatic place in the new mode, from beach pajamas with short sleeveless boleros, in the manner of Jane Régny, through promenade costumes and elegant afternoon gowns and then for all evening affairs.

The bolero has a rival—the cape. There have never been so many, and they appear on coats, on suits and on frocks for all times of day as well. They are usually short, sometimes very short, barely covering the shoulders, and sometimes they are merely indicated, through the idea placed over the sleeve top. Chanel makes a capelet scarf to match the fabric of the woolen frock and lines it with a soft-toned printed silk repeated in the frock's cuffs. Short capes rival short jackets for evening, and though Jean Patou makes both, he gives considerable prominence to short chiffon ones edged in fur—usually in the same printed chiffon as the dinner-dance frock.

A stunning black-antelope hand bag has a modernistic frame of black-and-green enamel, edged with silver and marcasite. Henriette et Leon.

Coat dresses in soft pin-checked or plain woolens, which have come into their own, divide the ratio between bolero backs and capelets, attached or detached. And in these frocks, too, the piqué band or collar and cuffs have a lot to say, yet not in these alone. White collars and cuffs, and even jabots and what the French call *plastrons*, are so often in white of some kind—piqué, linen, organdie, chiffon, and almost anything to which "lingerie" applies. More, though, these have prime importance on afternoon frocks of black or navy blue—and there is much navy this year.

High Waists, But Not Obviously So

WITH all the foregoing you can see that the natural waistline is far from obvious. The bolero and the cape conceal it—not entirely, but enough for the greatest of low-waisted die-hards to yield to the persistence of this mode. Jackets are another help in this direction. Whether they are hip length or three-quarter, they entirely conceal the position of the waistline in the frock. Both types are shown time and time again by almost every dressmaker in Paris. The small print, used so much for afternoon, has coat and frock to match, but with big patterns or bright colors the coat is dark or plain and sometimes tips the frock's hem. This is always a matter of ratio.

For street and sports wear the hemline is never shorter than several inches below the knee, nor longer than the top of the calf. For afternoon the hem goes on from here to the ankle. The ankle length needs explaining. It appears only in those gowns intended for late-afternoon hours, as Lelong defines it. Again, you may see it in floating soft chiffon gowns at garden parties and the races. Molyneux gives this idea a high spot. For evening, skirts do anything from flick the instep to trail on the ground, but of course trains are only for affairs of state and the grand reception.

Sleeves have taken on almost as much importance as the silhouette itself, for so often they are part and parcel of it. Sometimes, on the other hand, there are none. With the run of sleeveless frocks last summer, it is hard to believe there will be as many again. But Paris compromises at times. She gives us cape sleeves, elbow sleeves, sleeves just below the elbow, some pushed up to this effect, and sometimes the shoulder of the frock is made rather long to give a cap effect. Chanel brings out bell-shaped elbow sleeves and arranges them with a scarf to give a capelet effect. This idea is illustrated in her frock shown in the center of page 48. Sometimes the very short bell sleeve appears for evening in a line with the capelet bertha, which is frequently high lighted. In one of Talbot's Grecian evening gowns, the sleeves are very long, but are slashed up to the elbow to permit of the long floating line. Sometimes the short sleeve for afternoon has as its complement the long glove, as emphasized by Worth and Patou.

Coats are long and straight for day. There is nothing more to say about them. Madame Vionnet shows both long coats and short jackets in velveteen. Evening coats are different. They flare from the elbow, they hug the hips, they have capelets, they have trains—as Lenief presents them—they are three-quarter length, and they come in everything from fur to velvet, tulle and chiffon. Paul Poiret has one exceptionally striking short white evening coat which flares from the hips in rather a Victorian manner brought into the mode for *mille neuf cent trente*. Chantal shows brilliant jackets with delicately or vaguely printed chiffons for evening—emerald-green jacket for instance, over a chiffon which mingles green with several pastel shades. Other combinations are lamé coats and chiffon gowns, worn together and both printed in the same pattern, *chez* Lenief. Short white fur jackets for evening are also seen, both in the Lucien Lelong and the Norman Hartnell collections. Another departure in the evening wrap line is incorporated in the Vionnet collection, where some gowns have overskirts which are transformed into capelets at will.

Sports clothes are exactly what the name implies—purely for sports. That may mean tennis—and Molyneux shows some unusual tennis pajamas with quantities of pleats that really look like skirts. These are in shantung—pastel shades—as a rule. Usually, though, white rules for tennis; in fact, there is more white shown this year than ever before. Yachting suits, beach costumes, golf togs and all the rest of it are definitely designed for active sports wear and are very clearly *not* intended to be worn all day every day, as we did some seasons ago. Promenade and spectator sports clothes are very often made in shantung, tussor and the rest of that family—in pastels, especially yellow, pale green, various pinks and pale blues.

Tailored suits are simple, rather long jacketed, with longish straight skirts, sometimes of the wrap-over kind. Mannish tailored blouses are frequently shown with these, but with silk suits, blouses are exceedingly feminine—soft, frilly and lacy. Navy and brown are great rivals for tailleurs in soft woolens, and any number are patterned like the material used for men's spring suits. Silk suits are in shantung, sometimes marocain, and Bianchini's printed Flamenga, and suit-effect costumes are often done in Rodier's wool voile, which he terms "Rodelic." In the suit category Schiaparelli shows several highly practical week-end wardrobes, matching one coat with several dresses and skirt-blouse combinations.

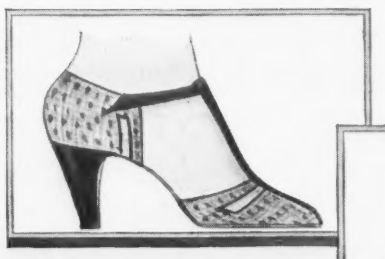
For afternoon wear you can practically take your choice in color, but it is much better to follow underscored colors—black, navy and medium blues, including "Monaco" which is like cornflowers—brown, and medium and pale greens. Plain marocain has undermined crêpe de chine and satin, especially for black and navy frocks, and chiffons have never had such an important part to play in the rôle of feminine late-afternoon gowns. Madame Vionnet sponsors long dark chiffon coats, worn over afternoon frocks of light silk. White is her favorite for this summer, vermilion and olive green having important places in her collection as well.

The Grecian Theme for Evening

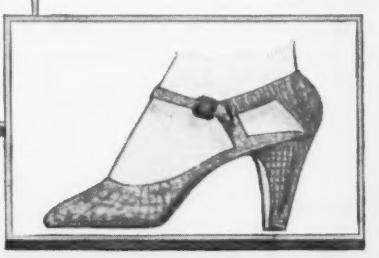
ADD pink and white to afternoon colors and you have your evening list, and as for materials, evening gowns are made of lace, tulle, figured taffeta again, a little crêpe de chine and satin.

The Grecian theme, so frequently repeated in the various houses, for evening, reaches it highest peak in the fascinating Lanvin collection. As Madame Lanvin designed the costumes for the play, Amphitryon, whose fascinating Greek costumes have been the talk of Paris during the past season, one may suppose that this success has had something to do with the present classic wave.

Indeed, the spring collections have marked more than a revolution in skirt lengths and waistlines. The changes are at once more subtle and more significant than the mere matter of silhouette. Dresses which could be easily copied in other countries, which could be worn in quantity as well, have been the rule in the Paris salons for some years past. It has been easy to lay down a few blanket rules to cover the design of all the collections, and despite the entrancing detail which distinguishes the Parisian frock and marks it as original, the designing of the collections has been marked by no very outstanding originality. This year the collections designed by the really great dressmakers are once more outstanding. Originality of idea is necessary for the new, more elaborate and more formal mode, and those houses whose commercial success has been greater than their designing knowledge in the past are suddenly outshone by the fascinating collections designed with knowledge and ideas. Though all this is exceedingly fortunate for the distinguished woman of fashion who, particularly on the Continent, prefers to be individually dressed to wearing simple frocks which anyone can copy, the problem of buying frocks which can be reproduced in quantity for "the trade" becomes increasingly difficult.



A sandal of green-and-beige woven fabric has jade-green leather heel, strap and piping. Marouf.



An evening slipper buckles glittering metallic tissue called "Scintilla" with a brilliantly colored stone. Marouf.

O'Rossen *Chanel* *Schiaparelli*

In Paris Daytime Details are Elaborate

SPRING suits are varied, and the more formal the more elaborate—as to fabric. But even elaborate may mean but a detail, as shown in the charming O'Rossen suit at the left. It is very simple, of "classic" line, with well-defined waistline, slim skirt given fullness at one side, and is made in pin-dotted black faille with a smart hat, off the forehead in front, flaring at the sides, of the same fabric. The blouse is a fascinatingly feminine tuck-in model made in allover white lace with a frilly jabot, and a wide flare set on the sleeve. On this suit appears another favorite O'Rossen detail, the coat sleeve closed with links, triangular in shape, of black and white enamel, and matching the large coat button.

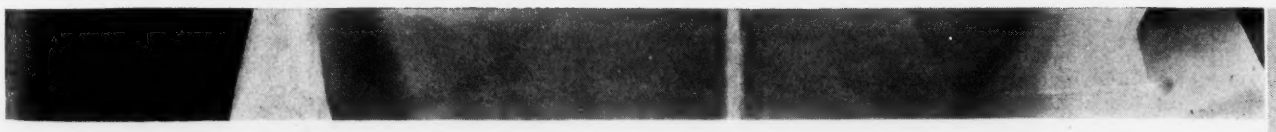
The central figure shows one of Chanel's great successes. It is purple-striped jersey made with the new bell elbow sleeve and worn with a scarf in cape effect. Another feature is the closing of the skirt which buttons at the right in back, and the position of the belt buckle is a detail to remember in clothes for spectator sports.

Tricky scarfs with bows are one of Schiaparelli's features in her collection for this spring and summer. One of them was shown in the radio sketches in April, and another, this time on a dress instead of a suit, appears on the right-hand figure above. When this one unties, the ends uncross in the back, to expose a wide décolletage. The ends may be tucked under the belt, front or back, as you please. The frock is made in a dark green printed crêpe de chine, its smart pattern designed by Laurence Vail.

The short sleeve, incidentally, when introduced for street wear, necessitates the long glove of suède, worn wrinkled below the elbow. You will note that in the above sketch from Paris, hat, gloves and pumps worn with the Chanel frock in the center are all black.

You will also note that all three hats are decorated with the very smart clips of brilliants, which we first showed last December. These clips, which may also be worn on gloves, dresses and purses, are fastened wherever the wearer pleases on otherwise undecorated hats. That worn in back, with the Chanel frock in the center, is particularly chic.

Do you know Kotex is inconspicuous even under the closest fitting gowns?



The lasting softness of Kotex; the fact that it deodorizes; the way it absorbs so quickly and so thoroughly are other reasons why you will prefer this sanitary protection.

YOU can't imagine what a relief it is to know that your sanitary protection is inconspicuous, that it is fashioned to fit correctly, leaving no revealing outlines. That is just one of the many reasons why smart women prefer Kotex. Then, too, it deodorizes, and gives a feeling of perfect daintiness. It is soft—a lasting kind of softness that means comfort through hours of wear. It won't bulge, or twist about, because it's made scientifically to answer your needs in every respect.

Made of remarkable material

Kotex is so exceptionally comfortable because it is made of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding . . . the same material used today by 85% of the leading hospitals of America. Cellucotton is a cellulose substance that performs the same functions as the softest cotton with five times the absorbency.

Cellucotton is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers, each one a quick, complete absorbent in itself. These layers take the moisture quickly away from the surface. That's why Kotex stays comfortable for so long a time in contrast to ordinary pads.

You'll appreciate this feature of Kotex, too: it doesn't *have* to be worn a certain way. Either side of the pad gives the same complete, comfortable protection. In fact, every detail has been worked out to assure you the security and safety so very important to perfect ease of mind.

And, of course, the reason most women first used Kotex is this: it is disposable, instantly, readily. That, alone, has made a difference in the hygienic habits of women all over the world. There are other advantages which you will discover for yourself, once you use Kotex. Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

SAFE, SECURE . . .

1 Keeps your mind at ease.

2 ***Kotex is soft . . .*** Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

3 ***Deodorizes,*** safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

4 ***In hospitals...*** The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

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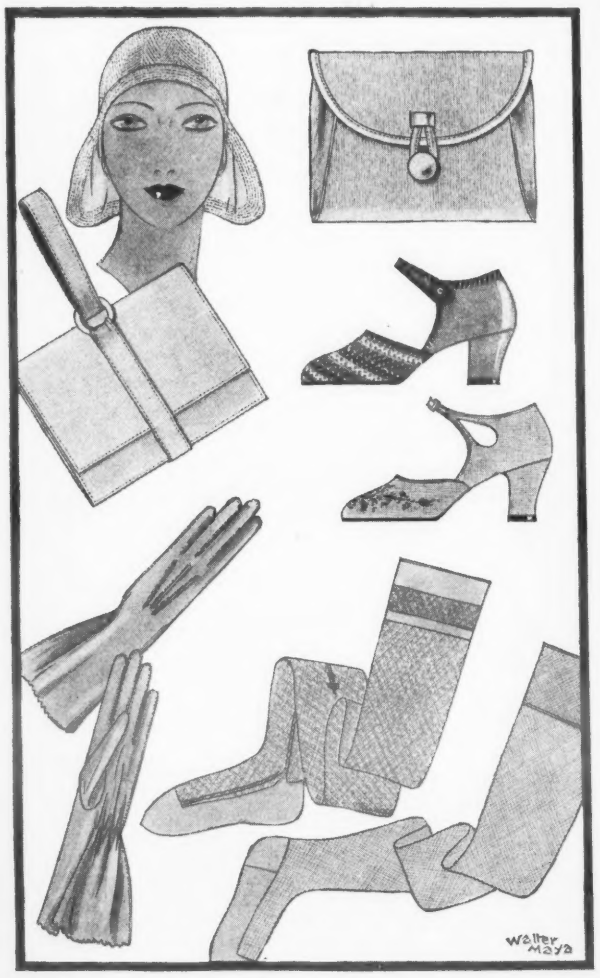
Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Cottons Become Newly Chic



Upper left—Bag and hat of cotton tweed; Wm. Bloom. At right—Pleated gingham bag; American Art Hand Bag Co. Center—A Deauville sandal. Linen shoe to be dyed to match frock, cross-stitched toe, from Walkover. Gloves of pastel cotton; Julius Kayser Co. Stockings, from Krueger Toben, two-toned sport mesh; lisle with clock.

WITH the Paris openings including cotton costumes for the smart American's hot-weather needs, the cotton-textile manufacturers designing an intriguing variety of fabrics for these costumes, and the accessory designers keeping step, hot weather need hold no more terrors as to how to be both cool and smart.

There are the fine cotton prints, in two-toned or multicolored designs, for sports frocks or blouses with tailored suits. There are the woolen-inspired tweed textures, for active sports, and the open-mesh novelty, a hot-weather substitute for jersey. Plain and printed piqué or broadcloth combinations make smart jacket or coat ensembles. The cotton-tweed hats, with bags to match, or the gingham bags, gloves of pastel cotton, and mesh hosiery of the finest lisle, as well as cotton shoes, or sports shoes, such as the Deauville sandals, all add to one's summer costume.

More formal fabrics are the printed lawns, smartly adaptable to jacket suits, or one-piece dresses, with long, short, or no sleeves. For a summer afternoon or informal dance frock, there is an infinite variety of printed voiles or nets in flattering pastel colors.

Cottons illustrated, at left, reading down—Printed voile, Wm. Anderson & Co.; printed percale, Arthur Bier & Co.; Fruit of the Loom, printed voile; printed Simba piqué, Henry Glass & Co.; Everfast Trellis voile, Erlanger, Blumgart & Co.; printed Kerchief lawn, Pacific Mills. At right—Aberfoyle Dimplette, Galey & Lord; printed Nashua broadcloth, Amory, Browne & Co.; Meshanet, Rossmann Bros.; Sudanette Spongee; Pueblo print, Fred Butterfield; Soiesette print, Ponemah Mills.

Science shows you the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy

The microscope shows, as pictured in the illustration to the right, that the particles of Old Dutch Cleanser are flaky and flat-shaped. These unique, soft particles lie flat on the surface and come in full contact with it . . . not simply touching the surface with hard sharp points like chunky grit does and naturally they cover more surface. This explains the secret of Old Dutch Cleanser's efficiency, safety and economy.

Old Dutch is perfect . . . it cleans without scratching the surface, it contains no scratchy grit or crude abrasives. You will convince yourself by making this simple test. Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the porcelain drain board of your sink; take a smooth coin, lay it on top of the cleanser and rub gently. You won't feel or hear the scratching of harsh, gritty particles. Avoid scratchy cleaners. They make scratches which destroy the beauty of the surface and are lodging places for health-endangering invisible impurities.

Old Dutch Cleanser is the greatest advance in modern cleaning efficiency. It is the safest, most convenient and practical method of cleaning. The flaky, flat-shaped particles of "seismotite" which form the basis of Old Dutch Cleanser possess a natural distinctive, detergent energy. They capture and remove the invisible impurities as well as the visible dirt. Old Dutch, therefore, protects your home and family with *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Old Dutch has innumerable uses. In the kitchen; for pots and pans, all kitchen utensils, for cleaning the sink, stove, kitchen cabinet, painted walls and woodwork, etc. In the bathroom, Old Dutch quickly and easily removes the unsightly water rings, stain and soap accumulations in the bathtubs and washbowls, for cleaning metal fixtures, tile, wall and floors, etc.

Old Dutch is perfectly adapted for cleaning modern colored as well as snow-white porcelain and enamel. The use of Old Dutch exclusively assures the lasting beauty of these fine surfaces because it is free from acid and caustic which dull their lustre and it doesn't scratch because it is free from harsh, chunky grit.

There is nothing else like it

1905 Old Dutch Cleanser on its 25th Anniversary celebrates the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency - Healthful Cleanliness 1930

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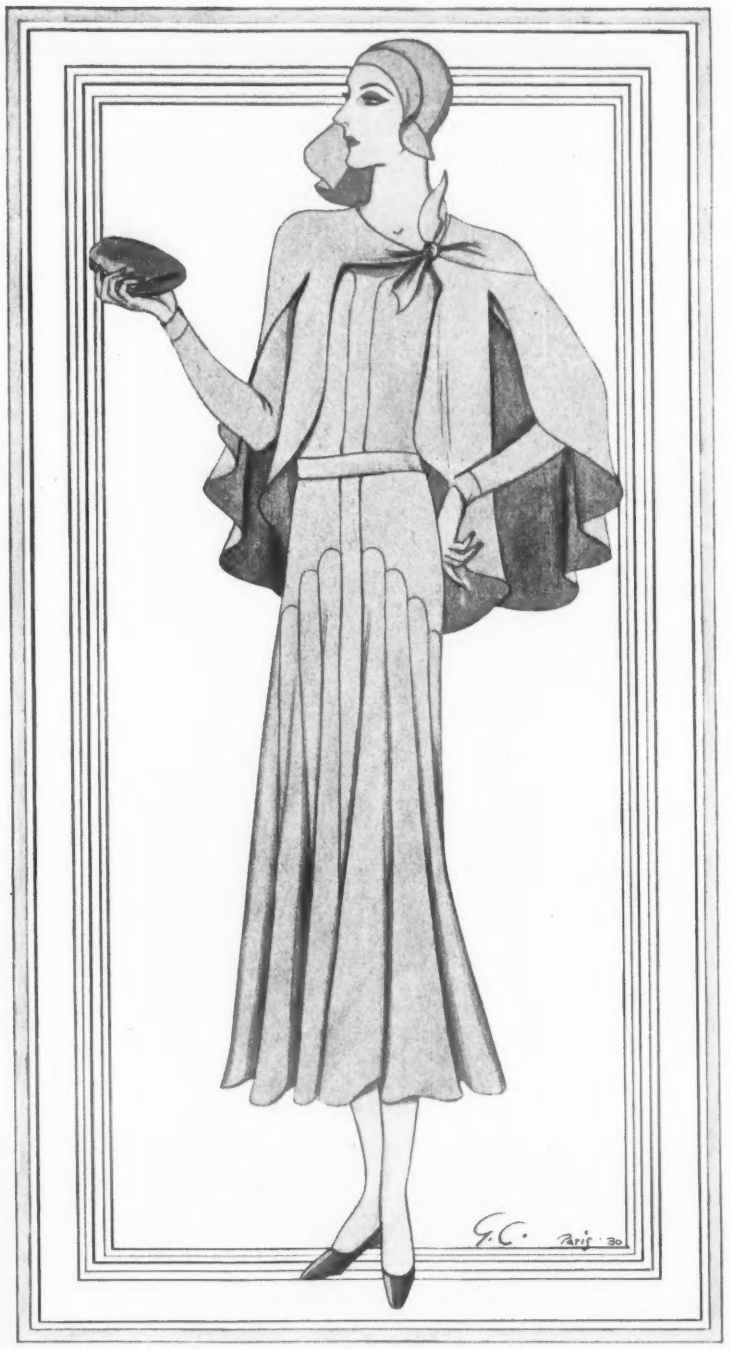
At right—In the Paris collections for summer the dressmakers defined, more plainly even than they had before, the mode for three different skirt lengths. The first length, designed for morning wear, comes well to the middle of the calf, as shown in the thin woolen ensemble created by Elspeth Champcommunal. Another very smart feature of the spring and summer mode is incorporated in this ensemble—the short capelet. Madame Champcommunal shapes it adroitly to the figure, making it not only chic but comfortable. The costume is in beige, one of the broken-ribbed woolens from Bradford, England.



Elspeth Champcommunal

Below—Very long gowns are still the smartest for evening and, of course, represent the third major length in the mode. The very chic frock from Norman Hartnell takes its name from the color of its bright-red chiffon fabric, and is called "Lipstick." It illustrates also the emphasized fullness of long evening skirts and trails a bit on the right side. The petaled effect through the hips is an idea used in several of the new Hartnell evening gowns. The three-tiered folds of the bolero bodice are both becoming and a welcome relief from the plain tight bodice mode to which we have been addicted for so long.

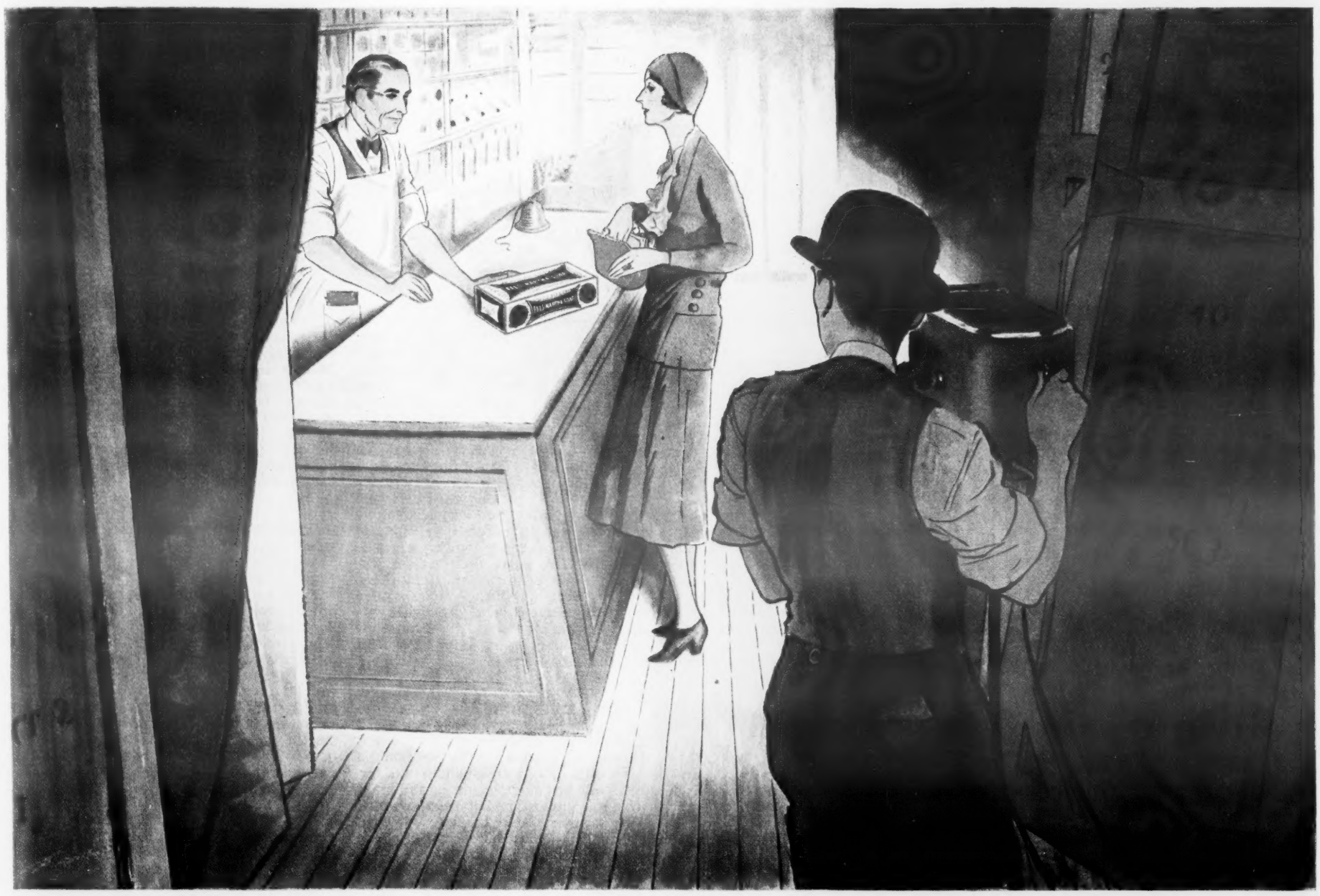
Paris Reiterates Three Skirt Lengths

At left—The second skirt length, as agreed upon in Paris, is below the width of the calf, and is shown for afternoon occasions. It is illustrated in the gown from Paul Poiret, a fascinating and intricate combination of pin-dotted black chiffon with plain black chiffon, the latter used as a deep yoke in the skirt and lower part of the bodice, as well as for effective touches elsewhere. Sleeves are particularly interesting this year, and these are long and tight, with a deep all-black cuff, and streamers of black and white around the upper arm.

Paul Poiret

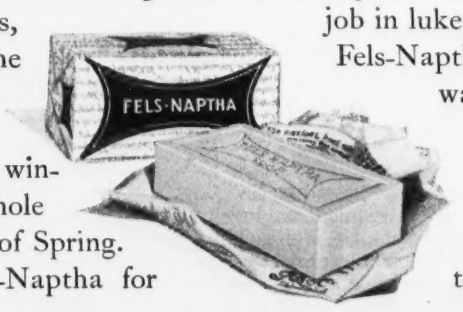
Norman Hartnell

THE FIRST ACT ON THE SPRING PROGRAM



THE first important act of Spring house-cleaning is to provide yourself with *extra* help—which means providing yourself with Fels-Naptha Soap.

For Fels-Naptha brings *extra* help—the *extra* help of two brisk cleaners, soap and naptha, working together. The soap is unusually good soap and blended with it is *plenty* of naptha. You can smell it! Beneath the gentle urging of these two cleaners, painted woodwork regains the freshness it had when new. Spots vanish from rugs. Enamel and tiling lose their winter's coat of dinginess. The whole house takes on the sparkle of Spring.



So be sure to use Fels-Naptha for house-cleaning. And be doubly sure to use it for Fels-Naptha's biggest job—the family wash. It washes clothes beautifully clean without hard rubbing. And you can wash any way you please. You can boil your clothes, or soak them, if you prefer; you can use washing machine or tub. It's the nature of soap to wash best in hot water—and Fels-Naptha is no exception. But it also does a wonderful job in lukewarm or even cool water.

Fels-Naptha gives *extra* help in another way—it keeps your hands nice. For the unusually good soap and plentiful naptha, working hand-in-hand, get clothes clean so quickly that you don't have to keep your hands in water so long.

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars today—or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton. Then you'll have *extra* help aplenty in your house-cleaning!

FREE—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just decided to try its *extra* help, we'd like to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request. Mail the coupon.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J. 5-30

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

© 1930, Fels & Co.

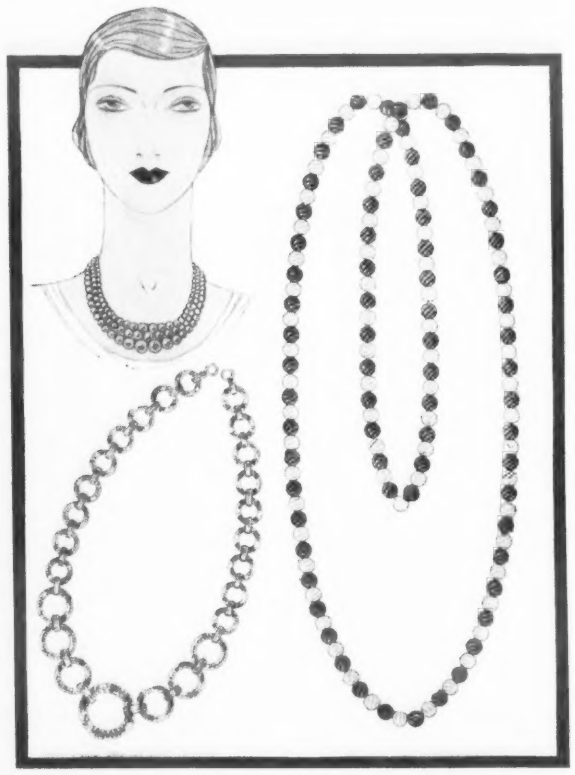
THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

At the very first taste . . .

you'll know Pebeco Toothpaste is *working!* Not the sweet, meaningless flavor of the ordinary dentifrice. But a sharp, refreshing tang... distinctive, *active!* Perhaps at first you may not like it—but it definitely assures you that it is doing its job—affirms your real need of its help. In a week you will be grateful for the change. While cleaning and whitening the teeth, Pebeco actually counteracts the destructive mouth acids which cause decay. Isn't this *extra* result alone worth your week's trial? NOW?

A Product of LEHN & FINK INC.

A Notebook of Chic for May



At the upper left—Three strands of graduated pearls on silver wire; each strand is graduated differently from the others; in all the pastel colors for wear with summer cottons and frocks; Richelieu Pearls. Right and lower left—Two Coro pieces. At the right is one of the long sixty-inch chains, of this spring's smart black-and-white combinations, which is used in a spiral design on round beads. At lower left is one of the new medium-length strings, composed of graduated metal disks engraved in a flower design, with colored rings at intervals, to pick up the emphasized color of one's costume for summer.

JUNE brides in Paris are shown by the dressmakers; *chez* Chantal, a princess-line wedding gown of white satin with narrow train, carried by a tiny *demoiselle d'honneur* in a frock of alternating rows of pink satin and chiffon, puffed sleeves, a pink bow on one side of her head. *Chez* Norman Hartnell, one wedding gown of white tulle embroidered with floral sprays, a petal train in three scallops and a veil long in back, reaching to the shoulders in front. Another gown of white tulle, studded with silver stars, with a bertha capelet. *Chez* Molyneux, a gown of pale gold-and-silver brocade, with silver chiffon veil; a white prayer book with a large diamond cross set into the cover is carried with it. *Chez* Jenny, white satin combined with white georgette.

NOT ONLY HAVE WE the problem of harmonizing all the colors we wear, but harmonizing perfumes must be arranged too. You may use your favorite perfume on your skin, lay away your clothes with sachets; you may also use a perfumed polish for your nails, and now shoe leathers in the new Selby Arch Preserver and Tru-Poise shoes are lavender perfumed.

LUCIEN LELONG has designed three extremely chic new gloves for Alexandre. They are made in the softest imaginable suède and glacé kid, one with a wide gauntlet cuff, into which godets are set, one with a very long cuff and a wriststrap buttoning in back, and a third, also long, buttoning along two-thirds of the back of the cuff.

FOR THE ENCHANTING, bouffant afternoon frocks in cotton which are so perfect for summer lawns and summer parties, a new possibility is the fascinating Rosbro fabric, ciré muslin. It has a pleasant, slightly stiffened finish without being as stiff as organdie, and is printed in imaginative designs and attractive pastel colors.

COTTON FROCKS are so smart this summer you will find them mentioned on almost all of this month's fashion department pages. An ideal foundation garment to wear under them is the Bon Ton white Irish-linen combination brassière and corset. In the same collection for summer are some charming models of white silk batiste, especially designed to wear under white commencement frocks and wedding gowns.

JACKETS AND SCARFS of India print are further developments of the cotton rage. Some of them are quilted in the main outlines of the design, some are lined with red, brick, yellow or green. They are particularly smart with white frocks.

THE LITTLE GILET is a suit accessory which permits of smart and imaginative variety, and very moderately priced variety too. Some are of white piqué, some of heavy white or pastel sports silk. A smart little crossed surplice gilet in light blue mixture tweed silk was worn on Fifth Avenue with a navy-blue worsted suit. The gilet was finished with little silver clips, buttoned with silver, and accompanied by a béret of tweed silk to match.

"ARE WE," EVERYONE IS ASKING, "to use tan make-up again this summer?" That depends of course upon what you mean by tan make-up. Artificial skin tan was a little bit of a strain all around, but there will be many, many natural tans again this summer, and of course we must have powders tinted to match, lipstick and rouge to harmonize, and even eye make-up designed to go with it. Incidentally the very low sun-tan backs were also more inconvenience than fun, and the smartest summer frocks are cut with more normal necks in the back.

THERE HAS CERTAINLY BEEN, this spring, a Great Rediscovery of Gloves. Aside from the practical new glove fashions which you have seen mentioned in the fashion department during the past three months, the French dressmakers seem to have let themselves go completely with these accessories. Jenny shows white gauntlets for evening, with silver buttons dangling on cords. Poiret shows them in black—long—with an appliquéd motif on the back, for evening. He also shows black lace mitts, matching the lace used on the hemline of the frock they are worn with. Madeleine also shows over-the-elbow mitts, in lace or fancy fabric to match the frock. J. Suzanne Talbot shows them in rubber, in beige lace, in white piqué.

AMONG THE SMARTEST EVENING COSTUMES at the moment are lovely, trailing white frocks of satin, moire, chiffon or lace, worn with blue accessories—blue jewels, blue slippers, pale blue gloves and stockings if you like, a blue bag and a huge blue chiffon handkerchief.

VAN RAALTE have added to their collection of wearable and very smartly designed lingerie for spring and summer a series developed in an exceedingly effective fabric known as Stryps. The material is rayon striped with silk, in solid pastel colors, and it is used for two-piece suits consisting of brassière and panties.

HAVE YOU SEEN one of the Truth mirrors? They are the same sort of mirror as those used by dentists and doctors for nose and throat or eye examinations. Being of a lens construction, they are completely lacking in any sort of deceptive coloration, such as the green or black tinge that we find in even the finest plate-glass mirrors. Consequently one's first glimpse shows astounding revelations as to the accuracy of one's make-up colors, their rightful place, and one's general skin condition. But, as an asset of unequaled frankness as to one's true state of grooming, they serve a remarkable use. Constructive criticism always is beneficial, in the end. They come in all sizes, from the tiniest purse one, in its silk case, to the larger one designed for dressing-table use, with a useful pair of tweezers in the handle; and in magnified or normal-vision types.

WHITE PIGSKIN is a new and exceedingly smart departure in sports gloves. Two sports gloves are being made in this new leather, one in the regulation slip-on length with heavy triple stitching in brown, the other somewhat shorter, with a side vent, the same brown stitching and a binding of brown as well. These gloves, from Danforth, are called Brogue Gloves, as they have been particularly designed for wear with the very smart brown-and-white brogue shoes which are included in every chic wardrobe for summer sports shoe. Another ensemble possibility worth noticing. They may also be had with black stitching and binding.

BEFORE YOU PLAN a silk ensemble for summer you really ought to see the fascinating rayon piqué created by Pacific Mills. It comes in solid colors, with a smart ribbed effect and a lovely sheen, and also in prints which are notable for as lovely colorings as you will find anywhere. A somewhat modified and smaller but distinctly related version of the same print may be had in a rayon crêpy fabric known as Zamora Lustre, which combines beautifully with the printed rayon piqué for frock-and-coat ensembles. If you really lose your heart to rayon piqué and want a tailored ensemble of it you can choose a print with a darkish, small all-over pattern as background, with huge, gay dots superimposed. This makes a smart coat, and the rayon piqué which makes the dress will carry the all-over ground pattern, without the dots.

EVERY WELL-GROOMED WOMAN will be interested in a new wardrobe aid, known as Rit Professional Dry Cleaner Compound. It is to be added to gasoline or naphtha when you wish to remove spots from clothing which they will not affect alone. And its great advantage is that while cleaning fabrics with it, in combination with the gasoline or naphtha, you can rub the fabric without fear of causing explosion from sparks. Among other things, furs can be cleaned with this compound, as can kid gloves.

He saved a life . . . and prevented a revolution

Famous specialist calls yeast "best intestinal purifier known . ."

AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET . . . a great Balkan political leader at the point of death . . .

Telephone, airplane—and the noted Dr. Singer of Vienna was at the wounded statesman's bedside . . . He recovered! The gathering clouds of revolution cleared. All Europe breathed more easily, applauded.

Such astonishing feats of medical skill have marked the career of Dr. Gustav Singer, famous Austrian internal specialist. Dr. Singer says:

"The best way to suppress intestinal poisons is the use of a good yeast. Its action causes constipation to disappear. Another remarkable effect is the disappearance of ugly skin eruptions, which I long ago proved to result from intestinal putrefaction.

"The vitamin D in yeast helps 'sunlight-starved' bodies to assimilate the elements which keep bones and teeth strong."

Every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins—vitamin B and the "sunshine" vitamin D so important for building up health after the confining months. Eat 3 cakes daily, following directions on the label. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

What 4 noted doctors say

Another famous internal specialist, DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN of the University of Berlin, says, "Yeast tones up the whole system."

The distinguished French stomach specialist, Dr. GEORGES FAROY, states, "Yeast encourages digestion and overcomes constipation."

DR. EDVARD EHLERS of Copenhagen, international authority on skin diseases, says, "I invariably prescribe yeast. Its effect is incontestable."

The brilliant Spanish surgeon, DR. CATALINA, declares, "Recent scientific experiments confirm the importance of yeast in no uncertain terms."

"My doctor advised yeast to clear my system of poison"

(Right) MR. C. B. WEBBER, *Boston manufacturer, writes:* "After a short illness, I still didn't feel right, so I called my doctor. He said I hadn't got all the poison out of my system, and ordered Fleischmann's Yeast. It did everything he said it would. I am now completely well."

(Left) "How miserable I was!" *writes* MRS. P. J. RILEY *of Cleveland.* "I had indigestion and constipation and felt only half alive . . . After eating Fleischmann's Yeast my troubles cleared up completely. I haven't a trace of indigestion and no longer feel sluggish and tired."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Look through glass dishpans

These actual color photographs* prove Super Suds gives *instant lasting* suds

See how this new bead soap floods the water with suds clear down to the bottom of the pan—cuts dishwashing time in half

←At Left Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

Slow-dissolving chips At Right→

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

DON'T wash dishes again until you've studied these photographs. The first photographs ever made of dishwashing soaps at work!

They show you how soaps act *below* the surface of the water. Down where the dishes are really washed. Notice (on the right) the gummy bunches of flakes that can't keep dishwater from getting greasy, can't give you their full cleansing power, because they're only half dissolved. While every bead of Super Suds has dissolved instantly . . . flooding every drop of water with rich, creamy, lasting suds.

Far faster than chip soap

Now see (at the left) how Super Suds' instant and complete dissolving saves your time. (1) ***Saves waiting for suds.*** No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) ***Washes dishes clean faster.*** The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) ***Saves dishwiping.*** Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Totally new form of soap

Super Suds washes dishes faster, easier—because it's an utterly different *form* of soap. It's tiny, hollow "beads," made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Hence they dissolve instantly—completely. They flood the water in your dishpan with quick, rich, lasting suds, exactly as in the dishpan photographed at your left.

Don't let slow-dissolving chip soap slow up your dishwashing any longer. Get Super Suds from your grocer today.

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

Super Suds 10¢

5226

The Patch Box

How Much Attention Do You Give Your Hair?

By BARBARA STANWOOD

IN THE rushed lives that most of us lead these days, we have not the time to give assiduous daily care to our hair—or we think we do not have such time. However, there are few women who either would not, or could not, omit the cleansing cream, toning process to their faces, once or twice a day, if not more often. To budget a little more time to the getting-ready-for-bed period, every other night, for care of the hair, will repay anyone to a surprising degree, especially if she has been suffering from a hair or scalp condition that is bound to detract from her general attractiveness.

One of the most prevalent conditions among women in our North American climate is oily hair. Excessively oily hair is, as a rule, no cause for alarm, but it certainly is the cause of great personal discomfort to its owner. The other extreme, that of too dry, lifeless hair, can be another result, and this, serving as a health barometer, may be a danger signal. Lastly, in listing the normal conditions you may find a heretofore unknown condition of that bugaboo, dandruff.

Cleanliness, Massage and Tonic

FOR too oily hair, there are the three rules: Absolute cleanliness, massage and, lastly, the scalp toning best suited to this condition. The hair should be washed with a reliable shampoo soap or liquid. Between shampoos you should massage with a tonic two or three times weekly: A tonic that has nourishing properties, is not too oily and has mildly astringent qualities, is the best, though too much alcohol, for any hair condition, is much too drying. By massage we mean a deliberate kneading, a firm, rather rotating slow moving of the actual scalp surface with your finger tips. Pulling the hair, by allowing large strands of the hair to slip between the fingers, then tightening the fingers and slowly and firmly lifting the hair outward, is another means of scalp exercise. Brushing with a flexible, long-bristled brush is also beneficial. All these methods bring the blood to the surface, stimulate the circulation and nourish the hair roots; proper brushing takes harmful dust and oil from the hair and gives your scalp more freedom to breathe.

Excessive dryness, which is more prevalent in men than in women, on the whole, is caused by a lack of the scalp's manufacturing enough nourishing oil, and this, in turn, is often due to too frequent shampooing or wetting. Men, with their two showers a day, have this as the cause most often. However, daily massage with a reliable, nourishing, rather oily tonic should be tried. We spoke of hair dryness as being a danger signal on the part of your system. It may be an indication that the whole vitality is below par and that your general health needs building up.

Absolute cleanliness is the first step in the cure of dandruff. This not only means thorough shampooing, but a complete fastidiousness as to comb and brushes, and careful attention being paid to your beauty shop's having only sterilized combs and brushes. A hot-oil shampoo, before the shampoo, a good oily tonic massaged into the hair the night before—and there are some splendid tar-oil preparations for this—are reliable remedies. For extreme dandruff that requires radical treatment at first, a specialist should be consulted.

Now for the shampoo. You should wet the hair with not too hot water at first, then pour or sprinkle the liquid soap on it and work up to a rich lather. If you have time a mild kneading of the scalp, while you work in the lather, and a working the hair strands between the lather in your fingers, will both stimulate the scalp and work out grease and dirt. Rinse out this first soap as thoroughly as if it were the final rinsing; and—this does require time, patience and energy—repeat these soapings and equally thorough rinsings at least three times. Drying by hand rather than by artificial heat, if you can spare the time, and with soft lintless linen towels, is by far the most satisfactory method. If sunlight and open air are also available, utilize them; sunlight and fresh air never harmed your body or your hair.

May has grown to be one of the busiest months of the entire year for the permanent wavers. The permanent-waving process is bound to dry the hair, and so if your hair is already inclined to dryness, two or three of the hot-oil treatments or overnight treatments are nourishing. With oily hair your permanent will more than counteract this condition; so that frequent massage with a tonic more oily than you are accustomed to using, and shampooing less often than heretofore is the course for you.

As for the permanent itself, there are at least three good reliable methods available in this country.

No matter by which method you may be waved, be absolutely certain, first, that you are having the machine, the sachets and the fluid all from the same company. Equally important is the necessity that your operator be completely experienced in the correct winding and in the length of "baking." Too long a heating gives a brittle appearance; too short a time leaves a permanent that just "ain't."

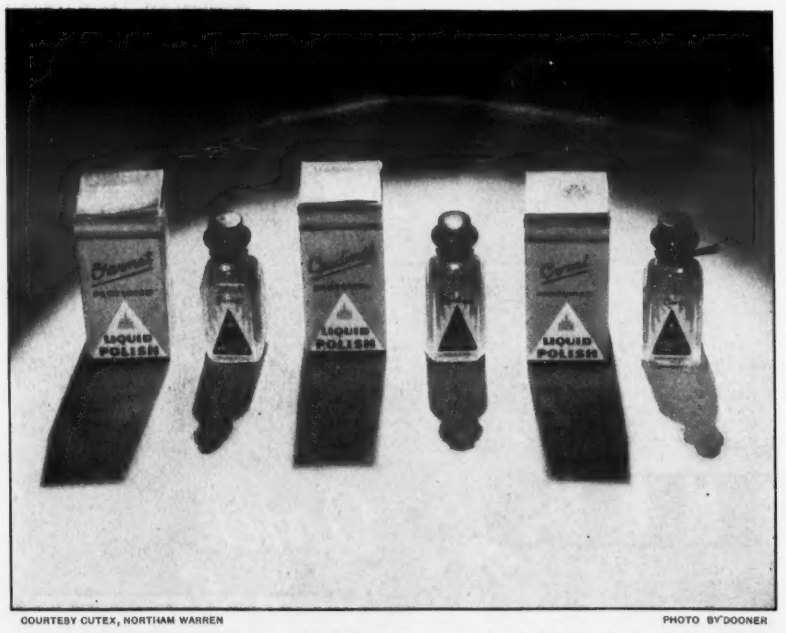
Waves That Last

YEARS ago people used to look upon a permanent as a necessary evil, better omitted. These days the whole process should be considered a wonderful excuse for using more nourishing and oily "hair feeders" than is normally possible.

As for water waving, it is well to have your wave set by an experienced professional after the shampoo. But both practice and a little patience, with either combs or your fingers, can teach you ultimately to reset your own wave. There are now a number of safe and satisfactory liquids to be bought which will help hold the wave more firmly and permanently in its place. Pinning the wave in place, with invisible hairpins, along each ridge after the first "set," following the shampoo and before you put on your close-fitting hat, will help preserve your wave.

As in everything else, we get only what we pay for. Cheapness does not pay. Your brushes and combs must be of the best, your tonics, brilliantine, shampoo liquid should come from a reliable house. A cut-price permanent or any cut-price beauty treatments cannot hold benefit or good to you; avoid them as you would a plague.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of the Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



COURTESY CUTEX, NORTHAM WARREN PHOTO BY DOONER

You have noticed that the very chic lady on the cover, sketched in Paris, has bright-red enameled finger nails. If you are intrigued by this Parisian rage you can now buy an excellent nail enamel, delicately perfumed, in three different shades—Garnet, a sophisticated, deep shade; Cardinal, a brilliant flame red; Coral, softer, more rose in color.

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

To Set or Wave Hair

TO set your hair, or put in a finger wave, use Glostora as follows:

Put it on with your fingers, or add a few drops to a little water in your wash basin and comb it on.

You can then press the wave in easily and they will set quickly and stay.

Waving your hair in this truly professional way does not leave it stiff, sticky, or artificial looking, as ordinary waving fluids do.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Lazy Days ahead—

get the Wake-up food now!

Post Toasties—that's the food to energize you these balmy days of coming summer. Crisp, toasted flakes of sun-ripe corn—easy to digest, quick to release their refreshing store of energy to the body. Post Toasties is the wake-up food. Send it afloat in cool milk or cream. What a brisk breakfast! How fresh and vigorful for lunch! A wonderful supper "pick-up"! Little folks ask for more and more. Big folks, too. *You'll* say this brisk wake-up food is delicious—*delicious.*

POST TOASTIES

The Wake-up Food

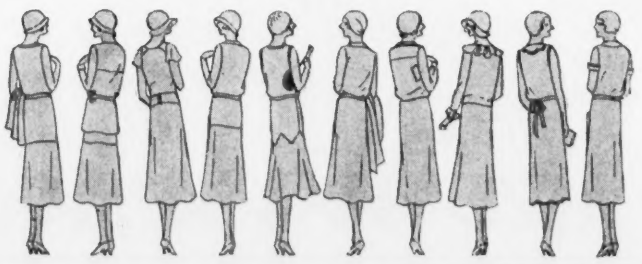
© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Quickly Made Designs, Smart in Cottons

The four young ladies at the right are all wearing dresses suitable for summer cottons, or sports silks, both of which are varied and charming. The models are, from left to right—No. 6447, a one-piece frock giving the effect of a tuck-in blouse; the cap sleeves are smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. No. 6437, a two-piece sports frock choosing smart simplicity for its theme, a circular skirt, double-breasted blouse, plain sleeve, nipped-in waistline, narrow belt and surplice collar with scarf end for details. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. No. 6435, a practical active-sports frock, the circular lower skirt set on in points, blouse trimmed with tab ends. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. No. 6448, a sports frock which has a circular inset front section, a front yoke, an all-around collar and may be either short-sleeved or sleeveless. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42.

In the lower left corner, we see the versatility of such a smart jacket-and-dress suit as Design No. 6450. The sleeveless dress is trimmed at the neck with a band repeating the lines of the skirt seaming and has a belt at the normal waistline. A wide-front box pleat gives fullness to the skirt. The little jacket, nipped in at the waistline with inverted tucks, ties there and at the neck. A sports frock or town suit according to its fabric and the color you choose for it. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. In the lower right-hand corner are shown two versions of the famous Hoover apron, 1930 model. Design No. 6438 may be made with scalloped hemline, pockets and collar, as shown on the left-hand figure, or in the tailored version at the right. A short sleeve may be substituted with either variation. The sash, you will remember, ties in back, and the whole affair spreads out conveniently for ironing. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 46.

Your blouses, to be worn with the enormously popular suits, fit your type this season. The tailored model at the left, Design No. 6440, has a back yoke, roll collar and link-fastened cuffs. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. The very feminine Design No. 6436, at the right, ties over the skirt top (a new and chic note), and has a frill collar and cuffs laid in clusters of shirring. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.



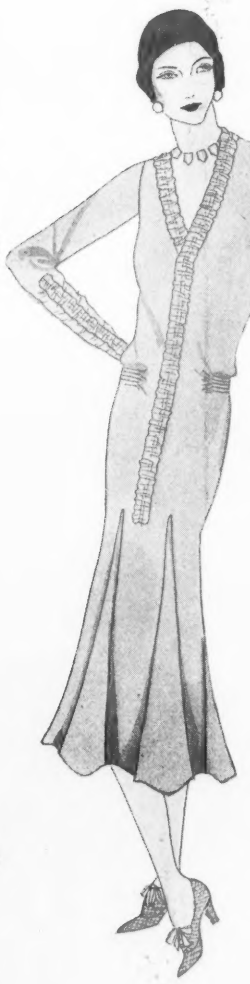
Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

Feminine Frocks for Summer Formality

Chiffon and lace, darlings of the summer mode, suggest themselves for Design No. 6446, at the left. The skirt is full, circular and even in length; the bertha makes the frock suitable for afternoon affairs or informal evening ones. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. At the right is a dress designed for the lovely printed chiffons. Design No. 6449 has a detachable cape which ties in front, and may be made sleeveless or with a long sleeve with circular cuff. The full long skirt is cut in four circular sections, set-on; the waistline is molded with little tucks. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Directly below, at the left, is the famous peplum suit, Design No. 6439. The jacket, with its diagonal closing, is nipped in at the waistline by inverted tucks, and ties with a string sash. The circular skirt is set on to a yoke top and laid in a soft inverted pleat in front. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. At the right, below, appears an ideal coat for town, travel or sports—depending upon its color and fabric—Design No. 6442. The little cape is put on under a tuxedo collar. It may be made in full-dress or three-quarter length. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 42.

6446



6445

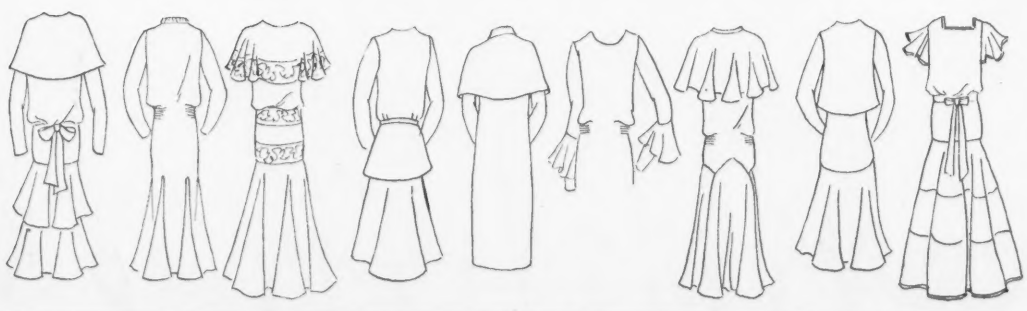
6439 6442

6441

6449

For summer teas, Design No. 6445, at the left, is as useful as it is becoming. The bodice and inside seams of the sleeves are trimmed with bands of the self material shirred on tiny cords. Low-set godets supply the indispensable circular skirt-fullness. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 42. The exquisite filmy cotton prints suggest formal afternoon frocks like Design No. 6443, at the left. You may use a long sleeve or none at all under the cape collar. There are two circular skirt flounces; bow and sash are tacked on. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40. The smart—and flattering—bolero of Design No. 6441, at the right, ties in front above a molded waistline. The skirt is circular, and bands with tie ends finish the sleeves. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38. At the lower right is another summer frock, Design No. 6444, charming for cotton nets, organdies and prints, and a delightful suggestion, in all white, for a graduation dress. Three straight flounces are gathered for the full skirt; the cap sleeves are also gathered. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

6443



6444

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

She puts it in the rumble seat
Or else into the hamper;
Her husband is (and so is she)
An Apple Butter Camper!

. . . the very essence of apple wholesomeness and apple deliciousness

THIS SPRING as you hark to the call of the open road (*Honk! Honk! Move along, move along . . .*)

You'll find a new joy in picnicking, if you liven up your outdoor lunches with luscious apple butter—Lippincott Apple Butter.

Combined with cream cheese and finely chopped nuts—or with prunes or ground meat—Lippincott Apple Butter makes a fascinating variety of tasty spreads for sandwiches . . . the kind that disappear as if by magic, so be sure to make *plenty* in the first place!

Of course, you know that the name Lippincott on the jar means the very *essence* of apple wholesomeness and apple deliciousness! Juicy, sun-ripened apples . . . sweet, fruity cider . . . the purest of cane-sugar . . . thin-quill Saigon cinnamon from far-off Cochin-China, and other choice spices . . . all cooked together in the good, old-fashioned way . . . simmer and stir . . . simmer and stir . . . until *perfection* bubbles in the pot . . . a smooth purée in appetizing brown . . . enticing . . . scrumptious . . . indescribably good!

Lippincott Apple Butter can also be served to the family in so many other ways . . . in a dozen different and delicious desserts, as a filling for pies, or a crown for hot tea-biscuits, as a condiment for cold cuts, or as an unusual and amazingly successful seasoning *baked into* meats.

Whether or not you're going picnicking tomorrow, you really ought to telephone today to your grocer for a jar of Lippincott Apple Butter.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER BISCUITS

4 tablespoons shortening
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon salt
Enough milk to make a soft dough
Lippincott Apple Butter

Work the shortening into the flour which has been sifted with baking-powder, sugar and salt. Add the milk. Knead the dough lightly on a floured board, roll it out until only a quarter of an inch thick, and cut out rounds or squares about two inches across. Fold over each biscuit into half its size, drop in a teaspoon of Lippincott Apple Butter, press the edges firmly, and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes.

LIPPINCOTT APPLE BUTTER SANDWICH FILLING DE LUXE

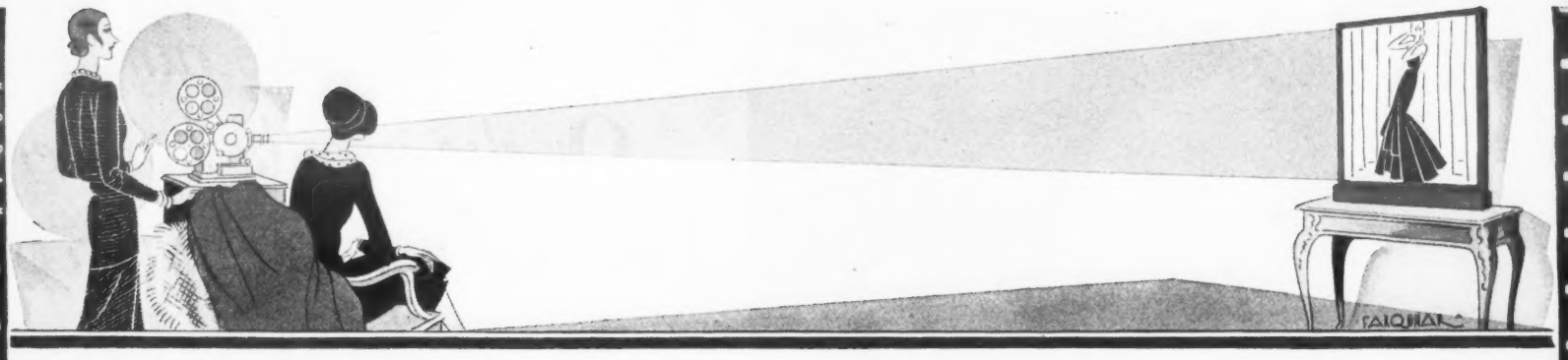
4 ounces cream cheese
2 tablespoons milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon Lippincott Apple Butter

Soften cheese with milk. Add salt and Lippincott Apple Butter, and a dash of cayenne, if desired. Spread this mixture between thin slices of bread.

THE LIPPINCOTT COMPANY • *Cincinnati, Ohio*

Lippincott Apple Butter

© 1930, The L. Co.



Seeing Yourself as Others See You

A New Idea for the Fashion-Minded

HAVE you ever walked for a few blocks behind some misguided woman, size forty-four at the least, who has come out in a too-short pleated skirt, shoes three inches too high in the heel, and a blouse that did unspeakable things to her silhouette in general? Has your pleasantly condescending feeling of pity for anyone so lacking in clothes-consciousness been replaced by the sudden horrible thought that there might be something equally unfortunate about your own ensemble, viewed by the casual observer from the rear?

This is one of the most unnerving ideas possible and, having once occurred to you, is a hard one to shake off. The more bad choices in silhouette, skirts of the wrong length, you see, the more haunting becomes your own mental picture of what you yourself may, by some awful mistake, look like to the woman behind you.

Mankind in general, and women in particular, have long been supposed to be incapable of ever seeing themselves as others see them. But science, which has made many, if not all, things possible, has come to the aid of better dressing in an unlooked-for way. Provided that you are strong-minded enough to stand the initial shock, you can now actually see yourself as others see you in your new spring coat, hat, and what not.

Your scientific laboratory consists solely of an amateur movie camera. If you have one, you are ready—if not, it is well to enlist the aid of some friend who has, or else to make this really excellent excuse a final argument for buying one.

Making a Fashion Movie

ASSEMBLE and complete day and evening costumes from your wardrobe, put them on, one after another, and allow yourself to be filmed in each one. Your friends, or your husband, can run the machine; or having carefully observed the confines of your impromptu stage, you can set the machine yourself and allow it to photograph you entirely.

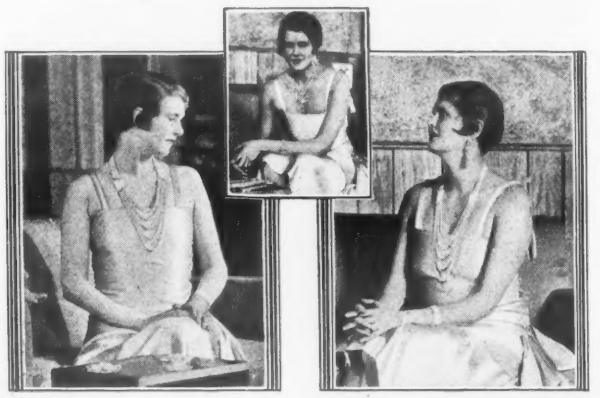
The important thing, of course, is to go through normal motions as naturally as possible. Walk up and down, be sure that the camera is taking back as well as front views, sit down, cross your knees, stand up, put on your coat and your gloves, take them off. And try to do it all as you do one thousand times a day, when your mind is on something else. Sinking onto the chaise longue in what you conceive to be the best Greta Garbo manner may be gratifying—from the standpoint of justifying that sneaking assurance that you have deprived Broadway of one of the great dramatic personalities of the age—but should be reserved for another film. The aim of filming yourself and your wardrobe together is the old, old search for truth—and if you can conclude at the end of it that "beauty is truth, truth beauty" we congratulate you.

There are two ways of facing unpleasant home truths. It is certainly not our mean intention to suggest that you find out just exactly how you look to the outsider, and then, if you are not satisfied with the effect, do nothing further about the situation, other than resigning yourself to being one more badly dressed woman. If you are of the shrug-and-continue school you had much better not toy with the movie camera. But if you cherish a praiseworthy interest in your appearance and a real desire to improve upon it, take or have the pictures taken, and some day, when you are feeling frank and willing to face facts, sit down with an open mind and watch the film run off.

Of course to criticize yourself intelligently you must know something about dress design and the ideal appearance, as well as "what is being worn." Knowledge of these essentials is valuable every time you make an addition to your wardrobe, so that your study will not be wasted. You can practice on people you see casually passing your house, sitting in street cars and trains, eating in the same restaurant. Not just thinking, "Heavens, what a fright!" but analyzing seriously what is wrong with the costume, and what changes could be made to better the appearance as a whole.

The problem of improving on your own appearance is not so simple, however, as throwing away an entire costume and buying a new one, or having a clothes allowance of $50,000 a year. It may all be a matter of gesture, of ways of wearing things; it may be a question of adjustment or elimination. It is, as a matter of fact, seeing clearly and distinctly.

The simplest way is to make a few notes on yourself—what is wrong with the way you wear your clothes; what is wrong with the way in which your costumes are assembled; what was wrong, if there was anything, with the clothes when they were purchased.



At top—Too much jewelry. At right—The wrong combination. At left—The perfect effect, becoming to the wearer and in nice accord with the lines of the frock.

Rising gracefully in the new long evening frocks may mean practice.

The film will tell you frankly when you have found the most attractive way to sit down and arrange your evening gown.

Learn how to wear an evening wrap and you avoid looking like this. At left—The lines of the simpler model are more becoming; the more elaborate, lace-trimmed gown is very handsome, but too square in its effect.

COSTUMES COURTESY R. H. MACY & CO., INC., NEW YORK PHOTOS. BY EASTMAN

Constructive Criticism

THEN note the ways in which you can improve on it all. Your manner, posture, walk, and so on, you ought to be able to better with a little practice. The assembling of a complete ensemble, if noted as wrong, can be improved by simplification, substitution or elimination, according to your diagnosis. Clothes that were wrong in the first place can possibly be improved upon until they are ready to discard, and their faults sternly noted as "things to avoid" on the subsequent shopping tours which you make.

Naturally, all the counts noted by you need not by any means be unflattering. Notes that such and such lines are flattering, that your feet are really very attractive in evening slippers and that béret-type hats are ravishingly becoming should be noted and remembered on those future shopping trips.

And then, having analyzed yourself and your dress problems—possibly you may never have suspected that you had them—the obvious thing to do is to take the same thing over again, plus all the modern improvements, and see how much better the effect can be. And an overhead cost of six dollars for a film is not excessive if it will help you to get better value for the much larger amount you spend on your wardrobe.

Most women buy a spring and a fall wardrobe, and we recommend that you seriously consider filming each one to see what improvements can be made. They are surely not too hard to take, and just as educational to run over by yourself as the pictures of the children in swimming last summer, Uncle John and Aunt Emily getting out of the hotel bus in Algiers, or the two cats playing with the Jones' collie.

It cleans the crevices *between the teeth!*

Between the teeth . . . in tiny crevices . . . there's where decaying food collects. Mere surface brushing won't dislodge these impurities. Colgate's *floods* them out . . . its active, penetrating foam surges into the hard-to-clean places where sluggish pasty dentifrices won't go . . . Dissolving the deposits . . . *washing* them away . . . cleansing the crevices thoroughly, as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Try Colgate's . . . it is approved by more Dentists; *used* by more people, than any other toothpaste made.

The World's Largest Selling Toothpaste

Nobody wants to give up Coffee . . . Nobody needs to now!

In the morning at your own breakfast table

At noon at your favorite restaurant

For yourself and your guests at night

. . . And sleep like a log!

MAKE THE NIGHT-TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning, you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

IF YOU'VE said "goodbye" to coffee, now you can welcome it back again. You can sniff its appetizing aroma in the morning—you can yield to its steaming cheer at night—you can drink coffee to your heart's content.

Here's why—

The way has been found to remove from coffee the one ingredient that made you give it up—caffein. You can now have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. That coffee is Sanka Coffee. Drink it—enjoy all of coffee's old-time goodness, without fear of caffein's effects.

Coffee with a "second cup" flavor!

Sanka Coffee is all coffee—nothing is added, only caffein is removed! One cup will tempt you to a second cup. For in Sanka Coffee the choicest of Central and South American coffees are roasted and blended to yield the richest flavor and spiciest aroma imaginable. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Physicians endorse Sanka Coffee wholeheartedly. Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee—always fresh, ground or in the bean—with a guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back!

Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today!

© 1930, S. C. Corp.

SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED

Adapting the Mode to Personal Needs

(Continued from Page 31)

clientele, we are not going to be so foolish as to design dresses which are impossible for them to wear, are we? Not so long as we are in the business of making dresses in order to obtain our living, as well as using our art to create gowns of taste to feed our souls.

To show you the technical possibilities of adapting our models to figures of different proportions I have chosen four of our latest models, and I shall endeavor to explain how they might be adjusted to fit different types of figures and also why they were designed in these ways for this adjustment.

A first-class couturier must prescribe for each one of his clients, as a doctor prescribes for his patients. When a new client comes into his house he diagnoses her case as carefully as a physician diagnoses the symptoms of his patients, and selects for her the type of dress that is most suitable for her figure, her coloring and her needs. If she has set her mind on a particular model, that model is changed and adjusted to suit her.

Let us examine first of all the little crêpe marocain costume called "Ecolière," which has a black background and tiny white stars looking like pin points. This gown has the bolero, which is so popular this spring, over a white crêpe de chine blouse, and one can also wear with it the hip-length jacket with its double bolero effect hanging over the tight band which molds the hipline.

Your first reaction, I feel sure, to this gown is that it is entirely unsuitable to the fuller type of figure, and that only a youthful and slender figure can support it. Study it carefully, however, and you see that the pointed belt line outlined in black actually reduces the appearance of the size of the hips. For a fuller figure it would be very simple to enlarge these points on the hips to narrow the figure further, both in front and in the back. Also these points could be brought down lower on the hips to give a further reduction if necessary.

Take also the pleated godets which form the fullness in the bottom of the skirt. To give more height to the figure, and again reduce its apparent width, these godets could be lengthened, or, rather, set in at a higher point, and the skirt lengthened; for it is an undeniable rule of art that long, straight vertical lines lend height to an object, and since it is the ideal of all women to appear tall and slender at this time, we give that illusion whenever possible.

Adapting the Yoke

"ATTENDEZ MOI" is a black tweed lace frock. It is simple in line, conservative in cut, and can be adjusted to all types of figure by the simple expedient of enlarging or making smaller the white yoke, which is its chief distinction. For a woman with narrow shoulders, I should suggest that the yoke be continued over the top of the sleeves and accordingly broadened its entire length. For a woman with broad shoulders and heavy bust, I would make the yoke much narrower and longer, and would also narrow the band of pearl embroidery around its edge.

Since it has no belt, but has the natural waistline suggested by its cut and fit, it is suitable for all types of figure, and its simple lines, unmarked by a belt, tend to make all women look taller.

There are in this world a few women who feel that they are too tall. Cape effects around their shoulders, belts and flounces—any lines that cut the body horizontally—take from their height. Short jackets are also good for them, and in the model "Stamboul," which Miss Corson has drawn for you, you will note many of these features.

Overcoming Height

THE skirt is formed of many narrow plain flounces, cut on the bias to give a slightly circular effect. The natural waistline is marked by a narrow belt, and over the bolero effect of the frock itself is worn a hip-length sleeveless coat with a narrow fox scarf attached. This scarf effect is always becoming, and to the tall woman, who may perhaps have a long neck and dropping shoulders, is an effective disguise.

We have room for only one evening gown, but this is one of the greatest successes of this spring collection. It is in a fine chiffon which has a white background and a large floral pattern in shades of yellow with just a touch of black. Its wide black velvet belt is placed slightly above the natural waistline to give greater length to the long, classically full skirt. Its bodice is plain and simple, and the back décolletage is marked by a cape effect.

Because of the size of the pattern this gown is not suitable for a small woman, but since it is designed to give height and slenderness to any figure, it would be very simple to select another chiffon.

This is not the type of gown which the fuller figure can wear. The decided demarcation of the waistline and the soft folds of the skirt over the hips make it unbecoming to the more mature type of woman.

Keep in mind always the needs and activities of your daily life and dress to meet those needs and activities. Then you will unconsciously dress to your own individuality. When you are about your daily duties wear skirts short enough to give you that freedom of movement which is essential to the busy woman. Dress simply, for the height of chic these days lies in inconspicuous simplicity. I do not mean by this to wear tweed skirts and pullovers, for the return to a mode of greater elegance does not permit this "out-of-town" type of costume for all occasions; but in selecting the more elaborate type of dress, and in choosing accessories to combine with it, be moderate and give the effect of good taste and simplicity.

In the evening, when the day's work is done and the world sets out to amuse and entertain itself, be more feminine and alluring. Put on your trailing chiffon or lace gowns for quiet evenings at home; wear skirts to your ankle or a bit longer if you wish, when you go out to dine or to dance; but always express your own individuality and your own personality. Avoid extremes and exaggerations at all times. Then you will achieve what I trust is the ambition of every modern woman—and that is to be considered well dressed on all occasions and a person of good taste.

What to Wear

On Your

VACATION TRIP

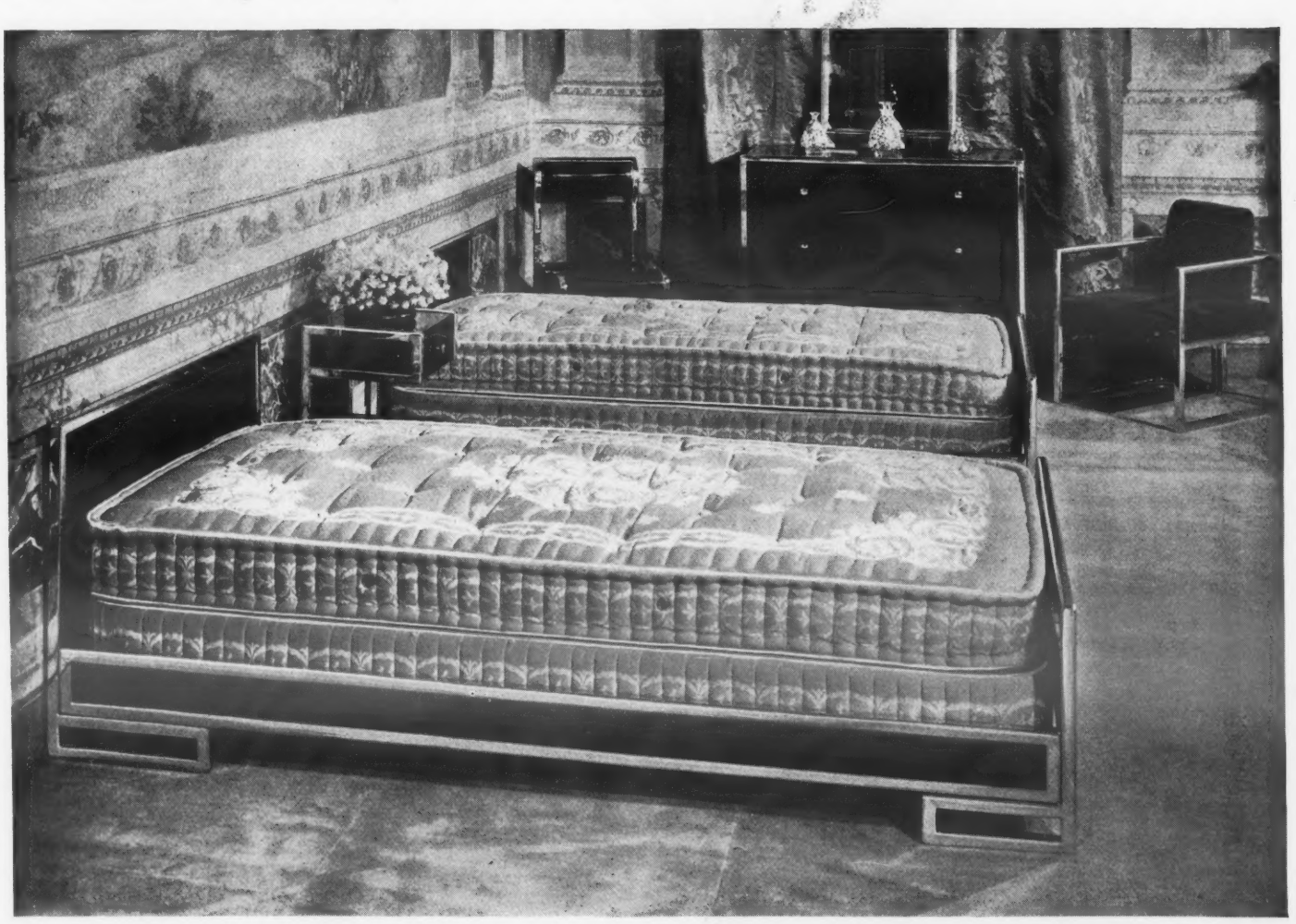
This Summer

is pictured
and described

In the JUNE JOURNAL

the duchess of sermoneta

has taken back from America to her ancient Roman palace the "extraordinarily comfortable" beautyrest mattresses which she discovered in our "amazing country" . . . . .



Fot. Vasari, Roma

vittoria colonna, duchessa di sermoneta, is a member of the famous italian family, whose records go back to the year 900

● "An achievement in comfort typical of your amazing country." So says Vittoria Colonna, Duchess of Sermoneta, beautiful descendant of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Italy. She refers to the Simmons Beautyrest Mattress on which she slept in the home of distinguished friends whom she visited during her stay in America over a year ago. "I must send some of these wonderful mattresses and springs home," the Duchess said. And there they are today, the most modern of mattresses—in one of the most ancient palaces of Rome! The Duchess's experience is also that of thousands of Americans who learn, in the homes of friends, of this new type of mattress with its heart of tiny, resilient coils. Now the Simmons Company have produced a second inner coil mattress, the new Deepsleep, at a price that millions can afford.

The Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring to match, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring, $19.75. The new Deepsleep Mattress, $23.00; Deepsleep Box Spring, $27.50; Slumber King Spring, $12. Beds, $10 to $60. Rocky Mountain Region and West slightly higher. Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

Copyright 1930, The Simmons Company

● Above. Corner of bedroom in the historic Palazzo Sermoneta. Against its marble and frescoed walls, a modern suite in metal designed for Simmons by Norman Bel Geddes offers a rich and interesting contrast. The complete suite consists of nine pieces.

Below. A glimpse into the gardens with their orange trees and fountains.

Simmons

beds • springs • mattresses

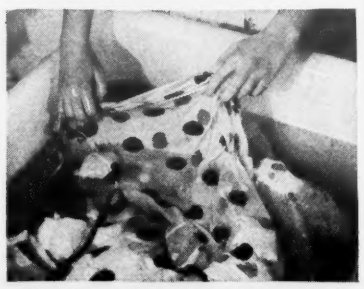
and BERKEY & GAY furniture

Accept this gift

it will cut your washday work in half!

La France, added to your regular soap, makes rich, buoyant suds which loosen dirt as if by magic!

No hard rubbing is needed, when you use La France!



Rinse in two clear, warm waters, as usual.

La France blues as it cleans . . . evenly, perfectly. No separate bluing necessary! With half the work, your clothes are snow-white!

FREE! TEST PACKAGE OF LA FRANCE SAVES RUBBING—SAVES BLUING!

La France is a marvelous cleansing agent that you use right along with your regular soap. It is different from anything you've ever tried . . . loosens dirt as if by magic! No hard rubbing is necessary. And La France blues as it cleans . . . makes separate bluing unnecessary. No spots, no streaks . . . La France gives a *perfect* bluing.

Try La France. With half the work, you'll have your wash out on the line . . . more beautifully white and sweet than ever before! If you use a washing machine, you'll find you won't have to run it so long!

La France is safe for colors . . . cleans and freshens the most delicate tints. Use La France for white silks—prevents yellowing. Use La France for anything that water won't harm. La France won't—*can't*—hurt the finest fabrics. Can't harm your hands. Send for free test package. You'll never go back to old washing methods!

Try Satina For Easier Ironing!

With the sample of La France we'll send you also a sample of Satina. Add it to hot starch. It prevents irons from sticking, gives an exquisite gloss and finish to table linens and garments, and keeps clothes clean longer.

Your grocer has La France and Satina, products of General Foods Corporation

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SIGN HERE for FREE package of LA FRANCE. ***Send at once!***

L. H. J.—5-30

La France Manufacturing Co. (Inc.), 113-125 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me, free, a test package of La France—enough for a family wash—together with a sample of Satina.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Print name and address—Fill in completely
In Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

A Hop With Cyril

(Continued from Page 24)

"You guessed it," says I, coming back from the phone. "Says he's just finishing breakfast and will be right out."

Growls from McCarter. Tells me it's an outrage to waste other folks' time this way and how he's got to get to L. A. this afternoon. Very important.

"Yeauh?" says I, one foot on the landing steps.

I just let him stew. So his pressure gauge is way up when at 9:35 this slim, elegant, pale-cheeked young Mr. Shaw steps casual out of the hotel bus, stops to tip the chauffeur, and waits for me to come get his suitcase.

"Thanks a lot, old man," he says. "Fear I'm a trifle late; but then, I always am. Only two of us in the cabin? Then I will take the opposite chair to be sociable. Fine day for a flight, sir."

But his folksy greeting only draws an assault and battery glare from R. J., who has his watch out again. "Know how long you've held us up, young man?" he asks.

"IF YOU don't mind," says Cyril, "I'd rather not go into that. I feel horribly guilty, you know. Someone is waiting for me in Los Angeles."

"Huh!" says McCarter.

"An extremely nice girl," adds Cyril.

"Bah!" blows R. J.

"But she is," insists Cyril. "Everybody says so. A wonderful girl. I am very, very fond of her, and she's quite mad about me."

"Must say I can't admire her taste," says the other.

"That is going to worry me quite a lot, I'm afraid," Cyril comes back.

"Eh?" says R. J., going red in the ears.

"All clear!" I shouts as Ken speeds up the motors and the blocks are pulled. And if they could debate against that racket they was welcome.

Must have been half an hour later before I thinks to look back into the cabin, and blamed if they ain't still at it. I nudges Ken to take a look.

"Queer place for a row," says Ken. "New one to me. Don't care for it. Distracting. Better suggest to 'em they save it until they get to the ground and then jaw it out."

So I steps down just as R. J. is wagging a stubby finger across the aisle and under Cyril's nose.

"Excuse me," says I, "but Captain Corbush says you're taking his mind off his job and if you could hold ——"

"All right!" growls McCarter. "I'll quit if this pasty faced young whippersnapper apologizes for calling me an old gorilla."

"Surely I will," says Cyril, "when you withdraw your remarks about the girl I am going to marry."

"I only said she must be a little fool," says R. J.

"BUT I tell you she isn't anything of the sort," says Cyril. "In the first place she isn't little. She is several inches taller than I and weighs twenty pounds more. And she is clever at a lot of things."

"Then in heaven's name," says McCarter, "what can she possibly see in you?"

"Now that's where we agree," says Cyril, "I don't know, either. Only she does seem to think I am wonderful. You don't have to believe that though."

"Maybe I wouldn't," says McCarter, "if I didn't have a niece who's being just as silly; on the point of marrying a spineless young sap who never earned a dollar in his life and never could. That's why I am risking my neck in an airplane—so I can get there in time to talk some sense into her."

"Why, that's odd!" says Cyril. "Dot has an old bear of an uncle who may show up at any time and spoil everything. So she wired me to hurry."

"Dot?" says R. J., staring at him. "What's her real name?"

"If you must know," says Cyril, "she is Dorothy Buell."

"Good gosh!" says McCarter husky. "Then—then you are the one!"

"Oh, dear!" says Cyril. "You don't mean you are her Uncle Roscoe? How distressing!"

McCarter inspects him critical and shakes his head. "You're worse than I thought," he says.

"OUR disregard is mutual," says Cyril. "You are precisely the type of person I have always considered perfectly terrible."

"You have, eh?" says R. J. "Well, what's wrong with me?"

"Almost everything," says Cyril. "You bellow when you talk."

"I don't," roars McCarter.

"And I have no doubt you are vice president of something," says Cyril.

"I am," admits R. J. "Of the biggest structural-iron corporation in the world."

"I never did like vice presidents," says Cyril.

"And I never could stand your sort," says R. J. "I don't like your face, nor your manner, nor the way you talk."

"So it's going to be difficult for us both, isn't it?" says Cyril. "But I am sure we shall try as hard as we can."

"Try what?" asks McCarter.

"To care for each other in a truly in-law fashion," says Cyril.

"G-r-r-r!" says McCarter. "Why, you white-livered little cake-eater, I couldn't ——"

"Oh, yes, you can," breaks in Cyril. "And you will. Dot didn't care for me at all for the first few hours, but when she started getting fond of me there was no stopping her. You see, I have an ingratiating personality. Grows on you. You wait! First thing you know, Uncle Roscoe, you'll be ——"

And then R. J. did blow a gasket. He puffed out his cheeks, narrowed his eyelids, twitched his big hands. "Don't you Uncle Roscoe me!" he warns, "or I will ——"

Which was where I stepped between 'em. "Listen," says I: "This is no prize ring. We're in a plane, nearly 1500 feet up, and if you start mixing it here Mr. Corbush might get to watching you and —— well, we might crash."

WE TOOK altitude to clear a jagged-topped range, we picked up towns and beacons, skirted north of Blythe, drifted out across a desert. And after a while I noticed Ken shifting uneasy in his seat and staring at the instrument board.

"Anything wrong?" I asks.

"How do you read that gas gauge?" he says.

"Why, she shows only five!" says I.

"Tap it," says he.

I gave the glass a rap and the indicator dropped a notch.

"Leak somewhere," says Ken. "Here, take over. Think you can hold her steady? Try it. I've got to have a look."

And there I am, flying a ten-place ship at 2000 feet. For a few minutes anyhow. Then Ken stops scouting around and takes the controls.

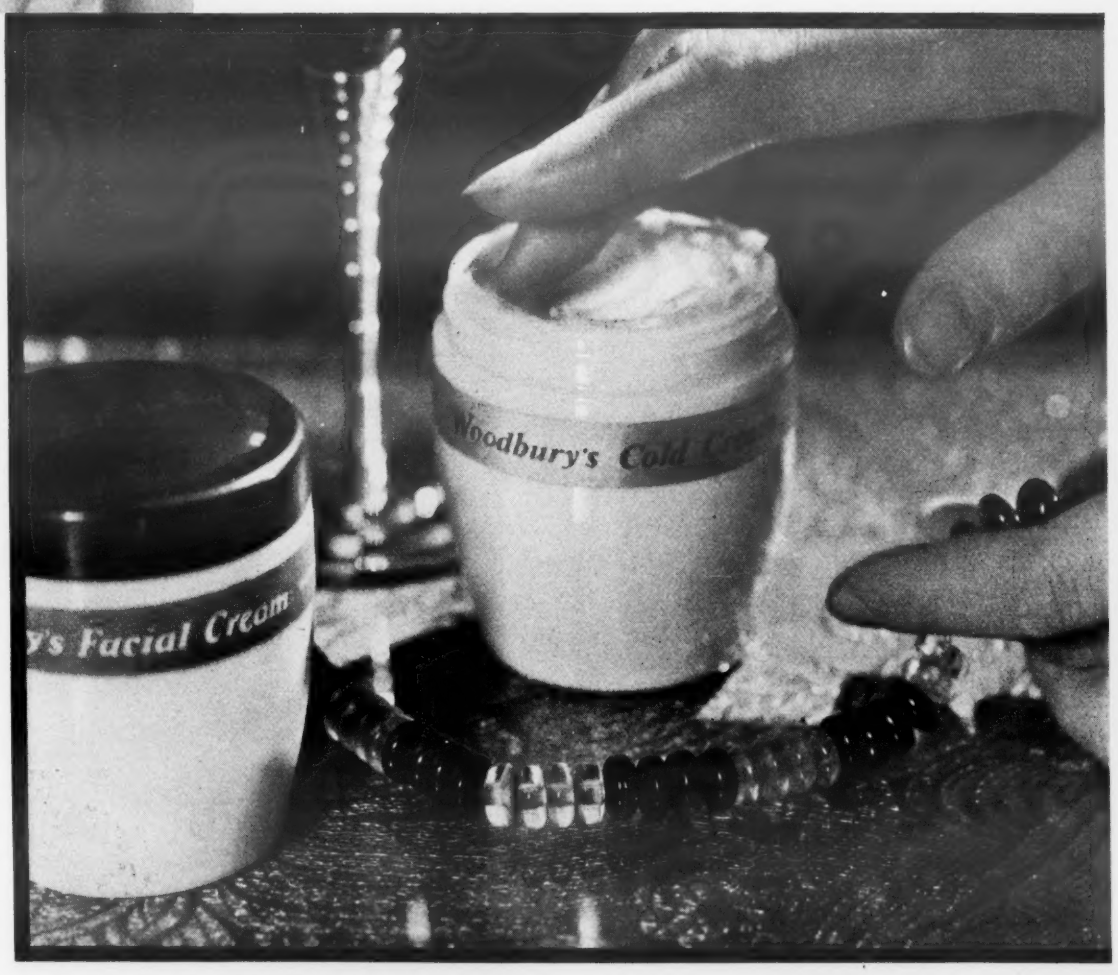
"Found it," says he. "Dripping a stream from the starboard wing tank. Lucky we aren't ablaze. Got to get down quick. Tell the passengers to stand by for a forced landing. May shake 'em up considerably."

Might have been three minutes, maybe more, that Ken circles around picking out a spot, but once he makes up his mind

(Continued on Page 70)

does your skin feel *thirsty* Dry?

this quick-melting cream will restore the natural moisture. . . keep it soft and pliant



YOU know the feeling—a drawn tightness under the eyes, around the mouth. You rub your fingers over your cheeks—they are parchy to the touch. Little criss-cross lines begin to show themselves. All because your skin is dry—dry—dry. You might almost say it is thirsty.

And this skin condition—this dryness—is really the *cause* of wrinkles, the reason so many women look old before their time.

To correct it, the Woodbury laboratories formulated a cream of fine, light oils—a cream that puts back into the skin the natural moisture that modern living conditions rob it of. Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature!

Cover your face and throat with this soothing cream. Stroke it on gently. It melts instantly—penetrates without rubbing. You can actually feel your skin drinking in its nourishing oils. It coaxes the grime out of the pores—lubricates as it cleans. It leaves the skin soft and pliant—with a rested feeling and a fresh, healthful color.

A daily treatment with Woodbury's Cold Cream checks dryness—postpones the day when the wrinkles creep in.

As a protection against outdoor exposure and as a powder base, use just a touch of Woodbury's Facial Cream. It vanishes immediately, and helps, too, in keeping the skin moist.

You can get the Woodbury Creams, in jars and tubes, at drug stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just mail the coupon with 10c in stamps or coin.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co.
Dept. J-5, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin), please send me trial set of the Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

© 1930, The Andrew Jergens Company

Mrs. Hamilton Fish Jr.

of Washington's Political and Diplomatic Set serves a Variety of Breads

As one of the outstanding hostesses of Washington, Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., wife of the New York Congressman, is one of society's busiest women. She does a great deal of formal entertaining.

She plays golf, too . . . attends every important debate in the House . . . and converses brilliantly on current politics. Sometimes she must make as many as eight calls in one afternoon.

Yet she manages to schedule her day so skillfully that she has time to plan her own menus and give to her children the most careful personal supervision.

"Home-making can never become a humdrum task when the purpose back of it is the health and happiness of our children," says Mrs. Fish.

"I'm not advocating 'fussy' meals. Simple meals are best. But they must be varied continually. For the sake of variety, I usually serve several different kinds of breads. It is just human nature to like a choice. There should be as much variety in breads as in vegetables or meats. Coffee Pretzels are delicious toasted for tea. Cheese Cake is a favorite with our household, too. The children are very fond of Apple Rolls."

Your Baker makes these breads: Today every community boasts its up-to-date bakery, shining with cleanliness. Here highly skilled bakers make brown, tender, crusty bread in scores of fascinating varieties.

They use the finest ingredients and the utmost care, just as if you had these breads baked in your own home. Your baker's daily experience and his scientifically controlled oven enable him to supply breads that are always beautifully baked.

POLITICS is one of her hobbies. Here is Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr., on the steps of her home on Ashmead Place as she starts to the House of Representatives to hear an important speech.

MRS. FISH is tall and handsome, with dark brown eyes and a lovely fresh skin. Although she dines out every night of the season except when she entertains guests at her own table, Mrs. Fish makes it a point to be home when her children are having supper. Hamilton Fish III is a direct descendant of the famous Petrus Stuyvesant, whose name is bound up with so much of New York's history.

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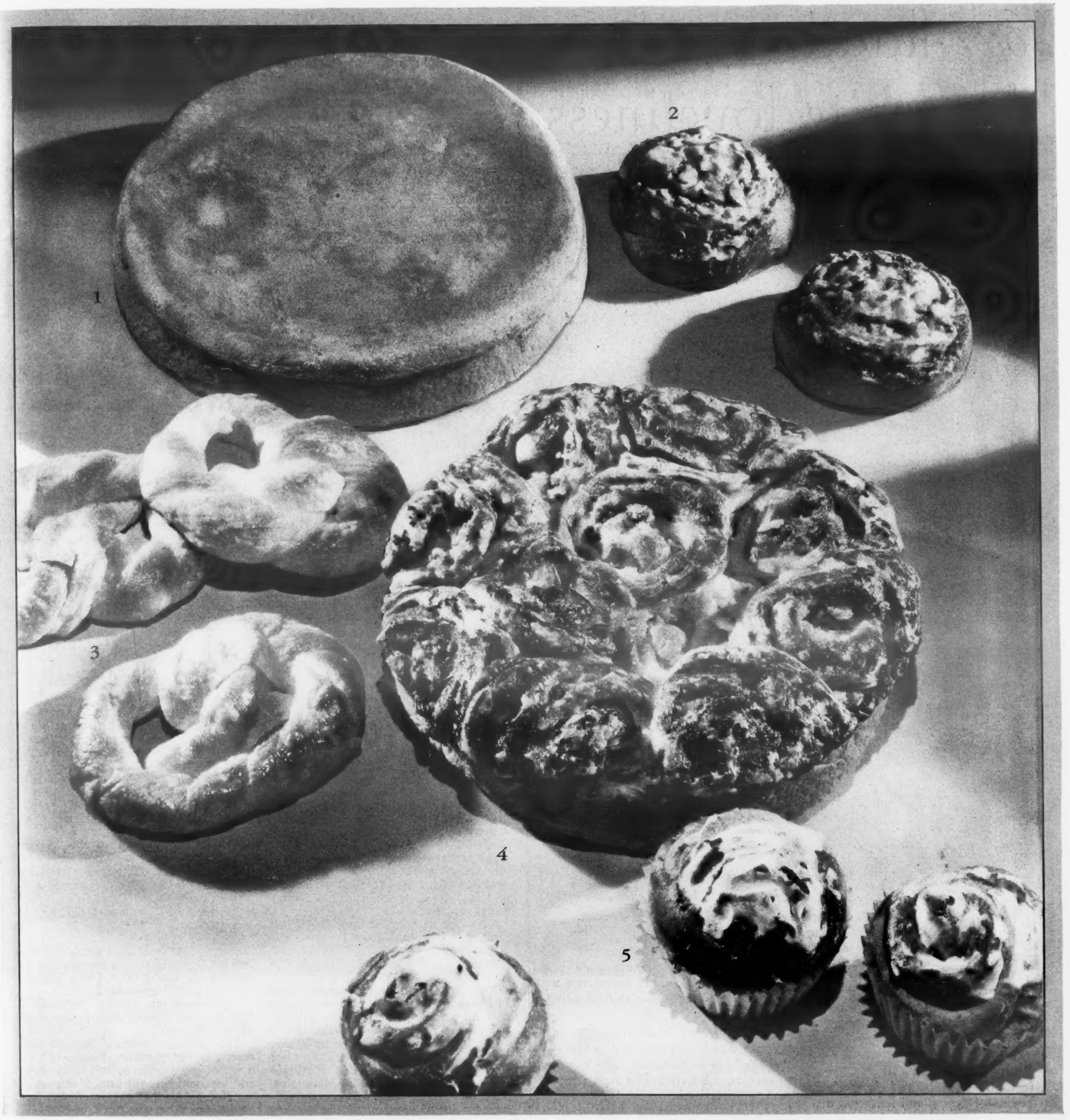


Your Grocer or Baker can supply these Delicious Breads

1. Cheese Cake fairly melts in your mouth. Men like it, especially with coffee for dessert.

2. Filbert Rolls are thickly sprinkled with tasty nut meats. They are delightful with coffee, tea, chocolate or milk.

3. Coffee Pretzels are rich and brown and buttery. They are delicious toasted.

4. Golden brown Apple Rolls are filled with fruit and daintily frosted with vanilla icing. They appeal particularly to children.

5. Roasted filberts, finely ground, make Japanese Rolls a great favorite for breakfast.

Ask your baker or your grocer for their specials. They delight the eye and whet the appetite. You can always get one or several delicious breads to serve, whatever the occasion may be.

Thirty thousand bakers now use Fleischmann's Yeast, just as all discriminating housewives did when they used to bake at home. Standard Brands Incorporated. Offices in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Your hands can have this white loveliness

Keep your hands smooth, soft, dazzlingly white with this wonderful preparation. It leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Two Famous Ingredients give this preparation almost instant power to soften and whiten

It is a joyful experience!—the first time you use Jergens Lotion on your hands.

Instantly—your skin feels soothed, refreshed. Dryness and irritation disappear almost at once. After a few applications your skin begins to show a lovely suppleness and softness.

You can keep your hands smooth and white, no matter how much you use them, by giving them daily care with this wonderful preparation.

Jergens Lotion owes its unusual healing action to two famous skin restoratives, used in medicine for generations because of their power to soothe and soften the skin. It leaves not a trace of stickiness—your skin absorbs it instantly.

Because of its wonderful help in keeping hands smooth and white—thousands of women have also begun to use Jergens Lotion as a regular accessory of the bath, to give their arms, back, neck, shoulders the same lovely smoothness and whiteness.

Get a bottle of Jergens Lotion today and see what relief, what daily comfort it will give your skin. 50 cents at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Jergens Lotion

FREE · A new trial bottle

The Andrew Jergens Co., 3009 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
Please send me—free—the new large-size trial bottle of Jergens Lotion, and the booklet, *"Eight Occasions When Your Skin Needs Special Protection."*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 3009 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

(Continued from Page 66)

down we go, banking left and right to kill the speed, and the next I know we're skimming the sagebrush. Then we touch, bounce a sand furrow, careen wild, and finally sink one wheel in a gopher hole so hard she nearly turns turtle. But we don't quite flop and she settles back with the propellers still turning. It's a nice piece of work. Then we all pile out, McCarter so wabbly in the knees he has to slump on the sand. Cyril is even paler than usual but manages to work up a grin and light a cigarette.

"Well, here we are!" he remarks.

That was the big fact. And Ken soon finds that the struts have stood the strain, that the tail is okay, and that nothing seems bent. Next he climbs up and locates that loose connection on a feed pipe, the work of some butter-fingered boob that helped with the refueling. Stops the leak too. Not much left in the tanks, though.

"Just where are we?" asks McCarter.

Ken says we're in the desert northeast of Salton Sea, near as he can judge.

"And what do we do now?" demands R. J.

"Find a way of getting 20 or 30 gallons of gas somehow," says Ken.

"Gas?" says McCarter, staring around.

AND say, I never knew how empty and wide them California desert stretches could look until I was plunked down in the middle of one.

Ken thinks the nearest town might be Indio, maybe 75 miles away, but only an old desert rat could make it on foot. He says our best chance is to flag the mail plane that's due back about tomorrow noon. He don't say it can be done, but it's worth trying. Thinks we are somewhere on the mail route, and if the pilots are not flying too high to see us ——

"Well, we shall have to wait until someone does," he says. "Bunch, let's take stock of that luncheon hamper."

Lucky for us some of them railroaders had gone light on the eats the day before. Which meant we wouldn't starve for a day or so, anyhow.

It would have been mighty dull though, drilling around there in the shade of a dead plane, if it hadn't been for the by-play between them two cross-mated passengers. McCarter has been a good deal sobered up by our narrow shave from a crash, but while he must have been pretty well scared you could hardly say he showed any yellow streak. No more did Cyril. And R. J. don't seem able to keep his eyes off this slick-haired youth his niece wants to marry.

"No," he says, half to himself. "I just can't imagine what Dorothy ever saw in you."

"Don't try," says Cyril. "It is apt to come over you suddenly."

"Not while I have my senses," says McCarter. "I'll tell you why too. You're not only an idle young good-for-nothing, but you don't even use such brains as you ought to have. Now I know something about your father. Stuart Shaw, isn't he? Big hotel man. Inherited a third-rate resort place up in the White Mountains, put it on a paying basis, sold it to a syndicate for stock, reorganized the concern and now he's head of the second largest chain in the country. Used his brains. While you —— Say, did you ever have an idea of your own in all your life?"

"WHY, you'd be surprised," says Cyril. "At least one a day. Some perfectly corking ones about hotel management, only they don't appeal to dad."

"Such as what?" asks R. J.

"Eliminating pimply faced bus boys and parsley on fish," says Cyril.

"Rot!" says McCarter. "Say, you fat boy, take him away, can't you?"

"Shoo him off yourself," says I. "He ain't in my family."

I never saw a sunrise more welcome. You should have heard McCarter squawk about having to breakfast on half a cheese sandwich and a paper cup full of ginger ale. His early morning disposition ain't angelic. But Cyril is as chipper as a spring robin. He helps pull brush and level a take-off run in case we should get some gas somehow. Then we began discussing how we could signal a plane if it came over. Ken's idea was to fix up some sort of flag to wave, but I said I doubted if it could be seen from any elevation.

"Well, then?" says Ken.

"I got to chew it over," says I. "Let's everybody think."

"Especially Uncle Roscoe, who is such a specialist on using his brains," suggests Cyril.

BUT McCarter can't seem to produce anything, although he sits with his brow furrowed for nearly an hour. Finally, as Cyril and I are out staring up at the sky, something strikes me.

"What we need is gas, ain't it?" says I. "Well, then, that's what we want to tell any pilot that comes by. So why don't we write GAS on the sand somehow in big letters?"

"Of course!" says Ken. "Letters ten feet long. Use everything white we have. Get busy."

"But, I say!" comes in Cyril. "Would you mind letting Uncle Roscoe think this was my idea? He says I never have one, you know, and if he thought I ——"

"Grab it," says I, and Ken nods.

So it's Cyril who does the heavy bossing as we start our S O S sign on the floor of the desert. He marks out a huge G and we begin covering it with the hamper napkins and my white coat.

"Now some shirts," says Cyril. "Off with yours, Uncle Roscoe."

"Eh?" says McCarter.

"Peel it," says I. "Here's mine."

"Now bring out the suitcases," says Cyril. "Sorry my pajamas are all colored, but I'll bet Uncle Roscoe wears white ones—or a nightshirt."

His second guess was good, and it was one of the biggest slumber bags I ever saw—more like a young tent.

"That will help a lot," says Cyril, "especially if we rip it in two."

And McCarter has to stand by while we amputate his nightie. But his spare union suits came in handiest. He had three pair and they were such long-legged affairs that they finished the A for us. The S seemed to take a lot of material, though. We had pieced out the upper half when we ran out of stuff entirely. And just then, way off in the west, Ken makes out a speck in the sky.

"It's a plane!" he sings out. "Headed this way too."

"THEN we must fill out the S," says Cyril. "Those undies you have on will almost do it, Uncle Roscoe."

"Wha-a-at!" gasps R. J.

"Let's have 'em. Quick!" orders Cyril. "Don't want to stay here in the desert forever, do you?"

That got him shedding 'em, all right, even if he did grumble. But there's still a vacant space at the bottom of the letter, and we could hear the hum of motors.

"Hurry with that gas sign," says Ken. "Find something else, can't you?"

Cyril looks at me, hitching up my pants. "What are you wearing, Bunch?" says he. "Shorts? No good." Then he glances at McCarter, who's pulling his suspenders over his bare shoulders.

"Drop 'em, Uncle Roscoe," he demands. "You're nice and white all over. You'll do for the turn of the S. Lively, now! Stretch yourself out here."

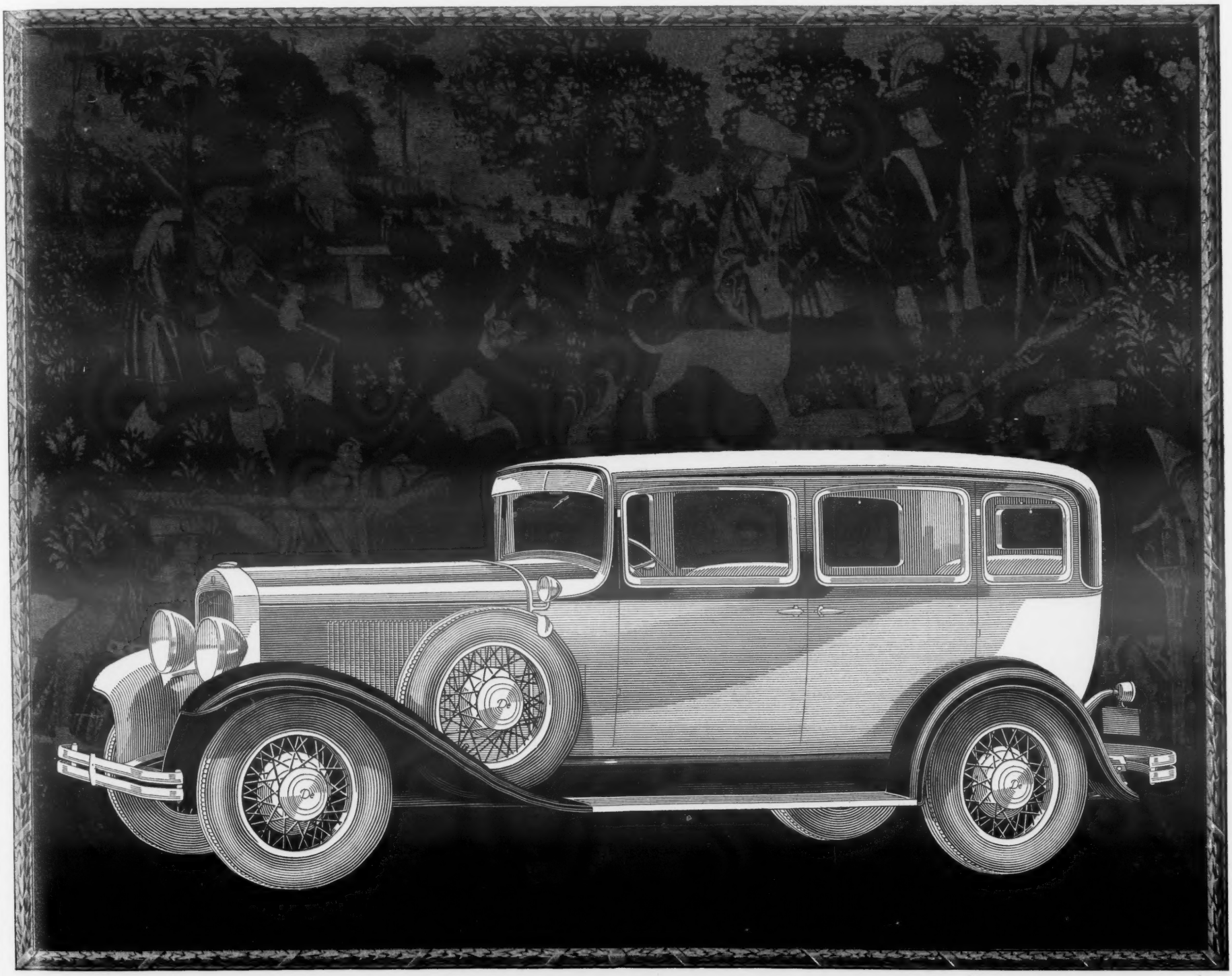
"Not—not without anything on!" protests R. J.

"It's the only way," says Cyril. "Down you go. There! And curve yourself, Uncle Roscoe, curve yourself."

"You can think of the dumbdest things!" growls McCarter.

(Continued on Page 72)

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



The sterling quality of the new Chrysler built De Soto Straight Eight begins with sound and skillful engineering, carries on through the basic excellence of materials, and extends to all the infinite detail of precision craftsmanship.

Here are all the hallmarks of a quality that inspires lasting confidence and pride.

$965

AND UP, F. O. B. DETROIT

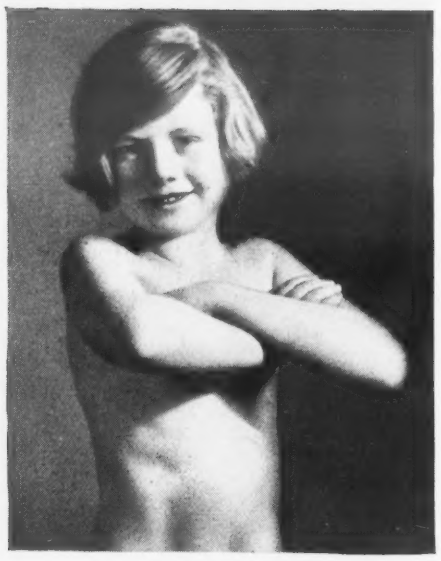
DE SOTO

STRAIGHT EIGHT

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Here quality expresses itself in richness of appearance; in luxurious appointments — and above all, quality speaks out in performance not equaled by many eight-cylinder cars hundreds of dollars higher in price.

Obvious quality, far more than low price, is the new De Soto Straight Eight's passport to swift and enduring popularity.

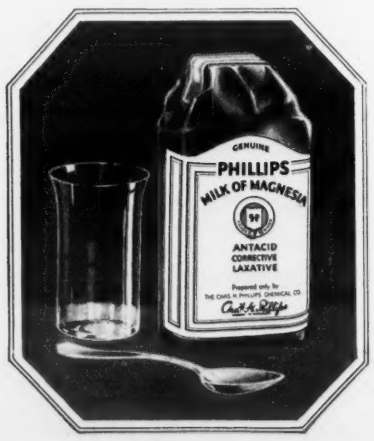


For a
CHILD
Milk of Magnesia

With all your care, a child's system will now and then become too acid. Rest and diet will correct it. But this takes time. The *instant* way is with an alkaline provided by Nature for the purpose. Milk of Magnesia. Make no mistake about the best form of magnesia. For over fifty years Phillips Milk of Magnesia has been the standard anti-acid for correcting disorders caused by excess acid. In adults: sour stomach, nausea, indigestion, heartburn. In children: bad breath, sour belching, frequent vomiting, colic, feverishness, diarrhea.

All those symptoms of over-acidity are soon banished by a little Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water. A mother's duty is so much easier when she uses it. Children accept it so readily. Nothing better to keep the intestines open in cases of constipation, colds, and children's diseases. It has important uses at any age.

Be sure to get the genuine, prescriptional product. Milk of magnesia is a liquid. The bottle should bear Chas. H. Phillips' signature. Phillips is what physicians use and endorse.



(Continued from Page 70)

"But I do think, don't I?" says Cyril.

"Hey! Stop arguing and wave something," shouts Ken. "She's coming over at nearly 1500 feet."

So Cyril and I grabbed the nearest thing—Cyril taking R. J.'s pants and scattering his watch and small change about reckless. And for a while it looked as if the ship was going to sail right along. Then the pilot must have noticed something queer way below him for he does a wide bank and starts nosing down.

"Spots us, thank heaven!" says Ken.

"Eh?" says McCarter, sitting up. "Are they going to ——"

"Lie down," orders Cyril. "You're spoiling the S."

"But I'm being blistered by this sun," he complains.

"You are turning too red," says Cyril. "Mustn't do that or you'll ruin the color scheme. Wait! I have some talcum powder. Take the curve again."

And he sprinkles McCarter until he shows white once more. "It's all right," he tells him. "You're only part of the alphabet, you know. And don't wriggle. Here comes the plane!"

IT'S one of the Benning system cabin ships, probably with a load of tourists on a day trip to Boulder Dam. Lower and lower it swoops and finally we got a wave from up front as they reads our sign. Two minutes later a paper bag tied to a spanner wrench comes slithering down and when we'd retrieved it we find a cheering message penciled on the bag: "Will drop you some gas soon." And off goes the ship southwest.

Well, it was a lucky break, that's all. We found afterwards we weren't within twenty miles of the mail route and if this excursion bus hadn't happened along we might have been there yet. As it was they parachuted a couple of tins to us in less than an hour, and after a rough take-off we got going again. You can bet we was thankful to be on our way.

I was in the cabin when McCarter made his little speech to Cyril, and he speaks up like a good sport too.

"We all make mistakes, young man," says he, "and I made one of mine when I said you were a useless young whelp. You have turned out different and I apologize. If you hadn't thought of spelling out that word we might never have gotten out of that sandy hole. I—I want to thank you."

He holds out his hand and they shakes across the aisle.

"And you are not half so much of an old bear as I thought," says Cyril. "But didn't I tell you you'd be crazy over me before long, Uncle Roscoe?"

"I'm not," says R. J. "You made me strip in the desert, and you got me almost parboiled, and I'm a long ways from being an uncle to you yet. I can't believe Dorothy really wants to marry you."

"We shall soon see," says Cyril.

WE DID too. But first we were puzzled to see the big crowd at the Super-Service Airways port. We didn't know then that we'd been reported missing in all the morning papers, or that the noon editions had come out with lurid tales about our being down in the desert, half starved and naked, and how the Benning pilot had dropped gas to us. Anyhow, there was a mob on hand and it took the field force ten minutes to clear 'em off so we could land.

But, crashing through tabloid reporters, camera men and rubber necks generally, came this tall, husky young woman with the tanned arms and the startled blue eyes. Dorothy Buell, who wants her sweetie. She don't wait for anyone to open the cabin door, but climbs right in, grabs Cyril, and gives him a bear hug that must have bent his ribs.

"You darling, silly old thing!" she gurgles into his left ear.

"I say, Dot!" gasps Cyril. "Easy on the cave-woman stuff."

But she only cuddles him closer. "Isn't he a dear, Uncle Roscoe?" she asks.

AND you should have seen the seasick expression on McCarter's face as he turns to glance at us. All the comeback he has though is: "Well, I don't know. Is he?"

"But you should know," says Miss Buell. "You were with him through all that terrible experience in the desert and he must have been wonderful. Wasn't he now, Uncle Roscoe?"

"Go on," advises Cyril. "You might as well admit it first as last."

"We-e-ell," says R. J., "I suppose he did help save us."

"There!" says Dorothy, patting Cyril on the back. "I just knew he would do something noble when I heard you two were —— But, Uncle Roscoe; how did you happen to be in that plane, too? I thought you didn't care for flying."

"I don't," says McCarter. "But when I got word about your being engaged to some fellow I'd never seen I was afraid you were rushing into something foolish, and as I am your guardian ——"

"How Victorian!" says Dorothy. "Dear old Guardy to the rescue! As though you had ever been able to stop me from doing anything I'd made up my mind to do. But I do want you to be nice about this, and now that you know Cyril so well —— He is such fun, isn't he? He has the quaintest ideas."

"I'll say he does," admits McCarter, grinning a little. "About parsley and putting a tail on the letter *S*."

"Then I may have him, mayn't I, Uncle Roscoe?" she asks.

"When?" says R. J.

"JUST as soon as I win this tournament," says Dorothy. "Semi-finals on Saturday and I shall come through. Please may I?"

"If he's what you want, I suppose you may," says he.

"Oh, you are an old dear!" says she, giving him the fond tackle around the neck.

"Ouch!" howls McCarter. "Just remember I've been laid out in the sun as part of a letter. Where's a drug store?"

And as the three of 'em dash through the crowd into a taxi I says to Ken Corbush: "Well, she gets her man, don't she? And I bet the reporters will write it up as an air romance and tell about the lovely blushing bride being led to the altar. Led? Hooey! Case of a pink-eared groom walking into the net, I'd call it. He might have done a lot worse though, at that."

Let's Go Places
and
See Things

is the title of a most interesting and informative article on how women may take

Motor Vacations

It's in the
JUNE JOURNAL

College life is hard *on Stockings*

but Dexdales wore 39.43% better at Radcliffe

Rushing to classes . . . walking or bicycling . . . dancing . . . always hurrying . . . campus life is hard on stockings!

So — we thought — if Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Stockings resist a college girl's strenuous activity and please her captious taste — they really *are* better!

100 Radcliffe girls made the test. Each wore a mixed pair of one Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" and one ordinary stocking, day after day and washed them each night, until one of the two became unwearable.

Averaged, the results of the test showed that the "Silk-Sealed" Stockings *wore 39.43% longer.*

As for appearance — we quote from the records! "*Lovely!*" "*Beautifully sheer.*" "*Superior grade and quality.*"

"Silk-Sealing"—the new Dexdale process—adds greater beauty—longer wear to fine silk hosiery. "Sealing" smoothes and strengthens the threads . . . "pulled" threads and "runs" are fewer . . . colors are clear — texture exquisitely lustrous.

Your dealer has Dexdale "Silk-Sealed" Hosiery in all smart colors . . . from $1.25 to $3.00.

Dexdale
"Silk-Sealed" Hosiery

Send for the booklet "Dexdale goes to College." It tells the interesting story of the College Wear Tests and gives hints on wearing the new hosiery shades. Address Dept. A-2.

DEXDALE HOSIERY MILLS, INC., *Lansdale, Pa.*

Just "plain folks" *at home . . . these glamorous successes find* **DATED** Coffee *luxuriously satisfying*

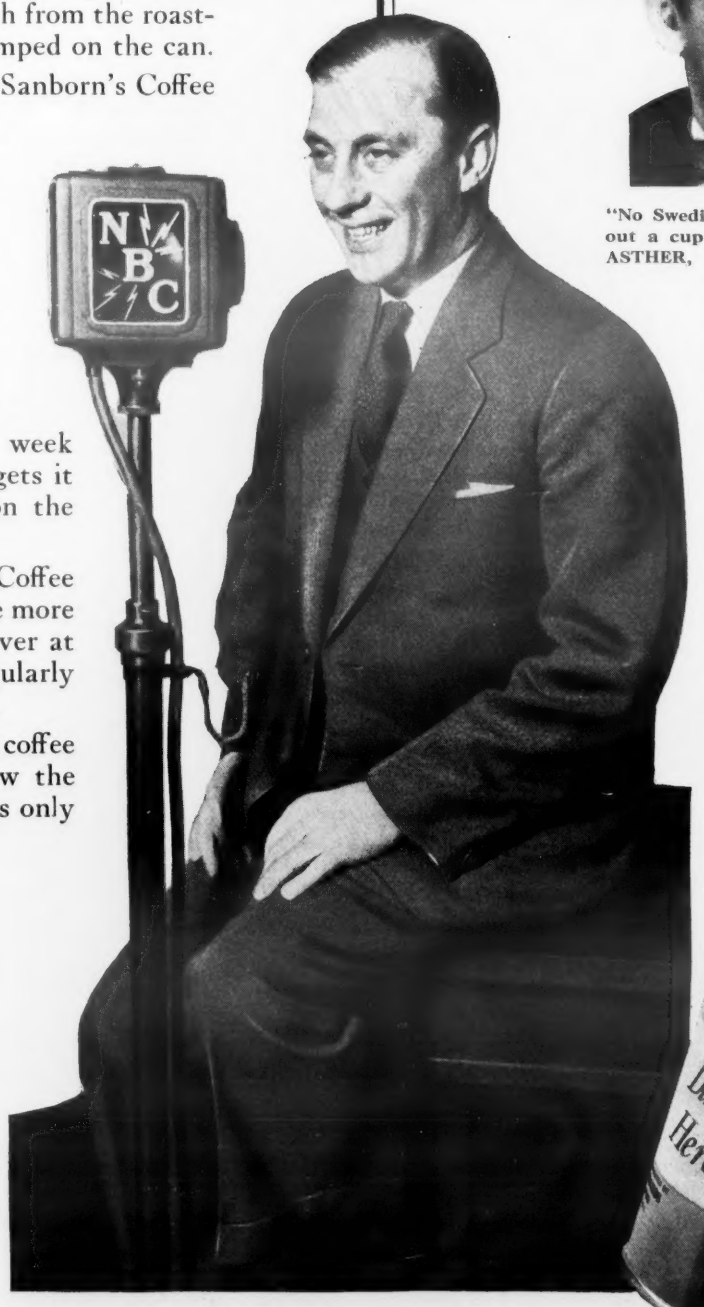
THE fastidious buy "24-hour eggs" in a dated package. Careful mothers pour milk from a bottle with a dated cap. Now you, lover of good coffee, can get yours fresh from the roasting ovens . . . with the date stamped on the can.

For sixty-five years, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee has been a favorite in many sections of the country. Now, through the same "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., which delivers fresh Fleischmann's Yeast, this extra fine coffee speeds to your grocer wherever you are, straight from the roaster.

No storage . . . no delay for re-handling. Two deliveries a week . . . the date that your grocer gets it plainly marked in large type on the label of each can.

And no Chase & Sanborn's Coffee can remain in your grocer's store more than ten days. Any cans left over at the end of that period are regularly collected and replaced by fresh.

Get Chase & Sanborn's dated coffee from your grocer today. Know the delectable full-flavor that comes only from perfectly fresh coffee.



GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his voice—his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. But few of us realize the man behind the voice. He is quiet, simple, and appreciative of good things.

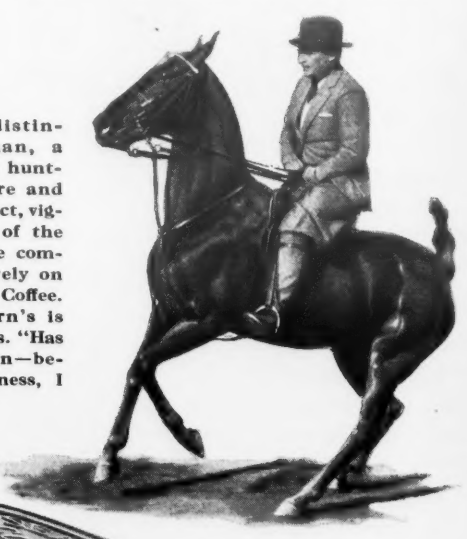
"Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says earnestly, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."

"No Swedish dinner is complete without a cup of good coffee," says NILS ASTHER, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. "That's why I use Chase & Sanborn's. I know that it is as fresh as it is pleasing to the taste and one never grows tired of it."

IRVIN COBB, author, jovial and witty, his name linked eternally with laughter, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think your coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."

■

ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, a noted figure in the hunting field both here and abroad, has the direct, vigorous preferences of the outdoors man. He comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee. "Chase & Sanborn's is great coffee," he says. "Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."



LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

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MAKE THIS TEST YOURSELF: You can prove in your own kitchen that Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin sets in half the usual time. Prepare a package the same way you always prepare gelatin desserts. Chill it the same way. Notice how quickly it jells! (By following directions on package, the time can be shortened to from 30 to 45 minutes.)

New.. Royal Gelatin

wins in *Ida Bailey Allen* speed test

Jells nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, famous food authority, President of National Radio Home-Makers Club.

THIS gelatin dessert test was made in Mrs. Allen's model radio broadcasting kitchen in New York City.

"All four gelatins," says Mrs. Allen, "were made exactly the same way. All four went into the refrigerator at exactly the same time.

"In one hour the Royal Gelatin Dessert was ready to unmould!

"One of the other gelatins was still soft—it collapsed at once when we tried to unmould it. The remaining two had not even begun to set.

"The result did not surprise us. For in every refrigerator test we've made, Royal has set nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts.

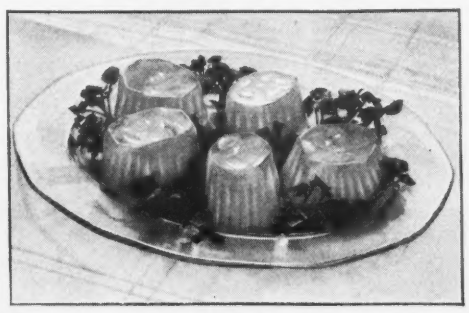
"This marvelous quick setting quality of Royal is invaluable to me in my broadcasting of speed meals.

"Now — with Royal — we prepare a gelatin dessert or salad at the beginning of a half-hour radio broadcast. Invariably, it's ready to serve — beautifully jelled — before the close of the talk." . . . .

Think what this means to busy modern women! You can prepare your gelatin dessert in three minutes —just before your meal is put on to cook. At dessert time, your gelatin is ready—perfectly jelled, tender and quivery. Don't confuse Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert with any other gelatin you have ever tried or have been using. It's an entirely new formula developed in the laboratories of the Royal Baking Powder Company.

Serve this amazing new gelatin dessert for dinner tonight! Combine it with berries or other fresh fruits. Or serve with sweetened whipped cream. But be sure to get the quick setting kind—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box. Tell your grocer nothing else will do.

Five delicious fruit flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Cherry, Strawberry, Lemon and Orange.



DUCHESS SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¾ cup cold water and ¼ cup grapefruit juice. Color delicately with green. Chill until it begins to thicken; add ½ cup diced cucumber and 1½ cups grapefruit pulp. Pour in small moulds, each of which has been garnished with sliced cucumber. Chill until firm. Serve on watercress with mayonnaise.

JELLIED CHICKEN SALAD

Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water or boiling chicken stock. Add 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon grated onion, ¼ cup lemon juice, 1 cup cold water. Chill until thick, then gradually beat in ¾ cup thick mayonnaise. Fold in 1 cup diced chicken, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 pimiento and 1 small green pepper, chopped fine. Chill in loaf pan. Garnish with small pimiento cups filled with mayonnaise. To serve, cut in slices.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert

Suggestions for Home Decorators

Awnings

LAZING in the light, protected from the hottest rays by an awning which just suits your outside walls—could anything be sweeter? Certainly no exterior decoration could be more practical for the next few months.

To choose awnings, consider:

The color of the walls—a white house, or a gray one, looks best when awnings are orange, red or purple.

A stucco wall takes a smartly striped awning nicely, with severe spear heads of iron for supports—see the upper illustration. Often on such a wall awnings are used without side valances.

For a Spanish-style house, awnings can be very intricately patterned, and full of color; note, in the lower illustration, how the awning fabric is hung like overdraperies on the outside of the upper window—one of the newest styles, and so easy to open or close without the bother of winding yards of rope around a "dodingus" while the screen grazes your arms.

For a Colonial house, select awnings of dignified design and style.

A bungalow needs gay awnings, shallow, with narrow valances and no decorative hardware.

If your home is in the English-cottage style, use simple fabric, in medium tones, with no noticeable hardware.

A more pretentious English-style house, of field stone or brick, may have plain awnings with valances of unusual outline, bound with a contrasting color.

THE FURNITURE STYLES, by Herbert E. Binstead. New and revised edition. Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York, $3.

To the edition of 1904 the author, who is editor of The Furniture Record and the Furnisher, has added a new chapter, dealing with modern art, which is brief and valuable, though limited to foreign productions.

Chapters on history and chronology in furniture styles differentiate the book somewhat from others of its kind. The twelve other chapters discuss styles, beginning with the Elizabethan, all the way through the Empire and L'Art Nouveau.

DO YOU KNOW how beautiful orange is in sunny rooms? Use it in figured hangings, with yellow glass curtains. Or with red-orange and orange-yellow striped fabric for sun-room chairs and cushions. With cerulean turquoise, lapis, other blues—blue rugs, wall hangings, small tables, lamp bases, flower bowls, for contrast and coolness.

WHAT DIRECTION DOES THE LIGHT COME FROM? No room can be suitably furnished, no good color plan can be made until that all-important fact is known.

In warm light we use strong colors; pale tints are only washed out, made ugly and lifeless, by strong light.

In the tropics the plumage of birds, flowers, even the leaves of trees, are vivid and full of color—to harmonize with dazzling light.

As one comes north, colors begin to pale—yet they look right because light is not too bright for them.

A KITCHEN ON THE NORTH can be made inviting if the walls and ceiling are painted pale peach—gloss, washable—with the baseboard and floor navy blue, the woodwork peach; using rag rugs in soft greens, bordered with navy blue. Wisteria would be excellent for the furniture, trimmed with the peach and soft green, using the same green for the insides of cupboards and closets. Peach dimity, bound with blue checked gingham at the windows, and peach and green for breakfast service.

A KITCHEN ON THE SOUTH would welcome with Chinese-yellow walls and ceiling, yellow-green linoleum; baseboard glossy black and furniture to match, trimmed with the yellow and green, the insides of cabinets painted orange, and all the utensils green, or green and bisque. At the windows, plaid black-and-white sheer fabric banded with orange.

—LOIS PALMER.

Painting Furniture

GIVEN a pot of paint, a brush, and plenty of enthusiasm, one has an open sesame to all the joys of creation. Wonders can be done in transforming unattractive, dull old furniture, or new pieces can be bought in the raw and painted according to your cherished ideas.

If old furniture is to be tackled the surface must first be prepared by removing all the old finish with paint or varnish remover. If this is well done, only a smoothing with sandpaper will be needed before painting. Good ready-mixed paints suitable for the purpose are best for the amateur to use, following the directions on the can. There is a wide range of colors, but if the exact tone is not found it can be had by combining two or more colors. For example, if green is too bright, add a bit of its complement, red. This will gray it. If too light, stir in a drop of black. To make any color lighter (a tint) add white. But go slowly, adding your color a little at a time and stirring constantly.

Apply the paint with smooth, even strokes, and allow it to dry thoroughly between each coat. Usually two or three applications are sufficient, but very light colors often take more. It is better to put on several thin coats than one heavy one.

Provided it offers plain surfaces without carving, almost any article of furniture can be successfully transformed by painting. Porch chairs, kitchen tables, the breakfast nook, beds and bureaus are the pieces that first come to mind, but even the living room is cheered by a gay little stand in red lacquer or a jade

PHOTO. OTIS COMPANY

wall cabinet; and uninteresting dining rooms respond to a bath of color.

One in particular leaped from insignificance into charm through the efforts of its clever owner. The conventional mahogany round table, six chairs and sideboard were fortunately plain in design. As the room was dark, light colors were chosen to make it gay and inviting. A gay wall paper was the inspiration. The woodwork of the room was painted a warm buff to match the ground of the paper. The blue green in the design was selected for the furniture and all pieces were painted alike, relief being given by the tangerine upholstery on the chair seats and by the gauze curtains at the window. A bowl of the same luminous color on a creamy cloth decorated the table, and creamy china was always used. Though extremely simple, the little room had a vivid personality which made all who saw it long to try their skill with the brush.

In a bedroom a favorite French print furnished the color scheme. The delicate blue of the sky, the lightest tone of the picture, was chosen for the walls, and the darkest, the mossy green of the grass, became the floor. The middle tone, the beige of the women's dresses, was used for the furniture. On this were painted decorative motifs, stiff little bunches of flowers in the high colors of the picture, rose, violet and azure; in fact, the design was copied from the bouquet in milady's hand. The upper bureau drawer held one of the floral motifs, and the headboard of the bed another; smaller sprays ornamented the chair backs and the bedside table. The decoration was used sparingly, as greater effect is gained in that way.

—MARY B. COGGESHALL.

Member, Decorators' Club of New York.

Some Fabrics

RAYON becomes increasingly beautiful. One kind, at only eighty-five cents a yard, is forty-five inches wide and makes wonderful bedroom hangings. It comes in delicate tints and delightful stripes as well as plain and two-tone effects.

Rayon moire is another soft fabric for use in feminine rooms. At $2.25 a yard it is forty-five inches wide, orchid, gold green and melon being its leading tones. The melon color is most alluring.

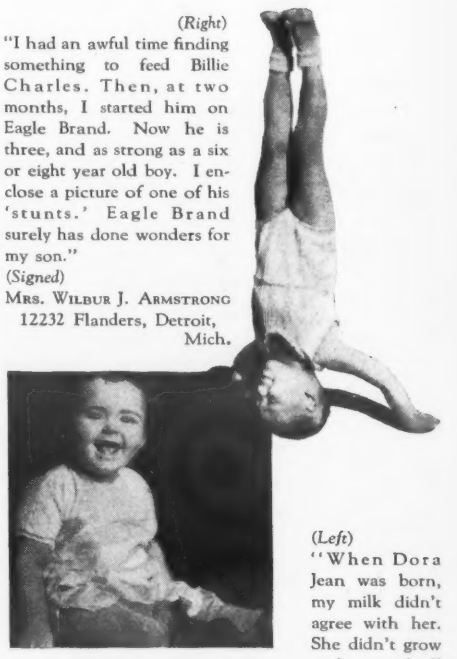
A new rayon in heavenly colors and new modern patterns makes unusually lovely shower curtains, as it has been found to dry in a few minutes. Made at home, their cost would be about ten dollars, unless they have to hang from a greater height than usual, requiring more yards.

Rayon reps comes in ombre effects, as well as plain; in many beautiful colors, fifty inches wide, at $1.50 a yard.

Radnor is not new, but if you're looking for a beautiful blue-green upholstery, it will fill the bill, at about $2.50 a yard, fifty inches wide. It is cotton, a sort of novelty reps, durable and attractive.

PHOTOS. COURTESY SWANFELDT TENT AND AWNING CO.

DOING *Splendidly,* THANK YOU!



(*Right*)
"I had an awful time finding something to feed Billie Charles. Then, at two months, I started him on Eagle Brand. Now he is three, and as strong as a six or eight year old boy. I enclose a picture of one of his 'stunts.' Eagle Brand surely has done wonders for my son."
(*Signed*)
MRS. WILBUR J. ARMSTRONG
12232 Flanders, Detroit, Mich.

(*Left*)
"When Dora Jean was born, my milk didn't agree with her. She didn't grow and was sick all the time. I changed her to Eagle Brand, and I want you to see her now! I am certainly thankful for Eagle Brand."
(*Signed*) MRS. VICTOR ARNETT,
Route No. 1, Morgantown, W. Va.

Every letter and picture published by the Borden Company is voluntarily sent to us by a grateful mother.

THRIVING . . . Growing . . . Laughing . . . Romping through a happy, sturdy childhood . . . That's the history of Eagle Brand babies, repeated over and over again in the thousands of letters grateful mothers write.

Eagle Brand is so easy to digest that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. 70 years of practical test have proved it the food most likely to "agree"—not only with healthy babies, but in difficult feeding cases, where other foods fail. And Eagle Brand is always pure, uniform and safe—even in hottest weather.

If your baby is not thriving on his present food, we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for two free booklets. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods advised by doctors. "The Best Baby" is a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development. Both will be sent you prepaid. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me my free copies of the new "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____months old.

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*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print Name and Address plainly)

Perfecting the Breakfast Ensemble

By ALEXANDRA B. ROGERS
Interior Decorator, Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PHOTOS. BY W. H. HOEDT

A Basque cloth is suitable in texture and color for the out-of-doors.

AS ONE of my clients rather sagely remarked the other day, "Marriages may be made in heaven but many a one is unmade at the breakfast table." And I think we have all come to realize in furnishing our homes, no less than in the clothes we wear, how important the smallest detail becomes in the ensemble. So it is not surprising to find more and more women giving the same minute attention to the appointments of the breakfast table as heretofore they have given only to those of their luncheon or dinner tables. This is as true, if not more so, of the young bride who must be a "Mrs. Three-In-One Hostess" as of the woman who keeps a servant or two.

Typical is the case of a young bride with whom I created the dining room and terrace ensembles illustrated on this page, together with a breakfast room which is not shown.

She was quick to appreciate the idyllic opportunity her terrace offered for breakfast for two. As can be seen, ivy planted in stucco-covered cement boxes set at intervals against the wall had already begun to cover the stucco walls of the house, and into the wall was sunk a fountain in creamy yellow, tawny gold, terra cotta and black tile. Green metal furniture was selected, and canopied gliders covered in cream, gold, terra cotta and black-striped duck.

Gay With Color

ON HER wedding trip, this bride had been captivated by cloths from the Basque countryside of France and she had brought back several. They are now on sale in America, too, for about $8.50 a set. These cloths are of cotton one way and linen the other, and are extremely gay in color.

Creamy Brittany earthenware, striped in blue, orange and green, with green handles, costing fifteen dollars a set, was selected as appropriate china for this gay cloth. A simple green bowl was used for the fruit. The dark green, rather heavy pressed-glass tumblers at $2.95 a dozen are from a set of eight which can also be used for bridge luncheons or teas on the terrace.

To carry out the color scheme still further it was intended later to buy green-handled, gold-plated flatware for use exclusively on this terrace table.

The breakfast room is small and, with its four French doors and two interior doors, there is very little wall space. Curtains of fine creamy net stretched tightly and shirred on rods, top and bottom, were used on the French doors. These lent softness, yet permitted the trees and garden to be seen clearly through them and they seemed to bring the out-of-doors in. For furniture, reproductions of Sheraton dining and serving tables, with a fine inlaid design, were selected, with two styles of Sheraton chairs. Wrought-iron wall brackets with pots of soft, peach-colored pottery filled with ivy hang on the narrow wall spaces. A modern plant stand, filled with plants, ferns and trailing vines, is used effectively against one wall.

This breakfast room opens off the dining room. Here a fine old mantel had been used, with so many small classical moldings and motifs that the general scheme of the room had to be kept simple, delicate and restrained.

The Importance of Details

THE color scheme was carried out in rich raisin reds and greens. These shades, like off-shades of pastel pink, were favorites of the bride because they set off her rich brunet coloring.

No picture was hung above the mantel to detract from its interest and beauty, and the only ornaments used were the simplest kind of creamy-white pottery bowl filled with ivy and two fine old silver candlesticks.

The paneled walls and woodwork of this room were painted a beautiful soft bluish-green mellowed in the glazing so that it harmonized in tone with the mantel. The floor was well rubbed and toned a deep shade of rich reddish brown.

The glass curtaining on the French doors is of the same net as that used in the breakfast room. The draperies are a raisin satin with silk-fringe trimming. These are hung from hinged metal rods that permit the free opening of the doors. They are draped back with acanthus-leaf holdbacks of antique gilt bronze which repeat the motif of the mantel decoration.

The background of the rug, one of those paradoxes called "American Oriental," is a deeper shade than the draperies, with soft greens, golds and lighter self tones.

Against the wall opposite the fireplace we placed a serving table with an old pair of candelabra and a beautiful old Wedgwood bowl which in its floral decoration picked up the raisin reds and greens of the room. In a corner, a cupboard was placed to hold some choice old family china.

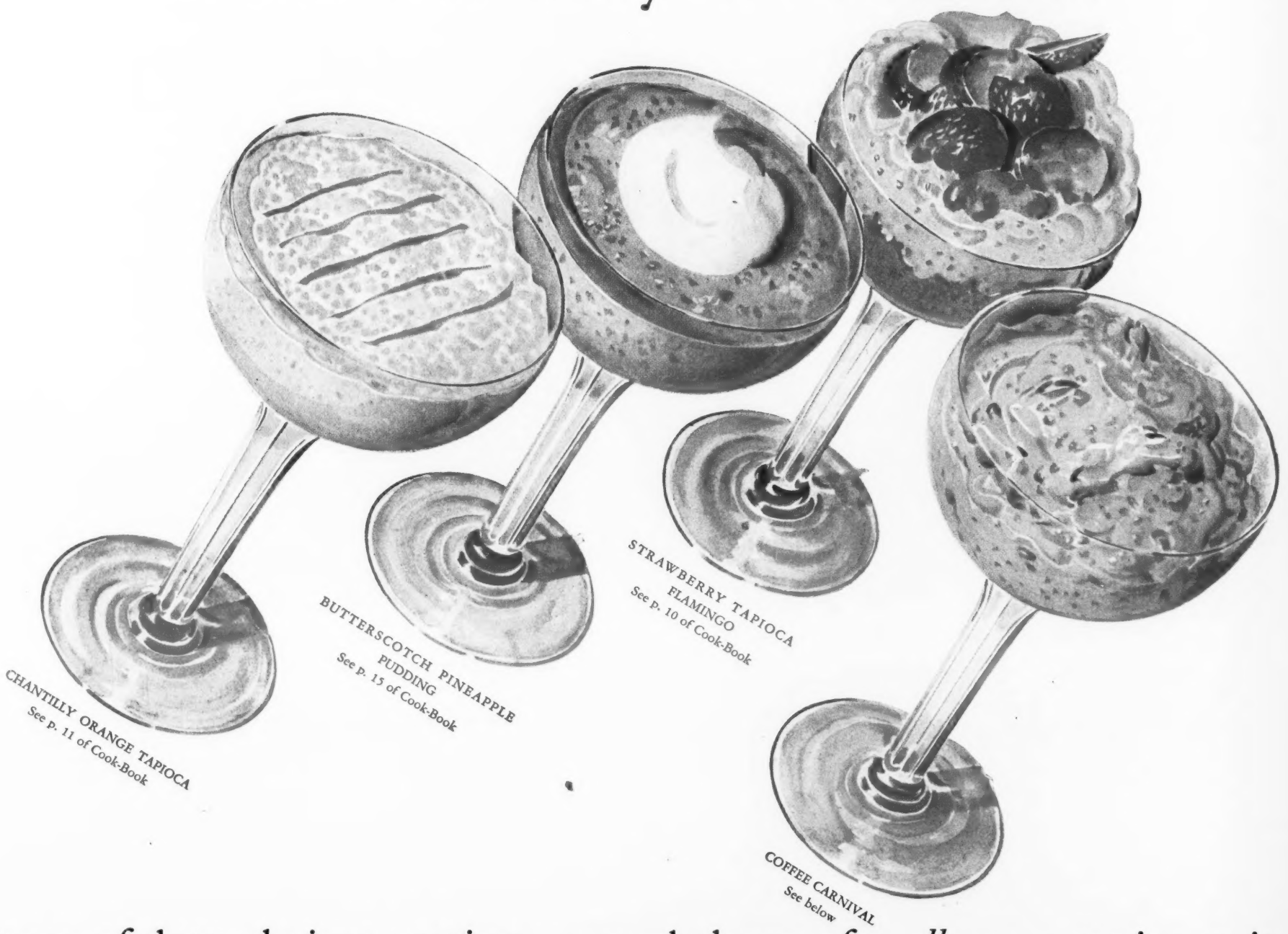
The lighting fixtures were old Directoire sconces which had been converted and made to hold cream-colored electric candles.

An open-stock set of Wedgwood was selected for use in both the dining room on informal occasions and also

(Continued on Page 81)

Below—Attention to detail makes this an inviting breakfast table.

Such Desserts You've Dreamed of Making . . . and *Now* They've Come True!



Scores of these glorious creations . . . so wholesome for *all ages* . . . await you in the New FREE Cook-Book . . . Send for it!

BEFORE your very eyes . . . proof that dreams *do* come true! Proof, also, that the praise bestowed on Minute Tapioca isn't really strong enough.

Look at these sparkling beauties! Try them! Taste them!

First, Coffee Carnival . . . blend of coffee and cream . . . studded with raisins . . . aglow with color . . . and enriched with whipped cream.

Chantilly Orange Tapioca . . . a pale gold cloud of melting orange goodness with a flavor as French as its name.

Butterscotch Pineapple Pudding . . . that mingles its mellow richness with plump nut meats and tempers the whole with cool fruitiness of pineapple.

And last . . . Strawberry Tapioca Flamingo! Half of it clear as ruby . . . and half of it a rose-tinged cream. The whole capped with ripe crushed berries.

Back of all this appetite enchantment . . . this tantalizing loveliness . . . is inexpensive, easy-to-prepare Minute Tapioca. It requires no soaking and only brief cooking, because it comes, already partially cooked, in small granules. For this reason it's especially easy to digest. And that's why Minute Tapioca desserts are *so very good* for young moderns.

Send today for the New Minute Tapioca Cook-Book and a different dessert for fifty days to come!

The best recipes we've tested to date! Half a hundred enchanting desserts . . . equally as many amazing "precision ingredient" recipes, featuring omelets, which won't fall, non-crumbling meat loaves, non-runny berry pies. The sooner you send for a "Cook's Tour with Minute Tapioca," the better your family will like it! Put the stamp on the envelope today!

COFFEE CARNIVAL

4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca	2 cups strong coffee
¼ teaspoon salt	½ cup sugar
⅓ cup seedless raisins	1 teaspoon vanilla
	1 cup cream, whipped

Add Minute Tapioca, salt, and raisins to coffee, and cook in double boiler 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear, stirring frequently. Add sugar. Chill. Add vanilla; fold in cream. Serve in sherbet glasses. Serves 6.

All measurements are level

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THE DESSERT AND "PRECISION INGREDIENT"

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Mrs. Anthony and her debutante daughter Miss

MISS MARJORIE GOULD
(now Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.)
at her debut at the Plaza, 1909.

"Every debutante counts on Pond's to help her look her best," says Mrs. Drexel. "In the old days there were only the Two Creams, but I used them faithfully! Now my daughter, like myself, delights in all four preparations." Mrs. Drexel's lovely smooth clear skin attests the marvelous efficacy of Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing . . . Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish. See both below.

Beautiful MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, JR., of Philadelphia and New York, has spent much of her married life at the Château de Courbois, near Biarritz, France. She is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her mother was the celebrated actress, Miss Edith Kingdon, before her marriage to the son of the late financier, Jay Gould . . . Now young MISS EDITH KINGDON DREXEL is fêted as the first debutante in this important family for twenty years.

J. Drexel, Jr.

Edith Kingdon Drexel

LOVELY daughter of a brilliant alliance between two famous American families—Drexels and Goulds! Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel inherits her distinguished mother's charm and dark vivacious beauty, her blue-black curls and wide eyes, her clear pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as debutantes and always, have counted on Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully." Miss Drexel charmingly adds: "When I was just a little girl, Mother taught me to cleanse my face and neck with the delicious Cold Cream . . . to smooth in a film of Vanishing Cream to protect my skin."

Now there are two delightful debutantes in Pond's family —two amazingly efficacious *new preparations* . . . silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream after cold cream cleansing . . . perfumed Skin Freshener to banish lingering oiliness, tone and firm your skin.

"I use them, and like them so much," says Miss Drexel. "We both delight in all four preparations," Mrs. Drexel says. Keep your own skin fine and lovely by Pond's famous Method . . . FIRST, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . SECOND, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . THIRD, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . LAST, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish . . . At bedtime always cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

MISS EDITH KINGDON DREXEL
at her debut
at the Ritz-Carlton, December, 1929.

"Now Pond's has given us two delightful new preparations," Miss Drexel says, "silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream and jolly Skin Freshener to take away any look of oiliness and tone and firm the skin. I use them and like them so much."

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. E
107 Hudson Street . . . . . New York City

Name_____

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City_____ State_____

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Does *half a husband* come home to you..?

Tired, listless—perhaps even a bit irritable—has he given his all *to the office? Is there little left for you and the children—little of his old, companionable self?*

HE doesn't *mean* to be moody. Day after day at his desk—poor fellow—*he just doesn't get enough exercise to help him rid his system of devitalizing waste matter.*

And every day, likely as not, heavy, rich lunches—fried things—floods of condiments—indigestible desserts—horrors!

Is it any wonder that constipation is so common among American business men? Is it any wonder they often come home lifeless, logy, out-of-sorts—*half* husbands?

Here's help he'll welcome with enthusiasm!

Bran-bulk to help Nature eliminate waste material—bran-bulk to counteract these inactive days and deadly midday meals—*that's* what he needs *every day!*

And he'll actually *want* Post's Bran Flakes! Who wouldn't? Golden brown flakes! Crisp as a bright winter morning! Flavorful as freshly toasted nut meats! Deliciously different!

Serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly every day. Sometimes plain with milk or cream, perhaps with fruits or berries, *often* in fluffy, flavorful muffins—he'll love it *any* way.

Gentle—normal—most effective

And, with every spoonful, he'll get the normal, *natural* regulation he so much needs.

Pretty soon you'll hear the front door slam with honest old-time "bang!"—you'll hear his hearty, hale greeting as the children clamber over him—you'll find him *eager* for any evening you have planned.

It's really not surprising, is it, that more wives buy Post's Bran Flakes than any other bran cereal in the world?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

Now youill like Bran

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

(Continued from Page 76)

in the breakfast room. This "Patrician" pattern has a graceful embossed border of classical design with a green laurel wreath and a green line at the edge. Crystal grapefruit glasses with an engraved design of great delicacy and charm are used with footed crystal tumblers. A pottery bowl of creamy white holds a mixed bouquet of garden flowers in pale and deep pastel shades of pink, blue and yellow.

Indicative of how carefully this young hostess planned her ensembles to harmonize with their surroundings is the fact that we selected separate tray services for each of her guest rooms. One guest room, for example, is carried out in a color scheme of peach, ivory and apple-green, so for it she chose a cream-bottomed basswood tray with apple-green gallery. A tray cloth and napkin of peach-color French appliqué linen are used on this tray. A simple cream-colored breakfast set costing only $4.25 is used, with a covered silver dish for the hot food, a green china egg cup, a silver bud vase, and a silver salt-and-pepper set.

In a little Colonial house that is the home of a young couple with one small son, the sink, tubs and mechanical refrigerator of the standard pastel green made the starting point for our color scheme. We had a black-and-cream marbleized block linoleum cemented to the floor and the walls painted a creamy white. The woodwork was enameled a slightly deeper shade. The edges of the closet shelves are green.

This kitchen had three windows, one of them over the sink, and a glass upper panel in the entrance door. For these, curtains were made of green-and-white-checked gingham with a plain green edge. This was stitched together so that the two edges formed a wide band of green through the curtains, with the narrow band for the edge. Valances were made by splitting the breadths lengthwise, so that the green band was on the bottom. A one-inch heading was made at the top. On the doors the valance was omitted and only the side curtains used.

To the stock of aluminum we added a few bright-red enamel saucepans. A green vegetable bin was used to carry the note of green around the room.

The furniture used was a cream-colored breakfast set with gay floral decorations and bright-red bandings. The gay flowers on the furniture and in the paper which backed the doors of the cupboard made us select a Belgian-peasant breakfast set in the same coloring, to use on green novelty oilcloth mats. The price of the china was only $2.95 for a thirty-two piece set. Tumblers of green heavy pressed glass were selected and a green electric egg cooker with egg cups and also green-glass salt and pepper pots. The handle of the coffee percolator and the gay little French flower prints on the wall are bright-red parts of the color plan. The open sugar bowl and cream jug are silver plate.

Curtains with wide plain hems and embroidered bands of orange and black are used.

Peasant furniture was selected because it was felt to be most in harmony with the spirit of the paper, and all the bright color notes of the paper we carefully repeated in the china, in orange egg cups, in green glasses, salts and peppers, or in the bright-green pottery bowl with its orange calendulas.

So, if breakfasting has achieved a new importance it is because all those little details which we once ignored, but which we have come now to realize make or mar the perfect harmony of our ensemble, whether it be an ensemble of costume or of our morning meal, have taken on a new importance.

LIST OF EXPENDITURES

Basswood tray, 19x24—ivory and green	$ 3.95
Muffin dish	7.50
Bud vase	4.25
23-Piece breakfast set	10.00
16x24 French appliqué tray cloth—green and white	3.00
12-Inch napkin to match	.75

KITCHEN TABLE

Aranium set	$28.00
32-Piece Belgian breakfast set	2.95
Green pressed-glass tumblers, a dozen	1.80
Glass salt-and-pepper sets, each	.45
Percolator (2 to 3 cups)	8.50
Table (enamel top)	29.00
Chairs	5.50
Flower prints on wall	4.00
Blue-and-white block linoleum, a square yard	1.50
Duralex mats (set for 4)	1.50
Egg cooker complete (set for 4)	11.50
Cream jug and sugar bowl set	4.50
Pressed-glass tumblers, a dozen	2.95
Gingham curtains, a yard	.40

DINING-ROOM ALCOVE

Axminster carpet, a yard	$ 4.00
Modern wall paper with Spanish feeling, a piece	1.25
Table	50.00
Armchair	22.00
Side chair	16.00
Curtains, a pair	7.50
Linen mats, each	.60
Green bowl—one of a set	3.00
Percolator (2 to 3 cups)	9.00
Cream jug and sugar bowl	4.50
Tray	3.50
35-Piece breakfast set	15.50
Pressed-glass tumblers, a dozen	2.95
Print on wall	4.50

DINING ROOM

Linen runner	$ 7.50
12x18 Place mats	2.50
13-Inch napkins	1.00
Wedgwood breakfast sets, service for six persons (open)	42.65
Pewter salt and pepper shakers, a set	6.00
Footed tumblers, a dozen	42.00
Silver service on buffet, consisting of:	
Cream jug	16.50
Teapot	22.00
Bowl	14.00
Sugar bowl	18.50
Coffeepot	24.00
Tray	60.00
Candlesticks, a pair	16.00
Pottery bowl for flower	2.00
Wash Wilton rug	135.00

BREAKFAST ROOM

Crystal-footed tumblers, each	$ .45
Earthenware pottery, breakfast set for two (Pandora pattern with castle scenes, etc.)	16.50
Linen 72-inch cloth and 6 napkins	25.00
Pottery bowl for flowers	2.00
Pewter bowl for fruit	6.50
Pewter candlesticks, a pair	6.50
Ivy holders	6.50
Salt-and-pepper sets, including a little mustard pot, a set	10.00
Percolator	15.00
Tray, sugar bowl and cream jug	11.50

TERRACE

Table	$20.00
Armchair	13.50
Also available: Side chairs, each $7.75 or	9.75
Muffin dish	7.50
Green tumblers, a dozen	2.75
Bowl—one of a set	3.00
Rabbit ash tray	.50
Brittany earthenware tea set (striped green and orange with green handles)	15.00

The Dinette

TYPICAL of the lengths to which I find some of my clients will go to achieve what they want is the case of a woman who had moved into an old house where the kitchen offered no space at all inviting for a breakfast table. But between the kitchen and the dining room there was a serving pantry, and by tearing out its old sink and one cupboard we succeeded in converting it into a delightful little dinette.

The walls we covered with an imported bright-yellow paper showing "castles in Spain" and amusing little figures in bright orange, blue, red and green. The woodwork we painted a deeper shade of the yellow in the paper, and the motifs of the paper served as inspiration for the designs that we had painted on the panels of the cupboard doors, the moldings of which were outlined in red and blue. To carry through the Spanish coloring we selected a taupe carpeting shot with reds, greens and oranges.

Loretta Young—star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

this powder REVEALS, not conceals, YOUR BEAUTY

What if powder might both reveal and conceal, might impart to skin glorious, velvety transparent beauty, yet seem to banish, not merely hide, blemishes and distressing shine! Wouldn't you simply adore this stunning effect of marvelous new beauty, invisibly produced?

This revealing loveliness is precisely the stunning, breathless beauty Princess Pat powder gives. No more of chalky, calcimined effects! For two exclusive secrets give utterly new characteristics to powder.

The Famous Almond Base Was First

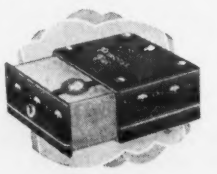
First, Princess Pat discovered use of precious almond—to replace the starch base of usual powders. Like the delicate pollen of flowers, is almond base—instead of chalky, like starch. Indeed, by a very secret process, the lovely almond base of Princess Pat is even softer, finer, smoother than pollen. When it touches your skin, it velvets as *nothing else in the world can*. In this wonderful merging of Princess Pat almond base powder, the skin is smoothed to sheer perfection of satiny texture—so marvelously that it seems beauty invisibly produced.

Mystical Prismatic Colors Were Found

And *prismatic* blending! What veritable magic there is in this Princess Pat secret process. Think how at some time you have held a prism glass to sunlight and watched the glorious colors in transparent, shimmering beauty. How they blended, one into another giving *every perfect intermediate shade*. By using such lovely, translucent colors in original form and blending by a marvelously worked out color scale, Princess Pat accomplishes prismatic blending. Thus, on your skin, Princess Pat gives beauty that has all the translucent wonder of pearls, all the naturalness of perfect, warm skin tones. Actually it gives *more than natural beauty*.

Your Mirror Will Say "Beauty," Not Powder

Try this powder of *invisible* beauty today. Your mirror will prove that new, entrancing loveliness has come to your skin beyond the imaginings of your fondest dreams.



Patented box—opens like drawer.

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

With Princess Pat Powder use the extremely beautiful Princess Pat Rouges. Shades: *Summer*tan, English Tint (orange), Squaw, Medium, Vivid, Theatre and Nite. New! Princess Pat "Inner-Tint" Lip Rouge colors inside moist surface of lips, too.

FREE PRINCESS PAT
Dept. A-1325
2709 South Wells St., Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat powder, as checked.

☐ *Summer*tan ☐ Olde Ivory ☐ Flesh
☐ White ☐ Brunette ☐ Ochre ☐ Mauve

Print
Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

One sample free; additional samples 10c each

Plain furniture of good lines is enhanced by colorful, inexpensive upholstery.

Using Color to the Best Advantage

One of America's Best-Known Interior Decorators Tells How to Create Charm With Color Inexpensively

By AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT

PHOTOS. BY G. W. HARTING

Quaint wall paper in delicate colors is a charming background, well suited to the furnishings.

EVEN color has become unconventional in these days where ladies and lingerie, houses and gardens, pictures and patterns, behavior and old age seem to have no hard-and-fast rules of decorum. In the Age of Victoria red plush-finished wall paper, with or without luxuriant foliage, was considered the height of elegance and good taste. Then came the colorless, fearful age of tan oatmeal paper—a "pap" age signalized by the same enthusiasm for oatmeal on the walls as in one's "tummy." Then came the "Age of Decorators," and we were flooded by rules of what to do in every possible crisis of furnishing our homes. When a history of Art is written in 1950 I am sure great account will be given of the crusade in the American home by the interior decorator! We shall have no idea of what a novelty this is until we look back on it. The crusaders to the Holy Land and the crusader into the homely home will both have their places in history.

There is one flaw to pick in the crusade of the latter. That is the allowance by them of the modicum of taste on the part of the home owner; as the other crusaders allowed to the infidels the scantiest moral allotment.

To get back to color and how we can use it to best advantage in our diversified American homes.

First, we must consider ourselves—ask frankly do we or do we not like color. Some of us say yes and mean it and some say yes and don't mean it.

The latter are the ones who look at all the bright cretonnes on the counters and admire the brilliant and scintillating shop windows but put drab colors everywhere in their houses. The sun porch may be the exception, for everyone expects a sun porch to have brilliant color and so everyone buys the most outrageously patterned chintz to show against the most glaring walls. Half the porch furniture one sees used is painted a bright green.

The Appeal of White

I OFTEN so earnestly wish we would do our sun rooms in soft tans and whites and grays and stain our wicker walnut or paint it in soft greens and then depend upon our flowering plants, our jars, our tiles, our lamps and shades, for the brilliancy in color which we feel is necessary as one comes from or goes to a garden. Such coloring would be so much more suitable and give full value to the garden color itself.

Try, for example, these colors—a soft yellowish color on the wicker, small calico checks in yellows, greens and tans for the upholstering, a magazine table in tan on which lies a veritable holocaust of colored-covered magazines; and the draw curtains or blinds in light green. In this room have the lamp bases of brilliant orange with silver pleated shades; and rows of cheap little flowerpots in the clearest, brightest yellow and green. Paint two little tables in dark brown but otherwise keep the colors light, clear and "whitish."

White is a lovely color because it never stays white, as it reflects all the colors around and about it. I shall describe a room in which much of the furniture was white and against a background of lovely henna rose. It is a bedroom with a sitting-room end. The walls are henna rose; the moldings are striped in red and a little line of gold—radiator paint will do. The ceiling is a decided yellow throwing down a warm glow. The carpet is gray green. The undercurtains, which come to the floor, are tiny dotted net with ruffles. The overcurtains are henna cotton moire, with valances only edged with ball fringe. By making the curtains come to the floor the room is heightened and also has more elegance than when they fall just to the sill. I think, in the country, curtains are pleasing which come to the sill, but in the city I think it best to have them to the floor. Against this background is a chaise longue painted white, with yellow cotton-damask covering and a white wooden standing lamp with stretched henna rajah silk shade lined with Chinese yellow. If one wants to preserve the same color effects at night as in the daytime the lining of the shades should be the same as the ceiling color.

Opposite the chaise longue is a lady's small desk painted white and decorated simply with a small Italian design. This is varnished as to have a shiny effect, almost of porcelain. A simple armchair is painted white and upholstered in blue and white. Two little chairs are painted white with a yellowish cast and upholstered in yellow and green stripes. The effect of a dark background with the white furniture is both practical and charming. The rest of the bedroom has beds of birch with yellow-green spreads and an old bureau of walnut, presumably an Italian country piece.

Gray white is a most practical color, both for walls and woodwork. A client of mine became very unruly and refused to have white woodwork in her yellow living room. It was a nice new open airy living room in the country, where I felt white woodwork should be used to set off the yellow walls, but she would have none of it! She had several children—"bad-mannered ones" she admitted—who had made her life a series of wet-rag onslaughts on white paint in her old house, and she was determined to have nothing of the kind in the new house. So I said "Let's paint it gray," and the gray and yellow were lovely together. The curtains were yellow with a little gray repeat pattern; the carpets an eggplant color—it had been red and we had it dyed. Red carpet dyes into a beautiful brownish-red color. The chairs were slip-covered in a large-designed linen, with much yellow, rose and eggplant and a weaving design in gray.

A Color Schedule

THIS yellow room was on the north side of a house surrounded by trees, and the shadows on the yellow walls always gave an impression of sun shadows. Had the room had an exposure of much sunshine and light, a soft beige wall would be better, using against the gray woodwork a deeper-toned gray carpet; two deep wine-colored chairs, a mantelpiece painted black with gray striping or marbleizing and a sofa done in a wide stripe of cotton moire, tan and gray, with a red line to link it with the red chairs. In choosing upholstery fabric, see that it is linked to the colors in the room.

In a room which needs pulling together take little bits of all the colors—the rug color or colors, the wall and curtain colors and the various chair colors. Look through many designs in chintz and select one that has all the colors you have

(Continued on Page 84)

"A drop of it..so! and ten years slip away!"

says VIRGINIA VALLI

"You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? . . . putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too . . . But we like to turn back the clock . . . and play we're our younger selves! Hats . . . frocks . . . often I buy them, to encourage that mood . . . And now . . . And now, I've a perfume . . . an ever so much quicker way . . . A breath of SEVENTEEN *upon me . . . and I'm joyously in the role . . . playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!"*

Breath of the Modern Spirit

a new perfume . . . SEVENTEEN

Young . . . with eternal youth . . . Sophisticated . . . as whispered repartee . . .

Naive . . . daring . . .

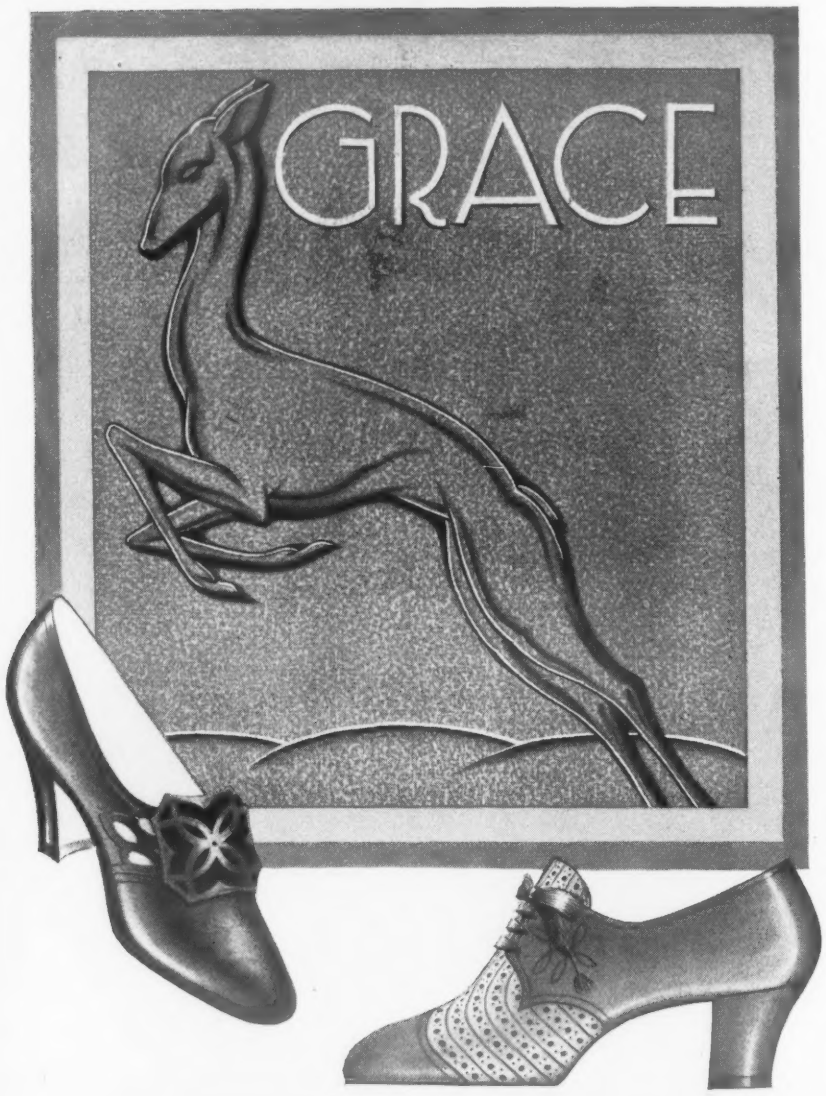
Soul of the modern woman . . . part of her vivid personality . . . breath of her *different* charm . . .

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen—like you—dares to be *different* . . . new!

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water,* like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine* . . . and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!



FOOT SAVER SHOES

fit the need, the mode and the foot

FEET that have walked not wisely but too well through the paths of fatigue, take a fresh lease on life with Foot Savers...Twitching muscles sink into lissome calm. Taut, tired lines relax into supple grace. Pain and pressure vanish . . . It is as though the weary foot stretched limberly, and sighed with relief, "It's good to be free again!"

But Foot Saver's talents are not limited to the patented inbuilt construction, so firmly and comfortably supporting the arch. A flair for chic is theirs, as well, and the deftest way imaginable of suggesting ankle-slimness!

Let us send you this New Style Portfolio! *The Spring style book radiates with Foot Saver modes that speak with a beguiling Paris accent. Tell us where to send it!*

THE JULIAN & KOKENGE CO., 414 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Foot Saver Shoe — Controls the Arch

Please send me, without charge, your Portfolio of Footwear Fashions

Name.....

Address.....

L5-30

Men's Foot Saver Shoes made by the Commonwealth Shoe and Leather Co., Whitman, Mass., and Slater Shoe Company, Ltd., Montreal, Canada

(Continued from Page 82)

bits of, and put this pattern of chintz on two chairs in the room—perhaps at opposite ends and see how the room will pull together. These little experiences in color will not only teach you a lot but will amuse you a lot too.

In furnishing we generally start with the curtains and from that decide the wall color and floor covering. Or we may start with the walls. I always make a little schedule if I am starting afresh on a job, or if I am only adding one or two pieces to a room already done. Below is a suggested schedule filled out for a living room fourteen feet by twenty feet in size.

FLOOR. Tan carpet and two small Oriental rugs—one in front of fireplace and one in front of couch.

WALLS. Tannish pink; woodwork same; door panels striped in darker color.

CEILING. Soft yellow. (All ceilings should have color. The dead-white calcimined ceiling takes the life out of more rooms than anything else.)

FIREPLACE. Pinkish tan.

OVERMANTEL. Portrait of real or acquired ancestor, floral painting or print.

CURTAINS. Undercurtains of tan scrim. Overcurtains—chintz with column design; made to floor, to draw.

FURNITURE ON HAND. Six-foot couch to be upholstered in henna wool damask; two cotton-velvet square cushions to go on same; two side chairs—to have seats upholstered with small-figured yellow material; one tip-top table; two low tables—not mates—to go by couch.

PHOTO. BY G. W. HARTING

The colors of the hangings are repeated in the chair.

FURNITURE TO GET. One large overstuffed chair, to be upholstered; one small love seat by fireplace, to be upholstered in small-patterned damask or tapestry; two overstuffed chairs to have slip covers to floor in plain green moire, bound and corded in prune color; one drum table; with alabaster lamp with *vue d'optique* shade.

This should make the nucleus for a comfortable living room. If you make the schedule as outlined and keep samples of the materials pinned to it, when you see something you would like to buy but are not sure, you have a definite plan to refer to; or when a relative suggests a housewarming present you can immediately cut off a snitch from tiny samples and beg for a bridge lamp and shade to go into that room or a stool in front of the fireplace—upholstered in a material to match the velvet cushions on the couch.

Sky blue and purple form another lovely color combination for a bedroom. This, too, is set off by the addition of a little gilt. Gilt, bronze and silver always add a touch of refinement to a room; a bookcase or a fireplace with a line of bronze paint, silver on the moldings in a dining room, gilt on the paper of a room.

The blue room I describe has sky-blue paper with flower bunches in gilt. The curtains are purple thin material, looped back high and falling to the floor. Right away the room has "an air." The roller shades are of the same color as the wall paper, so as to make no break in the wall color of the room. The furniture is dark rich mahogany; nothing could be nicer against the clear blue paper. The spreads are tussah silk in the lavender—the tone of the curtains. A little Victorian lady on a stand—found so frequently in antique shops—is used as the lamp base between the beds. There is a tiny fireplace in this room. The diminutive fender has a brightly polished brass tip, as have the andirons. Mahogany furniture should be waxed, brass should be polished bright and rugs should be kept mended; housewifely little attentions that I find are all carried out in the blue-and-lavender room. A semicircular dressing table has a quilted skirt. This room has a chaise longue.

I think all bedrooms, if possible, should have a chaise longue. It keeps the bed-spreads from being crumpled, gives one a place to rest and costs no more than an armchair in the wonderful furniture departments of our retail stores. I think to go and spend the night with a friend and come in exhausted from shopping and not daring to throw oneself on the bed and having to sit in one of those miniature "boudoir chairs" is a crime against hospitality. For a guest room get two straight chairs on which to put one's clothes and a chaise longue, and you will be blessed. The blue-and-purple room has a southern exposure. If it had a northern, I would use a yellowish or pinkish paper. The warm colors—yellow, pink, peach, tan, rose—and the cold colors—gray, blue, green—all should be suited to the exposure; but much can be done toward warming a room with three things—the ceiling which throws a decided value of color into a room, the undercurtains through which the light sifts, and the linings of the lamp shades, which can control warmth and coolness at night.

Always err toward the warm room. I think the greatest criticism of modernistic rooms is their use of cold-toned materials, cold colors and frigid lighting.

It is a safe rule to have your walls a light tone, keep your carpet a middle value, put one large chair or sofa in the darkest tone—to "hold the room down." Then select two or three tones of one color such as cream, tan, brown or *tête de nègre*, or pink, rose, mahogany, and use those tones for the color of the materials. Do not have too conglomerate a mixture. It makes rooms restless, and people also.

Home Decoration Booklets

COLOR in summer rooms makes them seem much cooler—if you have used the right colors. Or hotter, if you chose the wrong colors. USING COLOR IN DECORATION, by Lois Palmer, costs only 20 cents, and helps you to select and use colors, their tints and shades, in every room. Illustrated in color, with color plans for rooms on the north, south, east and west.

FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.

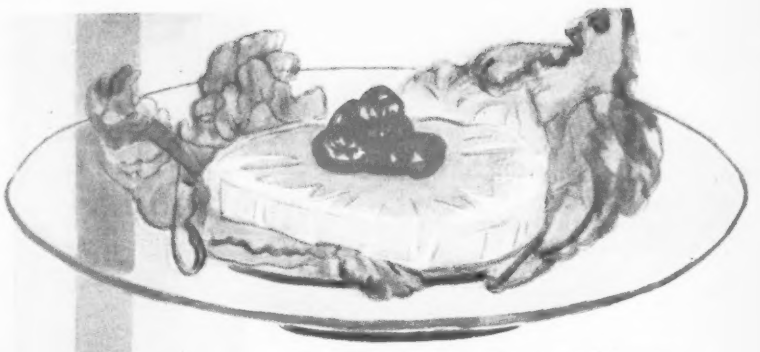
PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES.

THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE.

These are other illustrated booklets by Lois Palmer, all very helpful to the practical homemaker. Price, 5 cents each.

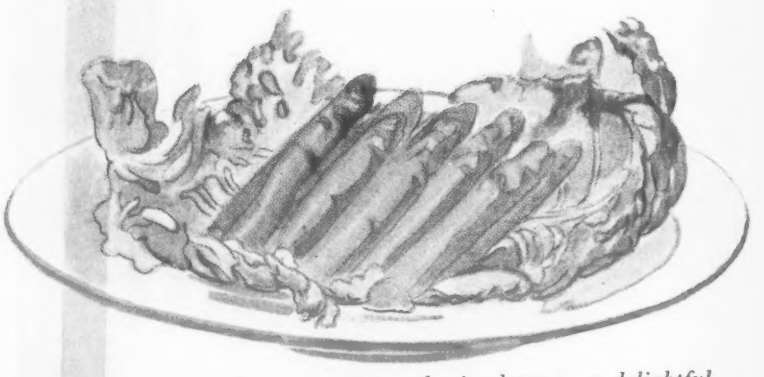
These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

With this dainty salad of tomatoes and water cress—a French Dressing made with mint.

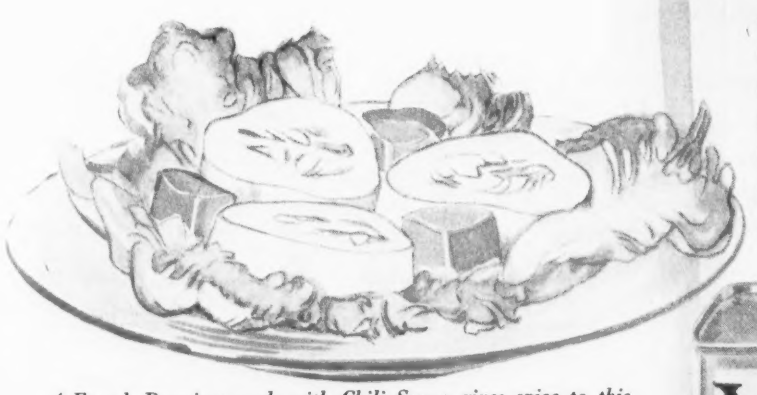


For fresh pineapple, cherries and lettuce—a Nut French Dressing seems a happy choice.

A salad of string beans, celery, green pepper and lettuce suggests a piquant Indian French Dressing.



Asparagus tips and crisp lettuce—a delightful Chiffondale French Dressing goes with it delightfully.



A French Dressing made with Chili Sauce gives spice to this always popular salad of fresh cucumbers, carrots and lettuce.

Grapefruit, orange and romaine—and a French Dressing ever so slightly sweetened with Bar le Duc is quite delicious.

THE SPRING SALAD SEASON ARRIVES !

When nearly every pantry shelf in town blossoms out with a new can of Wesson Oil, you may be sure the Spring Salad season has arrived.

Fresh Spring vegetables—just out of the garden! That means salads—and Wesson Oil.

For there is no salad oil that has quite so completely won the hearts of American women. Probably because it is so choice a salad oil and because it's so really *wholesome*.

Here is a pure, rich oil, golden in color, exquisitely delicate in flavor—and deliciously good to eat.

Indeed, it's so good that you'll find women everywhere who like to use it plain, just as it is. Who keep a cruet of it on the table, along perhaps with a cruet of some fine vinegar.

And then, of course, for French Dressing, Wesson Oil goes without saying. For Wesson Oil makes quite the most captivating and *piquante* French Dressing that ever graced a crisp salad. It's good—*always*—and it's good *for* you. Send for our book of recipes. Address The Wesson Oil People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

FOR a good many thousands of you, this May will mean graduation from the old, happy, familiar routine of your school days. Some of you are planning to go to college this fall, and are already busy with dozens of ambitious, exciting plans for the next four years. Others will make their bows as debutantes, and play for a while, before deciding what they want to do. Some of you, perhaps, will marry very soon after leaving school.

In any case, life is going to be quite different for most of you; still happier, fuller and more useful, your Sub-Deb Editor hopes, with every year that lies ahead. I believe you are all thinking rather seriously just at this time about what those years will bring.

Then, there are you other young Sub-Debs who won't graduate for another year—or perhaps not for two or three. Yet, watching your older sisters and their chums step, as it were, into a new, bigger world, leaving you temporarily behind, you are doubtless doing some thinking ahead on your own account.

A great many of you have written me very brave, fine little letters in the past year, telling me of your ambitions; sometimes doing me the honor to consult me about them, and ask for advice.

One young Sub-Deb who is, I feel sure, going to realize her ambition of being a writer some day in the future, has sent me her stories and essays from time to time, asking for frank criticism. She isn't just hoping for praise, either; she really wants to know what is wrong with her work, and what she most needs to correct. That means, you know, honest purpose and determination to succeed.

There is another girl I feel I know quite well through her letters, who asks my advice about her desire to be an illustrator; still another who wants to be an interior decorator some day; and any number who are undecided as yet, but who want to talk over with someone all the vague plans and hopes that just naturally come crowding on one another's heels when one is trying to decide among a host of equally alluring and interesting possibilities.

So at this time of graduation, when you are all giving more than usual consideration to what is to come after school days, there may be a good many more of you who would like to write me and see whether we can't chat it all over together, on paper, and arrive, perhaps, at some clearer understanding of our problems.

Please believe that if you do, I shall feel it a real privilege to be consulted. I don't pretend that I can solve your problems for you, but I should love to be allowed to help all I can. And at least we shall get to know each other better, shan't we, through exchanging ideas and friendship.

—MARGUERITE ASPINWALL, *Sub-Deb Editor.*

Bobs or Long Hair?

HOW are you planning to wear your hair this summer, or haven't you quite decided yet? It's a serious question, as we all know; for just the right coiffure can often make a plain girl pretty, and it can always make any girl both charming and smart.

When we brought out our very popular little booklet, Letting the Bob Grow Gracefully, so many thousands of girls wrote me to ask for a copy that I realized how interested you Sub-Debs are in the subject. In the months that followed, thousands more continued to ask for the booklet, and later wrote me the friendliest, most enthusiastic little notes, telling me how well the various styles it showed had turned out.

So now with all the festivities of Commencement drawing near—not to mention the needs of special attention to coiffures during the coming summer—it seemed to me an excellent time to bring out a new booklet of styles, straight from our Paris office.

We are illustrating two of them on your page this month, just to give you an idea of how charming and chic they are. The girl on the left has bobbed hair, arranged in that becoming swirl of curls in the back; the right-hand girl's hair is long, though it is cut slightly shorter on the sides in order to get that big, soft roll over each ear. Both are quite simple to achieve with a bit of practice.

In all, the new booklet will show you twelve delightful new ways to arrange your hair, whether you have long hair or a growing-bob-at-the-awkward-stage. Some are designed especially for blondes and others for the dark-haired Sub-Debs; nor is the girl with auburn hair forgotten.

Send a two-cent stamp to the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for Bobs or Long Hair?

A Deck Party

JUST the other day I heard of a very jolly party two sisters gave for their particular young crowd, and because it proved such a success, and can be given either in a school gym, or at home if you have a fairly good-sized living room, I am going to tell you about it for this month's party suggestion.

It could even be given out-of-doors, if the weather were mild enough; and those three possibilities bring it within reach of almost everyone. It's the nice kind of party that can be adapted to all sorts of places, seasons and pocketbooks, you see.

These sisters—they were twins, by the way, and always did everything together—used a big inclosed porch they were fortunate enough to possess, and told all the guests they were expected to come in costumes appropriate for a sea voyage to the tropics.

Naturally, such an invitation raised a good deal of curiosity, but the twins had a reputation for staging the jolliest and most original parties of their whole group, so everyone entered into the spirit of the occasion with enthusiasm.

There was plenty of variety in the costumes they arrived in, but all suggested the wearers' conceptions of what was proper for a yachting trip. Some were purposely exaggerated to provide a comedy note, and this was what the young hostesses wanted.

Arrived at the front door, they were greeted by the sisters in very nautical attire; one twin declaring herself to be captain of the yacht, while her sister posed as first mate.

A small pasteboard ticket was handed each boy or girl, on which was printed "crew" or "steward" or "passenger," as the case might be.

A row of small tables, each seating four and set with gay linen cloths, stood on the inclosed porch, and a gaudy striped awning of crêpe paper was spread above them. The electric-light bulbs were all shrouded in gay printed-silk shades, to give a carnival effect, and candles burned on all the little tables, a different color to each.

Those of the guests who had drawn steward slips were handed trays, and led to a long table at one end of the porch, where a tempting assortment of supper dishes was set out, buffet-fashion. The captain explained that each set of tickets represented certain duties. The stewards served supper on their trays to both passengers and crew—who ate together in very democratic fashion—and when all were supplied they were allowed to bring their own suppers to whichever tables they chose, and join the rest of the company. After supper they cleared away the dishes, carrying them out to the pantry, while the crew entered upon their own particular duties.

The latter consisted in clearing away chairs and tables, and rolling rugs out of the way. Then they brought out a variety of games. In this case, these were shuffleboard, quoits and deck tennis; but darts, archery, or any other fairly active games could be substituted. Crew and stewards were again allowed to mingle on equal terms with the passengers, and prizes were awarded for each sport tried out.

Toward the end of the evening it became the passengers' turn to perform their part in the evening's program, which took the form of entertainment. Either individually, in couples or collectively, they were called on to act out short skits, sing old-fashioned ballads or modern jazz, perform on any instruments they might be proficient at, or attempt some stunt dancing.

The evening wound up in a riot of fun, and the illusion of being on shipboard was kept up consistently by having a real ship's clock on the "yacht," which rang out the hours in true marine style—the captain or first mate always remembering to call out each time "Eight bells and all's well!" (or whatever hour the bells had just announced).

Graduation Gifts

OF COURSE there are all sorts of possibilities on the market at present, among which to choose a graduation gift for one of your chums, a brother, or a cousin. Boys are harder, probably, than girls to find just the right thing for, because one can always choose a lovely new scarf for a girl, silk stockings in one of the smart little decorative boxes divided into practical compartments, or a piece of dainty silk, handmade lingerie, and let it go at that. But a boy's gift requires real shopping, of a most determined and concentrated nature.

Of course, a leather bill fold with his initials is always appreciated or, if he is interested in summer sports, a new tennis racket or golf bag will please him—though it's a good idea to let him pick these things out himself, if possible.

Then, the other day I saw the novel little college desk sets illustrated

(Continued on Page 89)

COURTESY L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY

Today's Skin is just a VEIL . . .

Years of scientific study are behind the Woodbury prescription for the care of the skin

★ **DESQUAMATION**

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin that lies just underneath.

DESQUAMATION. It's happening all the time to every healthy skin.

Invisible peeling.

A veil of dead skin so light and thin you cannot see it. But it's enough to darken and thicken your skin.

To cover up the fine, transparent beauty that lies just underneath.

Are you discouraged about your skin?

Does it seem muddy? sallow? dull?

As if the rosy tint of pulsing blood never *could* glow through it again?

Then *you are not giving it the help it needs!*

Here is the prescription worked out by the head of the Woodbury laboratories for just such skins as yours:—

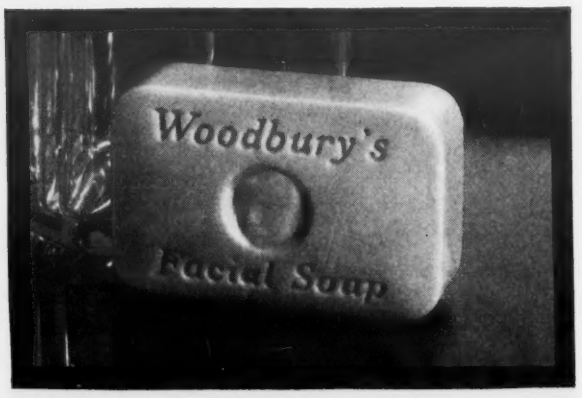
FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose). Work this gently into your skin—from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. For Woodbury's acts on the face as ordinary soaps cannot. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel. Pat your face dry with the towel. Pass your hand over it. How cool and fresh. Smooth!

Whatever creams and lotions and powders you may use, *never forget* this important aid to the natural desquamation every skin undergoes. See what a special soap and a special treatment made to aid the skin's natural processes will do for you.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

Use the coupon below to get set containing large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."



SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1809 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial set with contents as described above. (*In Canada*, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1809 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.)

Name_____

Street_____

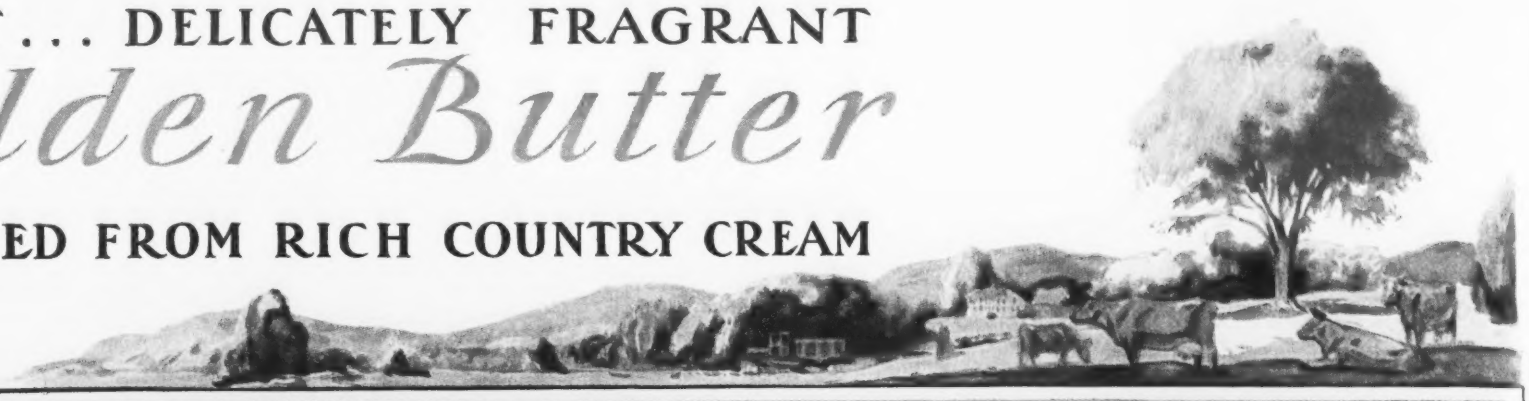
City_____ State_____

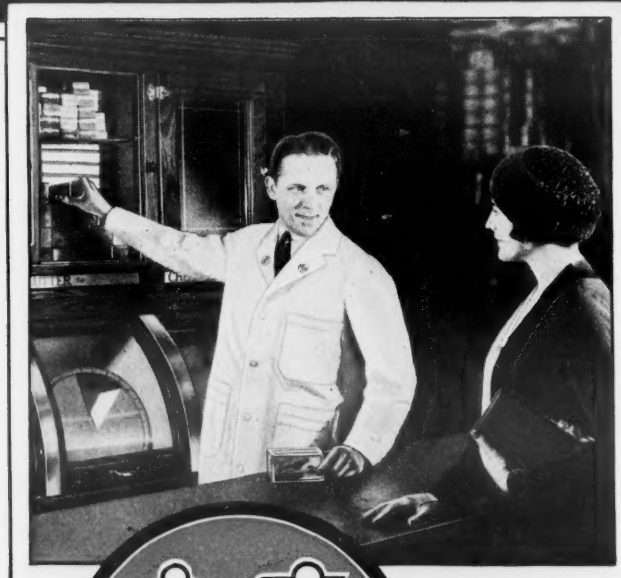
©1930. The A. J. Co.

SWEET... DELICATELY FRAGRANT

Golden Butter

CHURNED FROM RICH COUNTRY CREAM





★*More women buy their butter at A&P Food Stores than at any other stores.*

A&P

ESTABLISHED 1859

"WHERE ECONOMY RULES"

The Symbol of the World's Foremost Food Service

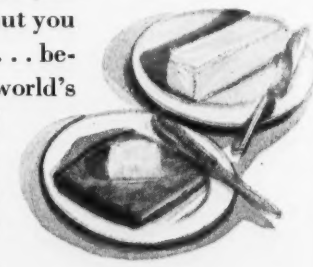
. . speeded from Dairyland to your A&P Food Store

BUTTER... with that real old-fashioned country-churned flavor. Butter... with that down-on-the-farm freshness. Butter that melts in your mouth . . . that's A&P butter... a real delight on bread or toast... an added luxury to your favorite foods.

The goodness of A&P's butter begins right in the heart of America's finest dairying sections... out where pure-bred herds graze in the richest pastures... there you will find A&P's own butter experts constantly checking the quality of this sweet, delicately fragrant butter. Soon after it leaves the churn it is placed in spotless refrigerator cars and speeded to A&P's food distributing depots scattered throughout the country . . . then swift motor trucks rush it to A&P stores. So quickly is this done . . . so short is the time between butter-churn and the A&P store that you are sure to be delighted with its fresh-churned flavor and its country goodness.

★More women buy their butter at A&P Food Stores than at any other stores.

Tomorrow stop in at butter headquarters... the nearest A&P Food Store. Order a pound of this sweet, delicately fragrant, country-churned butter. Have it cut fresh from the tub, or get a print packed in a convenient carton. Not only will you get better butter, but you will pay less for it . . . because A&P is the world's largest retailer of quality butter . . . buying direct from the creameries for its 15,000 stores.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 86)

here and decided to tell you about these too. The base is of white Argentine onyx and the pen is tipped with your favorite college's color. If your college has an animal mascot, he appears on the onyx base in bronze.

Here we are showing the Yale bulldog on one set, the pen being tipped with Yale blue; the other desk set featuring the Columbian lion and a pale blue pen tip. And of course there can be the Princeton tiger, with an orange-tipped pen; the Navy goat, Army mule, and so on.

Commencement Pictures

AS COMMENCEMENT time draws near, the owner of a motion-picture camera should plan her class film.

First, make a few pictures of the campus, its buildings, your dormitory or sorority house and any particular points of interest. Then should follow close-ups of all the girls in your class, with the officers coming first.

Of course, the commencement exercises come last—as much of them as can be filmed out-of-doors. If you can gather the graduating class together in a group picture with their diplomas and in their graduating frocks, that will make a charming end to the film.

Descriptive titles running through the reel will help to add interest, especially for those who are not familiar with the school. In after years, too, you yourself may forget.

For the girl who wishes to help defray her commencement expenses, or make money for her class, duplicates of her film should find a ready market among her classmates, and excellent still enlargements can now be made from motion-picture films; so many enlarged shots from such a reel should also be marketable.

—MARION NORRIS GLEASON.

Modern Girls Earn Their Own Money!

How surprised a girl of the long ago would be to meet independent, modern Jane Rogers with money of her own to spend.

EVERYONE admires Jane Rogers. She's always so smartly and becomingly dressed. So popular, too. The girls—and boys—think no school party is complete without her.

Well-dressed . . . popular . . . independent, Jane is a real modern girl. *She earns her own money, too.* (How different from the girl of a century ago!)

Have *you* yourself always wanted to be independent? Do you hate to "ask" father or mother for spending money? Then—*now* is the time to join in step with Jane and the hundreds of up-and-coming girls who belong to The Girls' Club. Now's the time to start earning quantities of extra dollars and winning many lovely prizes in your spare time. You can do it easily and have lots of fun, too.

Just listen to Jane's happy letter:

Dear Club Manager: **My one regret is that I didn't join The Girls' Club long ago. The first $15.00 I earned bought a rose-colored party dress for the Junior-Senior spring dance. My pearls arrived in time to wear, too, and my joy was complete. I'm telling all my friends about our Club.**

Mary M. says:

Dear Manager: **All my money worries were over when I joined The Girls' Club. I don't have to save up my ice-cream-and-candy money for something I've been wanting a long time. I can buy it with my Club dollars. And I don't have to bother asking mother and dad all the time.**

Katherine Jenkins' hat, bought with $4.00 of her Club money, was just what she wanted to wear with her new dress.

And Mariana M., a Girl Scout, has saved up almost enough for a new uniform and a knife.

You, Too, Can "Earn"

IT'S *so* modern to earn your own money today. You'll feel so independent and important when you can buy your own vacation clothes and charming things for your room. And what girl doesn't need a lot of expense money in the springtime?

A note like this: "*Dear Manager, please tell me how I can earn in The Girls' Club,* will bring you all the information, so you'll be ready to start our pleasant Club work immediately. And tell me your age if you'd like to. There are no expenses or obligations. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
731 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB CROCHETS HER HATS. Three smart, simple designs and directions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS CLOTHES AND WOOL PURSE. Price, 2 cents.

RED RIDING HOOD MANICURE KIT. Directions for making. With simple rules for care of the hands and nails. Price, 2 cents.

A TRAVELING BEAD CASE. Directions for making. Also six smart new designs for stringing your own bead necklaces. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

An actor lifts the curtain on his own life

"MY PROFESSION, that of acting, is a calling that quite readily tends to make one extremely nervous. Caffein for years had been my 'consolation.' I paid dearly for this consolation with sleepless nights, indigestion, and jumpy nerves. Constant worry, ill temper, lack of power to concentrate, and a failing memory were part of the penalty. This failing memory was a very serious matter, since my work absolutely depends upon my memorizing the various roles I play.

"A friend suggested Postum for a month. I tried it. Soon something happened . . . I slept all night! My nerves became more quiet, the cobwebs in my memory began to clear away, my grouch vanished. Today I am absolutely free from all my nervous troubles. Postum has changed me physically, mentally, and I might also say, spiritually."

ROBERT WARREN STRAUSS
629 Boynton Terrace
Chattanooga, Tennessee

• • •

BEHIND the scenes in your own life, what is happening? Are you being robbed of your full share of health and happiness by sleepless nights—indigestion—jumpy nerves? So many men and women accept these troubles as necessary evils—simply because they don't know where to look for the *cause.* Yet so often, the cause lies close at hand—in *caffein.*

Perhaps it has never occurred to you to blame caffein for your own sleepless nights and jumpy nerves—but make the test this actor made! Send caffein away from your table. Drink Postum instead, for thirty days! See what this simple diet change can do for you!

Postum contains no caffein. There's nothing in it to cause sleeplessness, nervousness, or indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, skilfully roasted and blended. Absolutely safe—and delicious! Add cream to a cup of hot Postum and you have a drink that is golden-brown, mellow, fine-flavored. Two million families who are now drinking Postum will tell you you've found a friend!

Postum costs less than most other meal-time drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. © 1930, G. F. Corp.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—L. H. J. 5-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . ☐ (prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . ☐ (prepared by boiling)

Check which you prefer

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited,* Sterling Tower, Toronto.

"When lingerie is dainty, colorful, you feel very feminine, very charming"

"SELF-CONFIDENCE starts Behind the Scenes"

by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"HOW can I be popular?" . . . Again and again girls ask me that question. For instance, read Sally M's letter:

"I am a young girl, considered beautiful, but I am always shy at a party. Other girls not any prettier are always being invited out, while I am overlooked . . ."

To Sally, as to other perplexed girls, I would say: My dears, the mysterious power to charm lies within yourself. Men are like mirrors. They reflect a girl's own conception of herself. If she is poised, self-confident, sure of her charm, they hover round like bees around summer flowers.

Clothes are Important

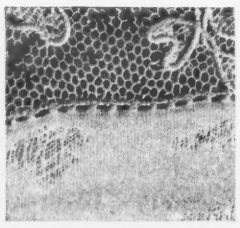
Clothes are very important in giving a girl this happy self-confidence.

Begin behind the scenes, Sally, with your lingerie, stockings, all your intimate things. When these are dainty, lace-trimmed, colorful, they make you feel very feminine, very charming.

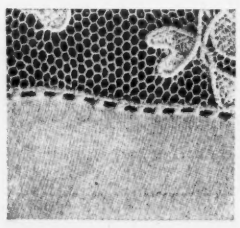
With this self-confidence you go out ready to conquer the world, and you do. But some girls say they cannot afford to wear lovely underthings every day. Frequent washing takes some of the color and charm out of the garment.

This is very foolish, for if a girl but use that invaluable product, Lux, her daintiest things will stay as alluring as new, so long that the most modest budget can well afford them. This product is especially made to keep colors and textures as charming as new.

And remember, too, a girl's home is the frame for a man's picture of her. Keep everything in your home—gay sofa cushions, dainty curtains, table linens, charmingly colorful with Lux, for men love color! *Beatrice Fairfax.*



After 12 washings with an ordinary "good" soap—silk fibres out of place—lace damaged. Color dull.



After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains the charm of new.

If it's Safe in Water . . .

It's Safe in LUX!

Fashionable Weddings

(Continued from Page 17)

father and a since-remarried mother to the marriage of their daughter. Such an invitation reads as follows:

MR. MONTAGUE BRYCE
and
MRS. WORTHINGTON ASTOR
request the pleasure of your company
at the marriage of their daughter
PATRICIA BRYCE
to
PEMBERTON B. DUVAL
Saturday the twenty-fifth of January
at two o'clock
at St. Thomas' Church

The only new development in the actual form of invitations is the unfolded invitation, which goes into a large envelope. An admission card is usually included with the invitation and sometimes a card indicating the seat the guest is to have.

Q.: When are announcements sent out?

A.: Announcements are sent out when the wedding is very small and very quiet. They are held in readiness to be mailed as soon as word is received by telephone that the wedding has actually taken place. Like the invitations, they are sent in the name of the father and mother of the bride, or if one of the parents has remarried, in the name of the parent and stepparent with whom the daughter is living, or today even in the name of the father and remarried mother!

Q.: What are the favorite churches?

A.: Every old New York family has its family church in which members of the family have been christened and wedded and buried for generations, and it is in the bride's family church that the wedding takes place, no matter how much out of the beaten path it may be.

At St. Bartholomew's on Park Avenue, about two hundred fashionable weddings are celebrated each year. At the largest wedding of the season at St. Patrick's there were five thousand at the church.

Q.: How are receptions managed?

A.: The accepted places for receptions are the bride's home, Sherry's, the Colony Club, and more recently the Park Lane.

The Reception

THE trend toward larger quarters for the reception is due to the increasingly large invitation lists and the increasing difficulty of making the necessary arrangements at the home. Practically all bulky furniture must be removed from the house in order to make room for the guests.

To Sherry's falls the privilege of arranging for more fashionable and important wedding receptions in and around New York than any other house, be the reception at the bride's home or at Sherry's. Should the wedding be out of town, as in the case of Miss Nancy Reynold's wedding at Winston-Salem, North Carolina, they have been known to send a Pullman car down with their men, put it on a siding, and keep it there for three days as a hotel for their men, whence they catered for the preliminary parties as well as the wedding party itself.

Catering is becoming more and more uncertain as the years go by, as people are less and less polite about answering invitations. Ordinarily not half so many are expected as are invited.

At enormous wedding receptions given out of the house the bridal party receives in the foyer, the buffet is set up in the main dining room and tables are arranged for about a third of the guests.

At the Park Lane, the bridal party receives in the foyer of the ballroom. A seated buffet is the rule. At Miss Marjorie Heather's wedding reception there, which contrary to convention followed an 8:30 P.M. wedding at St. Bartholomew's, there was dancing and in the tapestry room, a seated supper. The bridal party received in the foyer of the ballroom, there being twenty-four in the receiving line. The bride's cake—unless it is too large—is placed in front of her place at the table. Charms are inside the cake, and their places marked so that the right people receive the right charms.

Q.: What is now being served at the wedding receptions?

A.: The following is a typical menu at Sherry's:

Strained Gumbo
Rillettes

Cannelons de Volaille
(Patty Horns Filled With White Mousse of Chicken)
Bouchées Montglass
(Patty Filled With Ham, Tongue, Mushrooms and Truffles)

Lobster Salad
Dainty Assorted Sandwiches

Ices in Wedding Forms
Frivolités

Coffee
Bonbons Mints

And the following for a more elaborate buffet:

Consommé Excelsior
Cheese Straws

Bouchées Montglass
(Mushrooms-Tongue-Ham-Truffles-Brown Sauce on Pâté)
Cannelons de Volaille
(Purée de Volaille—Light Sauce en Pâté)
Sweetbreads and Mushrooms

Brioche of Fresh Caviar
Brioche of Foie Gras

Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
(Whole Wheat, White, Boston Brown)

Lobster Salad
Chicken Salad
Fresh Vegetable Salad
With the Following Buffet Pieces
Virginia Ham Glacé
Galantine of Turkey
Pâté de Foie Gras en Croute
Breast of Squab Lucullus
Salmon Parisienne
Capon Dandalo
Tongue in Gelatin
Suprême de Volaille Jeannette

Individual Ice Creams in Cases Assorted
Tartlets Gâteaux
Petits Fours Bijou Éclairs
Bonbons Mints Nuts
Tea Coffee

The wedding party itself is served a seated "breakfast," which is often a complete meal in consideration of the departure of the bridal couple.

One of Sherry's newest inspirations as to wedding cakes is to present each bride with one tier of cake hermetically sealed in a solid metal box, with the inscription, "To be opened on ——," the date of the twentieth anniversary. Needless to say this is received with special delight.

The Ceremony

FOR an afternoon reception there is always dancing. Meyer Davis' orchestra is a favorite at the moment.

The average big wedding reception costs about five thousand dollars, though the cake alone has sometimes cost as much as one thousand dollars.

Q.: What have been some of the prettiest weddings of recent times?

A.: One of the prettiest weddings last season was that of Miss Frances Auchincloss to Thomas Watson Armitage early in January. The bride's dress was of ivory satin made princess fashion with a full skirt ending in a wide circular train. Rare old rose-point lace outlined the décolletage

(Continued on Page 92)

"It is estimated that American women spend fifty-three billion dollars annually . . . that they buy 41 per cent of all automobiles and 96 per cent of dry goods."
—Arthur Brisbane in the New York American

WOMEN KNOW SUCCESS! AND KNOW BUICK!

America's discriminating women buy more than twice as many Buicks as any other fine car

Just as woman's two-fold success, in the home and in business, is due to her love for the beautiful and her genius for the practical, so her preference for the Buick car finds its origin in these same qualities.

Women favor Buick above any other fine car . . . they purchase from two to five times as many Buicks as any other automobile priced above $1200 . . . *expressly because* of their love for the beautiful and their genius for the practical.

Woman's desire for beauty finds full gratification in the modish lines and colors of Buick Bodies by Fisher, in the luxurious upholsterings and carpetings of Buick interiors, and in their many appointments of comfort and convenience.

Woman's genius for the practical inspires her to place special importance upon Buick leadership in performance—upon the safety of Buick's Controlled Servo Enclosed Mechanical Brakes—upon Buick's unfailing day-after-day reliability—and also upon the extra value resulting from Buick's greater volume production.

This warm preference, which women have manifested for Buick for years, is at new heights today—just as today's Buick is the finest ever produced.

You will find Buick the ideal car. The mere fact that twice as many women choose Buick attests its leadership. A look and a ride will cause you to make Buick your choice.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
CANADIAN FACTORIES McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, OSHAWA, ONTARIO
BUILDERS OF BUICK AND MARQUETTE MOTOR CARS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

There are three series—three wheelbases and three price ranges, with 15 luxurious body-types, priced from $1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All are available on the extremely liberal General Motors time payment plan.

WHAT'S THAT, MILDRED? YOU CAN'T COME BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO BUSY SCRUBBING CLOTHES...?
HOW OLD-FASHIONED! TELL HER ABOUT OUR "NO-WORK" WAY

NEXT WASHDAY
SO YOU TOOK OUR ADVICE, MILDRED! ONLY RINSO CAN GET CLOTHES SO WHITE
YES, AND IT SAVES BOILING AS WELL AS SCRUBBING

Try these safe, rich suds to get whiter washes

IF YOU haven't tried the easy Rinso way of washing clothes . . . there's a treat in store for you!

"Rinso saves hours of work on washday," says Mrs. F. McCormack, who lives in Pawtucket, R. I.

"It gets clothes nice and white with almost no work," writes Mrs. W. P. Hutchison, Jr. of Pittsburgh.

"The way it breaks down our hard water and makes thick, safe, soapy suds is simply wonderful!" declares Mrs. V. L. Carty of Minneapolis.

"Now washday never worries me at all," says Mrs. Susan Brady, who lives in Oakland, Cal.

Thousands write us letters like these. They tell us how Rinso soaks out dirt—saves the clothes—*spares the hands.*

Safe for finest linens

Women trust their finest cottons and linens to Rinso's creamy suds—for they know from experience that it's safe. Clothes actually last *longer* the Rinso way.

"It's just great the way Rinso soaks out dirt and stains," writes Mrs. R. M. Buchanan of Trenton, N. J. "Saves the clothes, you know—because they don't need to be scrubbed threadbare."

Try Rinso and see for yourself! You'll wonder why *anyone* still washes clothes the old-fashioned way. You'll wonder why *anyone* still scrubs the very life out of clothes against a metal washboard.

Great in washers, too

The makers of 38 famous washing machines say, "Use Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes." It's all you need in tub or washer, even in hardest water—no bar soaps, chips, powders, softeners. Gives *twice as much suds*, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—because it's so *compact.*

You'll like Rinso's creamy, lasting suds for dishes, too . . . for pots and pans . . . for floors and walls . . . for *all* cleaning. Get the BIG handy household package and follow the easy directions on the box.

Guaranteed by the makers of LUX—
LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

(Continued from Page 90)

and her veil was of old rose-point lace that her great-grandmother had worn. A shower bouquet of lilies of the valley completed the picture.

The maid of honor wore a light capuchin net with a hat of brown velvet and tulle and carried Talisman roses. A little sister, dressed in the same color but carrying yellow flowers, served as flower girl. The bridesmaids, eight in number, wore flame-colored tulle dresses with long trains, and brown velvet and tulle hats like the maid of honor's. Their bouquets were in varying colors. The whole party, with its picturesque long trains and full skirts and rare harmony of colors, made as pretty a picture as ever walked down a church aisle!

Another smart wedding of the past season was that of Miss Bernice Chrysler, daughter of Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, of automobile fame, and Mrs. Chrysler, to Edgar William Garbisch.

The Trousseau

THE wedding took place at St. Bartholomew's. For months before, this outstanding event had been heralded, and when the day came the church not only was crowded to the doors but the crowds on the avenue could hardly be held in check by the police to permit the invited guests to enter and depart! Awnings were torn to get a glimpse of the bride, and some of the guests were actually unable to enter the church.

Tall spruce trees banked the side walls of the church. The altar and choir stalls were massed with lilies and daisies. Candelabra, seven feet tall, bearing six white candles, marked alternate pews and made a candle-lit aisle for the bridal path to the altar.

The bride wore an extremely simple white satin gown, princess style, with the train attached from below the waistline. A lovely tulle veil was held at the head by a coronet of twisted pearls.

The bridal attendants—an unusual and most effective thought—wore all white, their dresses exactly like the bride's but in velvet and with shorter trains. Their hats were white velvet tricorns. Each carried American Beauty roses instead of the conventional bouquet.

From the church the bridal party and guests went to Sherry's, where thirteen hundred were received.

But by far the most memorable of all New York weddings was that of Miss Estelle Manville to Count Folke Bernadotte of Viborg, nephew of the King of Sweden, which took place on December first in St. John's Episcopal Church in the little village of Pleasantville, New York. Never before in this country were so many nobility assembled at a wedding, and nobility of the highest rank—princesses, dukes and duchesses. Moreover, many elaborate and unusual arrangements were carried out, due to the unusual circumstances of this wedding.

The wedding itself was most picturesque. The groom, being an officer of the Swedish guard, wore the full-dress military uniform, and, following the custom at military weddings, the bride and groom walked down the aisle under the crossed swords of his fellow guardsmen.

Miss Manville wore ivory velvet trimmed with old ivory lace. Her veil was a three-cornered one of ivory lace. It was worn like a mantilla and surmounted with a coronet of platinum and diamonds. An organ recital by a noted organist preceded the ceremony.

The arrangements for the reception involved the unusual undertaking of inclosing a spacious patio in the Manville estate and installing large warm-air furnaces. All this was arranged for by Sherry's, whose long experience in the management of weddings has prepared them for every kind of incidental undertaking. A large fountain in the center of the patio was removed, and in its place stood the huge wedding cake, seven feet high! It measured six feet in diameter and weighed about six hundred pounds.

The barn was likewise heated by special furnace installations, and converted into dining quarters for the police, chauffeurs and domestics. A private race track was set aside for parking the guests' automobiles. Flood lights illuminated all the driveways and policemen directed the incoming cars to the parking area. A special telephone service was installed to reach these cars when wanted. A separate parking space adjacent to the house was reserved for guests who drove their own cars. With such infinite and far-flung attention to detail must a wedding of such size and importance be conducted!

Q.: What does the trousseau of today consist of?

A.: Today's trousseau is considerably shorn of its glory in point of quantity, if not of quality. But it is richer in colors and in variety. Nowadays most brides content themselves with as few as half a dozen sets, and these consist of nightdress—or pajamas—bandeau and panties or chemise, as the bride's choice may be. Gone are the days of long-sleeved nightdresses, of chemises, corset covers, petticoats, drawers by the dozens, much befrilled and all alike! Lingerie is in the usual pastel colors, excepting the wedding set, though ever so many young brides will not concede even the white wedding set, and certainly none concede the white silk stockings! The material of the moment is ninon or triple voile. Crêpe de chine and georgette also have their adherents. All sets are not alike. Two or more may be tailored—a great convenience when traveling. Some are sure to be lace-trimmed, écru-colored Alençon being the favorite just now. Embroidered monograms are also employed, some brides having their first names embroidered across the front of the nightdress. Especially luxurious lingerie sets are embroidered with monograms in Switzerland or Italy—or have lace monograms—this kind of work being the specialty of certain European houses. The trousseau of a charming December bride consisted of one hundred and forty-four pieces in all. It was ordered completely from Lucien Lelong. It contained every color of the rainbow, and it cost ten thousand dollars!

The Wedding Dress

LOUNGING pajamas as well as sleeping pajamas figure importantly in today's trousseau; in fact, the bride indulges herself more in fascinating negligees, tea gowns, lounging pajamas and bed jackets than in any other item of the trousseau.

The trousseau is no longer shown to friends, except to very intimate ones. But those may number a hundred.

Heirloom linen is no longer esteemed, since sizes and shapes for bed and table linens have changed so. Colored sheets, towels, and the like, are certain to be included. Tablecloths are not ordered until after the bride has definitely planned a dining room and decided on the size and shape of her table. Luncheon sets, fancy and colored table linens, and breakfast tray sets are rarely included, as they are so certain to number largely among the gifts. Lace luncheon sets and tablecloths are highly prized, as lacemakers are fast diminishing in numbers and lace becomes more and more precious.

Blanket covers are a matter of course in every trousseau of today. Crêpe de chine ones, lace-trimmed, and with an enormous monogram in the middle are usual. Those of fine linen are also very much prized.

One thousand to fifteen hundred dollars is the amount usually spent on household linens. There should be enough of everything to permit the use of pieces not being repeated for two or three weeks between launderings.

The following is a linen list for the average young couple, suggested by a linen

(Continued on Page 94)

TO THE BRIDE

EVERY ten months, a million new couples take up the job of making a home. That marvelous first year! Busy days for the bride. Not in many years to come, will shopping lists bring such thrills. The first chair! The first rug. The first pair of soft, woolly blankets. How carefully, proudly chosen from the stocks of a dozen stores!

And more than likely the very first product to go into the new medicine cabinet will bear the label of Squibb. For the youngest bride knows the trustworthiness of this fine old name. And even as her mother and grandmother before her, she selects Squibb Products for her medicine cabinet . . . as the finest possible to buy.

Since 1858 E. R. Squibb & Sons have prepared medicinal products of outstanding quality for home use. Into their making go the same care and exactly the same high skill that are used in preparing the most delicate vaccines and sera—professional preparations for which the House of Squibb is famous.

So excellent, indeed, are Squibb Products—and so widespread has become their reputation for efficacy and purity—that mothers consider them home necessities and countless physicians prescribe them before all others.

Select them confidently when you buy—these products which contain The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker . . . and when emergencies arise, you may turn to them with full assurance of their efficacy, purity and reliability. *At all reliable drug stores featuring service and quality products.*

Squibb's Home Necessities

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes the germ-acids of decay, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

TO CLEAN TEETH ECONOMICALLY USE BAKING SODA

USED on a moistened brush, as you would any tooth powder, Baking Soda removes film and stains from teeth, leaving them clean, white. It also preserves teeth. Due to its antacid property it neutralizes the mouth acids that cause decay.

A teaspoonful of Baking Soda dissolved in a glass of cool water makes a refreshing mouth wash. Used after eating, this wash leaves the mouth fresh and sweet, free of acids.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package from any grocer. Insist on either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical and have been made by the same company for over 80 years. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.
[Please print name and address]
E-16
Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

(Continued from Page 92)

shop on Madison Avenue which can claim the smartest patronage in New York:

2 Dozen linen sheets.
2 Dozen linen pillow cases.
2 Dozen bath towels
6 to 8 Dozen hand towels.
4 Dozen wash cloths.
1 Dozen bath mats.
4 Dozen dinner napkins.
4 Dozen luncheon napkins.
½ to 1 Dozen simple batiste blanket covers.

Blankets and comfortables, in addition. These, however, like the blanket covers, are often among the wedding gifts. There should be two dozen of everything for the servants too.

Percale sheets often take the place of linen ones or supplement them. The bride's maiden initials are monogrammed more elaborately on the top sheet, and in simple block letters on the lower sheet. Servants' linen is plainly marked in red cross-stitch with the bride's married name—as C. D. Smith.

Linens are provided by the bride's family. Flat silver by the groom's.

Q.: What about the wedding dress itself? The veil? The bouquet?

A.: The wedding dress itself is actually simpler in line than it used to be, as shown by the dress from Bergdorf-Goodman illustrated. The present mode is, of course, the princess style. One of the most distinguished gowns of the season was an extremely simple one of lustrous ivory satin made with a full long skirt, part of which formed the train. The bodice was made with long tight-fitting sleeves, and neither lace nor pearls were used to adorn the gown. Around her neck was a short string of pearls. The veil was of white tulle. Instead of a bouquet, the bride carried simply a white prayer book.

Not many brides, however, adopt extreme simplicity of costume. Old lace, if it be in the family, is invariably brought out to adorn either the dress or the veil. Of course, its value increases with each year. At a wedding of social prominence at St. Thomas' last November, the dress, over a simple foundation of satin, was made of real lace which the groom's mother had owned and which was so valuable that it had been lent to a museum. For the occasion, it was borrowed from the museum, actually cut up to make the gown, then afterward sent to Belgium to be remade into one piece before being returned to the museum.

The Attendants

WHERE lace is not in the family, it is purchased from Europe. A lace veil costs from fifteen hundred to five thousand dollars. The veil made for Miss Adelaide Hutton last winter was made from needle-point lace that belonged to one of the royal families of Europe, and is considered a valuable museum piece.

For most brides, wedding gowns of oyster and creamy white have definitely taken the place of the dead white which is so unbecoming. And these creamy whites have grown to be almost peach or yellow!

Bouquets are smaller at the present moment. Sheaves of calla lilies have been very much in vogue. White orchids with lilies of the valley, gardenias with lilies of the valley, and simply lilies of the valley have been most frequently carried this season. When very rare orchids are used for the entire bouquet, it may cost as much as two hundred and fifty dollars. A very important recent English bride, Lady Anne Cavendish, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, carried the tiniest of nosegays. Her attendants were all children, her little nephews and nieces, twelve in all. The nine little girls of varying heights wore full-length, long-sleeved, red velvet dresses and carried old-fashioned nosegays. The three little boys, in red and gold, held her train. The English almost always have some children in the wedding party. Americans seem to despair of being able to train them to play their parts.

The bridal bouquet is ordered by the bride's mother and paid for by the groom.

Q.: How many bridal attendants?

A.: One, or two, or none, or as many as fifteen. Most brides have six or eight. Miss Joyce Phipps, whose picture is shown in this article, an English bride in whom everyone was interested, since she is a niece of Lady Astor's, at whose home the wedding reception was held, had fifteen attendants, nine of whom were grown-ups and six children. Miss Auchincloss had ten. Miss Anne Colby, who married Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt on December twenty-seventh, one of those very important yet small weddings, was unattended.

Bridal attendants need no longer be maidens! Six of the ten bridal attendants in Miss Gertrude Sanford's entourage were young matrons. This comes out of a rather natural desire to favor those of one's friends for whom one has recently been a bridesmaid.

Q.: What are the wedding gifts of today?

A.: Jewelry is, of course, the most important of gifts. Silver is still supreme, and antique silver—a Queen Anne teapot, a Charles II porringer—probably the most highly esteemed of all.

The Gifts

CHINA, but never in sets, and glass are fashionable. One of last year's brides received as many as forty dozen plates! The same bride also received twenty traveling clocks. The most useful and necessary of household articles are given, from mechanical refrigerators to scrap baskets and bathroom bottles, so practical minded are the generation of this day. Trays, breakfast sets, cocktail sets, lamps, and so on. So universal is the admission that gifts will be exchanged that much of the silver which is given is left uninitialed.

Leather goods, boudoir things and furniture are also in the lists, the latter increasingly so; in fact, gifts may cost anything from a few dollars to hundreds or thousands of dollars. The most expensive gifts come from the immediate family and from close friends—and from persons who are financially obligated to the parents of either. The surprising number of small gifts from less intimate friends is the logical result of the large number of guests invited today.

Another sensible custom of this practical day and generation is the list of "things wanted" which a bride announces to her friends. One bride asked for books and things from antique shops. She got chiefly what she wanted. Another asked for furniture, and had to buy practically nothing to furnish her home. Checks, the most practical of all gifts, are increasingly given, not a shred of the old-fashioned reticence about the amount or the cost of a gift being in evidence today.

Especially magnificent presents are not unusual, such as the gift of a house by the groom's family, and every detail of furniture for it by the bride's family. This was the good fortune of a young couple who were married in December last. This couple also received such beautiful and useful gifts as a grand piano, a grandfather's clock and some antique crystals all of great value. So diversified are the gifts that it is an accepted custom to have an appraisal made by experts.

In England, curiously enough, umbrellas and canes seem to take the place of the china plates which brides here receive by the dozens and dozens! Among Lady Anne Cavendish's presents, the most important English wedding of the season, there was a regular forest of umbrellas.

Presents begin to come in from the time the engagement is announced. They come in thickest and fastest just before the wedding, and they continue to be sent for a year after. All gifts are immediately catalogued on being opened and the names and addresses of the donors entered in a book, a description of the gift and the shop from

(Continued on Page 97)

"STEERO" SECRETS

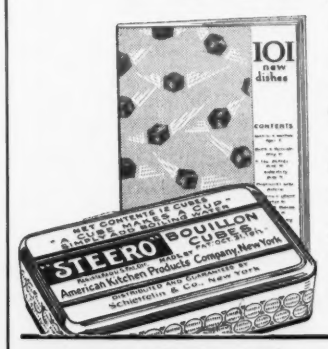
Before you serve ANOTHER SALAD

PLEASE introduce your mixing bowl to the magic of "STEERO" bouillon cubes. You didn't know they were for salads? You thought they served only as a tasty hot drink? Why, women call them "magical menu-makers"! Some even use these flavorsome cubes to add new zest to sandwich spreads. And as for soups and sauces, meat, fish and egg dishes, cocktails, appetizers—

But wait! Bertha M. Becker, noted food specialist, has put these all down for you, each recipe tested, a bookful of "STEERO" secrets that will help you transform everyday dishes. It's called—and its name is more than a promise—"101 New Dishes." Won't you please let us send it to you together with samples of the cubes? Both are free if you use the coupon.

"101 new dishes" and samples of "STEERO" bouillon cubes

FREE



"STEERO" bouillon cubes were introduced in 1909. They are now known to millions. Look for the name "STEERO" on the box and on the wrapper of each cube. Three sizes: 12, 50 and 100 cubes. Sold by grocers, delicatessen and drug stores.

American Kitchen Products Co. L. H. J. 5
281 Water Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your new cook book, "101 New Dishes," and free samples of the cubes.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY & STATE _____
This offer not good in Canada

First sweeping HOLLYWOOD . . then BROADWAY . . and now the EUROPEAN CAPITALS . .

Lux Toilet Soap cares for the loveliest complexions in the world

You can keep *your* skin exquisitely smooth just as 9 out of 10 glamorous screen stars do . . . .

LONG ago our own charming Hollywood stars discovered that for attractiveness a girl *must* have soft, smooth skin—and that Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin at its loveliest!

Then the famous Broadway stage stars became equally enthusiastic about this delicately fragrant, white soap. Never have they been more grateful to it than since so many of them are playing in the talkies!

And now—in France, in England, in Germany—the European screen stars have adopted Lux Toilet Soap.

In Hollywood alone 511 lovely actresses use it

Every girl who appears under the blaze of the great close-up lights *must* have flawless skin. And the talkies have so many, many close-ups!

"No girl can be *attractive* unless she has the very loveliest skin." This is the conclusion of 45 leading Hollywood directors who pick the girls who will most surely win popularity on the screen.

Small wonder, then, that in Hollywood alone, of the 521 important actresses, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. And every one of the great film studios has made it the official soap for their dressing rooms.

At the request of the Broadway stage stars, it has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 74 legitimate theaters, and by other leading theaters all over the country.

Lux Toilet Soap has become the chosen soap of the world's most famous stars. If you aren't already using this delightful soap, order several cakes—today. Its caressing lather will keep *your* skin lovely, just as it keeps the skin of the famous stars! Use it for the bath—and for the shampoo, too!

LUX TOILET SOAP *Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake... NOW* **10¢**

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

The 2-Door Sedan · Body by Fisher

Bodies by Fisher account for the smartness of its style

When occasion demands that you be chauffeur to a bevy of friends, how satisfying to drive a car whose every line expresses trim, tailored smartness! Just such a car is the New Oakland Eight with body by Fisher. There is exceptional appeal in its long, gracefully crisp silhouette—in the way its fleet, low-swung body nestles close to the road. And we venture to say that your friends will cluster 'round to admire its jaunty new fender lamps, the unique radiator design and the skillful blending of lustrous Duco colors with glistening chromium plate. Enter the car and you will be equally impressed with its smart interior. Both you and those who drive with you will welcome the restfulness of its deeply cushioned seats. And the soft, deep-pile mohair upholstery, the harmonizing trim, the artistic appointments—all are designed to gratify a penchant for smartness and luxury. Your dealer looks forward to showing you these niceties of style and comfort. And he would like to demonstrate other important features such as the steering system which responds to the gentlest touch—the sloping non-glare windshield—powerful brakes which you can apply with ease—and an 85-horsepower engine in whose dependability you can place unlimited confidence. We predict that you will be frankly delighted with the New Oakland Eight, in which you can enjoy Fisher body smartness and superior eight-cylinder performance at extremely moderate cost.

$1045
AND UP

Seven body types. Prices f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Company.

Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight.

superior performance

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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The secret of keeping cars looking new *and* beautiful

36,560 MILES AND STILL LOOKS NEW

Many years ago the Spanish adventurer, Ponce de Leon, sought in vain for a mythical Fountain of Youth that was said to wash away the tell-tale marks of time and restore the vigor and freshness of youth.

SIMONIZING IS the "Fountain of Youth" for the motor cars. It makes cars look new again, and keeps the finish bright and beautiful for years.

New cars should always be Simonized before being driven very far. Don't wait until dullness and discoloration warn you that the finish of your car is in danger and needs Simoniz. The sooner any car is Simonized the better—for Simoniz protects the finish, makes it last longer, and keeps colors from fading.

It's easy to Simoniz a car. Simoniz Kleener quickly and easily removes all grime, discolorations and blemishes—truly the only way of restoring the lustre and making the finish look new again. Then, Simoniz provides that wonderful protection.

Insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener —and your car will always look new and beautiful.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"EASILY APPLIED WITH A CLOTH"

(Continued from Page 94)

which it was sent, and a record as to whether it has been acknowledged or not. This avoids any errors in the acknowledgment of gifts. The important stationers and jewelers, Black Starr & Frost-Gorham, Cartier, Tiffany, all have such books, which they present to every bride of importance.

"Thank you" letters are written by the bride herself as the gifts are received. As this may take months when the number of gifts runs into the thousands, a card is sometimes sent acknowledging the receipt of the gift and saying that a letter of thanks will follow.

Q.: How many prewedding parties are there? Who gives them?

A.: Prewedding parties are given by the groom's family to the bride, sometimes by the bride's friends, sometimes by the bridesmaids. There is always a party the night before the wedding, at which the groom's family is present and from which the bride leaves early. When the gifts are displayed the donors' cards are not attached.

As many as six very formal prewedding parties were given last winter for one bride, who had numerous other informal parties:

2 Dinners at St. Regis.
1 Dinner at Embassy Club.
1 Bridesmaids' dinner on the night of the ushers' dinner at the groom's sister's.
1 Luncheon by the bridesmaids.
1 Tea the day before the wedding for the bridesmaids and intimate friends to see the presents.

Q.: What is the fashionable hour for weddings?

A.: Noon for country weddings. Four, and more recently, four-thirty for town weddings. Evening weddings are exceptional and still considered in questionable taste. In England, where a wedding never loses its character of a religious ceremony, weddings may take place only between the hours of 8 A.M. and 3 P.M. unless a special license has been obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury. The fashionable hour is 2:15 P.M.

Q.: When is the bachelor party given? Do the brides object to it?

A.: The bachelor party is now given a week or more before the wedding. They are given at one of the groom's clubs. The bride of today takes this as part of the fun. In England the bachelor's party takes place the evening before the wedding.

Q.: Who are chosen for ushers? And for bridesmaids? What presents do they get? And from whom?

A.: The ushers are chosen from the groom's best friends. They should know the friends and relatives of both the bride and groom so as to be able to seat them intelligently and correctly. Or, the usher asks their names and checks them off on a chart which indicates where they are to be seated. The bridesmaids are the bride's closest friends—as often as not, her young married friends.

The Bridesmaids

THE best man is the groom's closest friend or relative. At many of last season's weddings, the groom's father was his best man. Presents are given to the ushers by the groom. Walking sticks, soft-collar pins, cuff links, gold belt buckles, wallets, gold key chains, are still given. Also the customary spats, socks, gloves and ties. Scarf pins are completely out-of-date.

Bridesmaids' presents are given by the bride. They are usually something which the bridesmaids will wear at the wedding. Perhaps a piece of jewelry.

Q.: What does the groom give the bride?

A.: Almost always jewelry—and as exquisite as he can afford. The supreme gift is a string of pearls. Diamond jewelry has returned to vogue. The Duke of Westminster gave his recent bride a million-dollar diamond.

Q.: What does it cost to be a bridesmaid?

A.: A certain bridesmaid estimates that being a bridesmaid last year cost her twenty-four hundred dollars. She acted as bridesmaid eight times, and each wedding including her outfit, the dinner she gave for the bridal party, the engagement and wedding gifts, cost her from two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars.

The question of the cost to the bridesmaid is always frankly considered and freely discussed. If a bride wants to have a particular friend as bridesmaid who she knows cannot afford it, her mother will pay for the dress.

When the bride has chosen very extravagant costumes, and is herself of ample means, she provides all the costumes. When the bridesmaid pays for her own dress the effort is made to keep down the cost to around one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars.

The Ring

THE ruling for light or gay dresses as the season permits, for all guests, is also something of a tax cheerfully paid by many, especially elderly friends, as they often get especially for a wedding the festive kind of dress not ordinarily worn.

Q.: Who chooses the music?

A.: There is a program of music while the guests are arriving. The selection of this is usually left to the organist. Additional instruments or voices are at the suggestion of the bride's family—violins, and nowadays harps.

Q.: When are the photographs taken?

A.: The bride's photograph is taken at her last fitting. The bridal party is taken at the house before the wedding party leaves for the church. Newspaper and the society-magazine photographers are freely allowed to take pictures after the wedding.

Q.: How do the churches regard elaborate weddings?

A.: The church places definite restrictions on the nature of the decorations—that no object of furniture in the church may be moved, that no nails may be driven into walls, that the florist's name must be submitted to the sexton, that palms and flowers may not be put within the pulpit, choir stalls, without supervision. All of which indicates the necessity for restraint and the excessiveness to which church decoration tends. Florist's bills have been known to be as high as ten thousand dollars.

Q.: What superstitions still hold good? And what ancient customs has the modern girl thrown overboard?

A.: Only two superstitions still exist. No bride goes to the altar failing to wear "something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue." And no bride ever walks up the aisle at her own wedding rehearsal!

Q.: What is the latest thing in engagement and wedding rings?

A.: Ruby, emerald and sapphire rings in combination with diamonds are often used instead of the diamond solitaire for engagement rings. The new cuts for diamonds are Marquise, emerald, square or round with baguettes on the side.

The newest wedding ring is the chain with diamonds and baguettes as shown. Platinum, engraved and studded with diamonds, or simply engraved with the conventional orange-blossom pattern, is most often chosen. And not a few choose the gold band, but a very much slenderer one than our mothers wore.

Q.: What are the favorite honeymoon resorts? How long do honeymoons last?

A.: Bermuda, Havana, Hot Springs, Europe, a country house loaned for the purpose, or a yacht. The trip may last three weeks; if it is abroad, six weeks or three months, or longer.

Q.: How much of an establishment do the young people start with?

A.: Usually a small apartment with one maid or two. Most marriages today are budgeted on the fifty-fifty basis, the bride contributing her share.

Q.: Do they like a big wedding?

A.: They adore it!

TANGEE

World famous for its natural color

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base, soothing and healing. And it lasts much longer!

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1. *Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.*

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")
THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. L. 5
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name.....

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Now moist *cold and* dry *cold in the same refrigerator*

Frigidaire equipped with the new Hydrator now offers an extra service. Mail the coupon for new salad recipe book and full details about the Hydrator . . . today

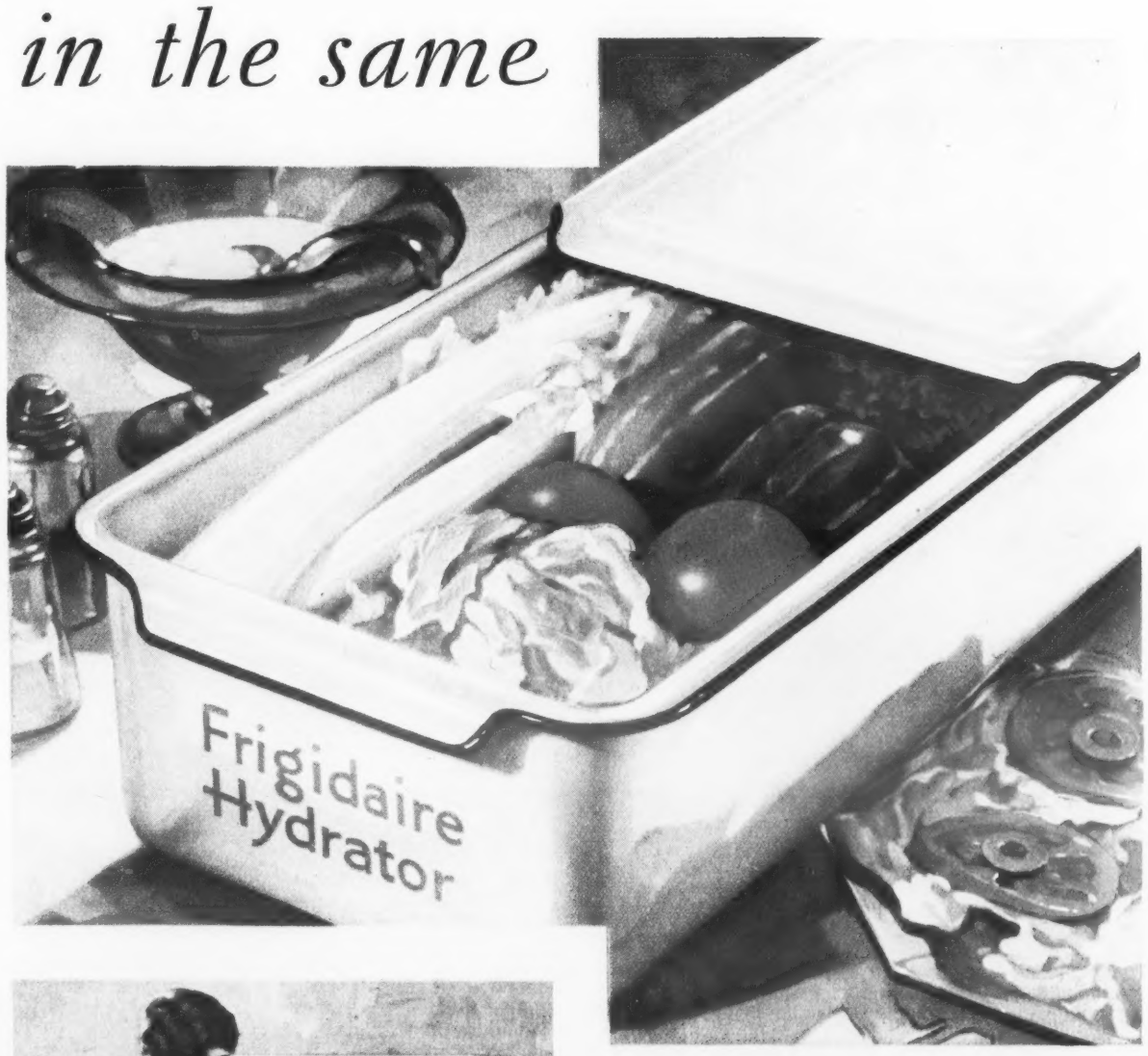
The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control"

NOW, for the first time, you can have moist, reviving cold for vegetables and dry, frosty cold for meats and other foods . . . both *in the same cabinet.* You can have the right type of refrigeration for every kind of food. You can enjoy a new convenience in your kitchen. All of these advantages are brought to your home by the new Frigidaire Hydrator . . . now standard equipment on all household Frigidaires.

And what a difference the Hydrator makes in quality and flavor!

Celery comes out of the Hydrator crisp and brittle. Lettuce takes on a dew-drenched freshness. Tomatoes become firmer. Parsley, cress and other garnishes seem almost to grow again!

You'll want to know more about the Hydrator. And you'll want to know more about the "Frigidaire Cold Control" which enables you to speed the freezing of ice cubes and desserts. You'll want to know more about Frigidaire's surplus power that keeps foods fresher . . . longer. You'll want to see and examine the beautiful cabinets in rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. These features are being shown at the nearest Frigidaire display room. See a complete demonstration now.



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And by all means send for the latest Frigidaire catalog and our new free salad recipe book. The recipe book contains many new recipes which you have probably never tried before. It also gives you full details about the Hydrator. Mail the coupon today.

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Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions . . . Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Room Coolers

Better Lighting for Your Home

(Continued from Page 23)

coming from floor and table lamps placed here and there in convenient locations.

Convenience is the first guide to the choice and allocation of lamps—you want at least one light to control with a switch, and the shade for this particular one is more and more finding its place against the ceiling, whether circular, oblong or square, made of frosted, etched or ground glass, in the simplest of old or contemporary designs. You have but to compare it with a chandelier which has unshaded or only partially shaded lamps to realize how much easier on the eyes it is and how it helps a room's appearance—people who wear glasses say they cannot sit in a room, especially at a dinner table, without suffering from the glare of overhead lights which are not fully shaded.

The general light source, because it is merely a convenience, is in good taste when plain and unassuming; unless your ceiling is very low and quite decorative, you cannot afford to let it compete with other furnishings by having a highly ornamental central fixture which attracts attention. The color of ceiling shades and fixtures is determined by the room's color—if, as sometimes happens, a room has a white ceiling, colorless or cloudy glass with silver-finish fixtures and inside-frosted lamps are in order; with a tinted ceiling, we use shades and fixtures in harmonizing tone, and lamps of blending color. Care is exercised not to use an excess of wattage in overhead lights, as that may cause tiresome glare, a quality always to be avoided.

Lamp shades are at their best decoratively, and perform their duty of transmitting light most efficiently when in delicate tints of cheerful colors which do not fail to let light through; and red, henna, tangerine and rose are colors which absorb the blue rays of light, transmitting rays of red to tire eyes and distress nerves.

The ideal lamp shade is one which, however positive it may be unilluminated, is most pleasing when it is but a softly glowing filter, a translucent mass of delicate color. Pale lemon, amber, light topaz and soft peach, as well as oyster white and pale pink-beige are tints which make alluring, restful lamp shades. Green may be used if in ever so delicate a tint with silver or pale gold; and such colors as turquoise, orange, blue and black offer smart contrast in binding. Yellow is the color most friendly to light, and yellow tinged with pink flatters us delightfully.

Cost the Same

JUST how high a shade should be is determined by its type and use; in the corner of a living room pictured on page 23, you will see by comparing the two views that in one the antique etching above the table is well lighted, its beauty fully realized, while in the other it is dark and unattractive. Yet the same amount of wattage is used in both lamps, one shade being low enough and of the right texture and color to let plenty of light escape where it is wanted. The floor lamps here, too, have lights of the same degree, yet how much more attractive the little pewter one is, with its soft, pleasing shade, than the bronze one shaded with ugly green. Their cost was the same.

The wattage is the same, but one-third more light is secured in the new arrangement. Note how the light is reflected from the walls, as compared with the dark, gloomy shadows in the other.

A lamp and its shade can add life and beauty to a room's corner, or an ensemble anywhere—it brings out the high lights of a picture or wall hanging, gives depth to the folds of a window drapery, sheds an inviting aureole on chair back or sofa. It is highly decorative at night, and an accent of color during the day.

Another requisite of the ideal lamp shade is that it have a broad spread; the larger the area from which light is sent into a room, the softer its shadows will be, and the greater the illumination. A pair of lamps placed on opposite sides of a room, one having unshaded lights, the other with a wide spreading shade, will show you this difference between good and bad lighting. A bulb or two of forty or fifty watts, and a wide-bottomed shade of suitable tint and translucency will give you more light and far more attractive chiaroscuro than one of higher wattage but with a shade having less spread.

Those who are building homes can have plenty of convenience outlets—baseboard sockets in every wall, at locations convenient to tables and chairs, of a piece with bathroom cabinet and shaving-light fixtures, and, in bedrooms, near dressing table and chest or chiffonier, so that brackets may easily be clamped on the mirror. Where wiring is already in and cannot be changed, a supply of double sockets in side fixtures solves the problem fairly well.

Lamps and Shades

THE reading lamp on a bedside table is another source of beauty and convenience—it should always be high enough for comfort with a sufficiently deep shade to conceal the light source, yet broad enough to spread an abundance of light; strong contrasts between light and darkness are, as we explained, very hard on the eyes and a reading lamp should either provide a pleasant flood of brightness or have its light supplemented by a ceiling light. So that when building you may find it desirable to have a switch put at the head of the bed.

Dressing-table lamps, it has been proved, are most satisfactory when at face level and on a line with the mirror—so that they shine on your face, and are not reflected in the glass; half-shades which can be adjusted back of the bulb for use, to make reflectors, are more practical than those which diffuse light.

For ten cents the old carbon-filament lamps may be purchased; but they burn three times the electricity, as your light bill will show, and the new-style lamp gives much more light than the old.

When we were taking these natural color photographs someone happened in and remarked that that was a restfully lighted, cozy corner—referring to the badly lighted view of the living room. Which proves that only by comparing poor lighting with good can we realize the great difference.

Shades with closed tops are seldom desirable, as they reflect so little light that much more electricity is consumed than is actually necessary. Besides, they throw heavy shadows down, only, whereas an open-top shade casts more pleasing, medium-dark shadows in all directions.

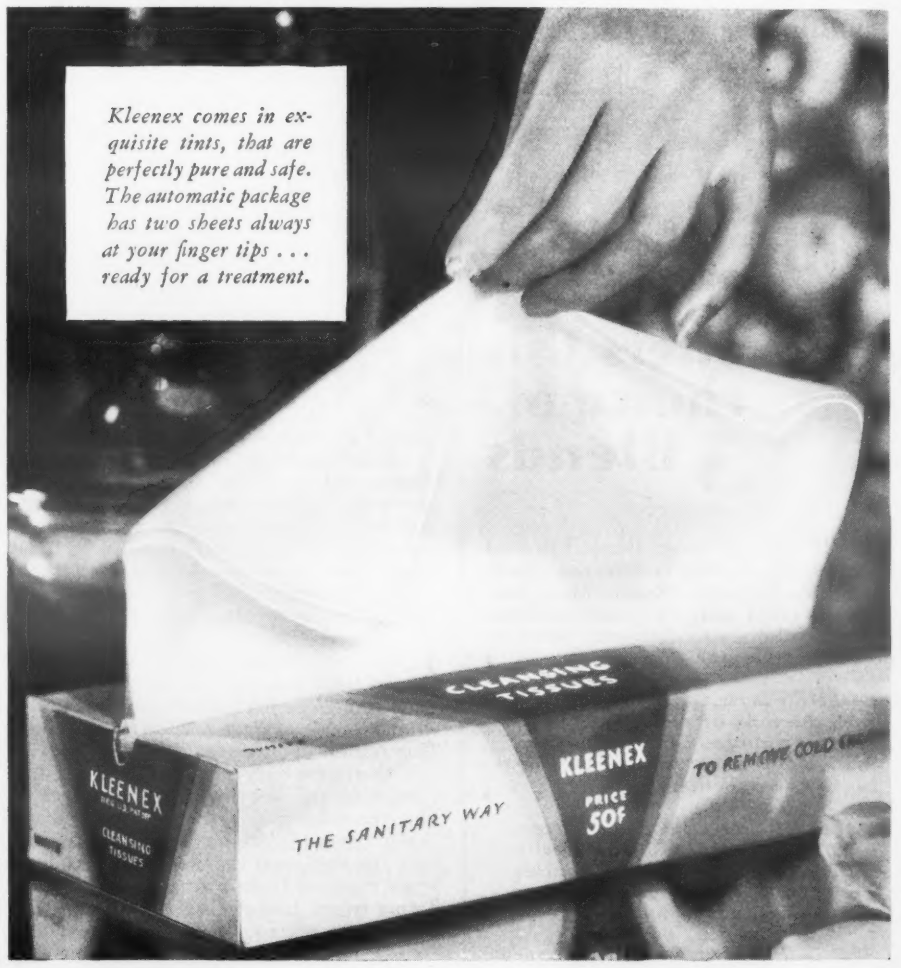
The quantity of light required in a living room varies, according to its size and shape, the wall and ceiling color, the colors of the floor and furnishings.

Simple shades are used for story-telling lights in the Cleveland play room illustrated on page 23; the bulbs are all twenty-five-watt, flame color, and cast a rosy, imagination-stirring glow. Inside the reflectors, which are embedded in the board ceiling, are one-hundred-watt lamps—inside-frosted; and on the side of the room opposite the fireplace is an angle reflector, above the blackboard, with a twenty-five-watt daylight lamp inside.

A badly lighted room may give a child depressing memories, whereas an abundance of softly shaded light, as here, substituting for the light from the sky, helps him to see without strain, clearly and joyously.

Why Kleenex is safest to remove cold cream

It's the sure way to free your pores of dangerous dirt and grime . . . without stretching or irritating skin


Kleenex comes in exquisite tints, that are perfectly pure and safe. The automatic package has two sheets always at your finger tips . . . ready for a treatment.
CLEANSING TISSUES
KLEENEX
THE SANITARY WAY
KLEENEX
PRICE 50¢
TO REMOVE COLD

NEVER use germ-laden cloths to remove cold cream! Kleenex is the clean, the *safe* way. These delicate tissues are so soft and absorbent, they just *blot up* the surplus cold cream, along with any lingering dirt and cosmetics. The pores are left really clean.

And immaculate cleanliness is the first rule of beauty care. Dirt encourages the bacteria which start most complexion troubles. Pimples and blackheads owe their start to bacteria lodging in the pores and starting an infection.

Kleenex makes hard rubbing unnecessary when cold cream is removed. This is important, because beauty experts believe rubbing and stretching cause large pores and wrinkles.

"Kleenex is SO dainty for removing make-up. Nothing else seems really clean and sanitary after one has used these absorbent little tissues."

Betty Compson

Brilliant star of the R. K. O. productions, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" and "Street Girl."

Perfect for handkerchiefs

Kleenex is invaluable for handkerchief use, especially for colds and hay fever. It prevents irritation and reinfection . . . and saves laundry.

Many mothers depend on Kleenex altogether for children's handkerchiefs. Buy Kleenex at drug or department stores.

Kleenex Tissues

TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

KLEENEX COMPANY,
Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.
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Only CLICQUOT offers this choice of 3 Blends

EACH one of these three Clicquot Club Ginger Ales is different. Each has its own distinctive flavor. Many people have tried only one, not realizing how the others suit different tastes or moods or occasions.

GOLDEN is rich and full-flavored, with the tang of real ginger in its spirited bubbles. An old-time ginger ale that is zestful and provoking to the appetite.

PALE DRY is mild and delicate, a perfectly balanced blend ideally suited for many recipe drinks. Pure fruit flavorings are more pronounced. It is delicious.

SEC is dry . . . the driest ginger ale made. It has the delicate trace of an elusive flavor all its own. Blends perfectly because it is a perfect blend itself. Popular wherever smart people gather.

Yes, all different in taste. But all made from the finest, purest ingredients. Aged 6 months in the making for rare mellowness of flavor. Fully carbonated to retain sparkling life. And, as a final guarantee of purity, put only into brand-new bottles—no bottle is ever used twice. Try each of them. See for yourself how each has a place in your home.

AGED 6 MONTHS IN THE MAKING

CLICQUOT CLUB GINGER ALES

The Eskimos—*Every Friday evening on your radio from WEAF and associated stations at 9 p. m., E. S. T.*

Zaila

(Continued from Page 7)

of Persia, Ibrahim's messengers rode on, homeward, the following morning. On the horizon a fleck of brown began to spread on the expanse of blue. They knew the sign. The heavy rains were gathering in the sky. A sandstorm was brewing ahead of them and a human storm was gathering back of them. Had it not been for Ibrahim's rule, they would have stilled that threatening voice. They had seen the bags of silver all in a row. They knew that Kahlil had acted on the spur of the moment and had not prepared himself for his outburst against the master of the desert.

IBRAHIM looked at the bags they had brought him. Suddenly he asked: "But you have brought me nothing from Gazri where Kahlil, Zagul's son, is now chief."

"No. The young sheik said you should come to collect the tithe yourself at the point of the naked sword as you have always done."

"Kahlil said that! Kahlil, that thin-voiced, narrow-shouldered youth, had spoken like that?" questioned Zaila.

"Quiet!" ordered Ibn Ibrahim, looking sternly at his excited daughter.

His brow knit in anger. The next moment his face lit up and his eyes sparkled with joy.

"By Allah, Kahlil shall see what my naked sword looks like."

Zaila begged the messengers to tell her again and again the story of how they were received, and how they saw the bags of silver with their own eyes. That narrow-shouldered, large-eyed, thin-voiced boy had shown more courage than his father, or any Bedouin, had shown! She had never before been so excited by any event.

The rainy season was on. The whole desert became a gray lake of glue. Horses and camels waded belly deep in mud. In Ibn Ibrahim's village new swords were being beaten upon the anvils. Women and children were busy oiling the locks of guns and rifles and weaving cloth for new garb for the warriors. Young men sang from early dawn till late night, while hammering the steel, and the older men recalling past deeds of their own tribesmen and of other tribes, told stories and chanted. It was fifteen years since any one of them had wielded a sword.

They spoke of Kahlil and his father and forefathers. The boy who had but yesterday been the insignificant chieftain of an insignificant tribe grew in their eyes as they spoke and chanted about him. He, too, like Ibrahim, was a powerful warrior. They exalted the enemy in order to exalt themselves.

SEVERAL sons of sheiks presented themselves to Ibn Ibrahim and asked Zaila for wife; but she measured them now with the measure her people were giving of Kahlil, and not with the Kahlil she had known. Would any of the men asking to marry her have had the courage to rise against her father? Would any of them have spoken words as truly of the desert as Kahlil had spoken? She had seen these young men during the last two years. Their fathers had paid tithe without objection. Kahlil was a man. When her father pressed her to marry Kabul's son to make a powerful friend, Zaila answered:

"What we need are powerful enemies to bring our youth back to life at the point of our swords."

Ibn Ibrahim understood his daughter. She should ride beside him on the journey to Gazri, Kahlil's village.

Ibn Ibrahim's messengers were no sooner departed than Kahlil realized the enormity of his decision. True, he had been offended because Ibn Ibrahim had not come in person to collect his yearly tribute; yet he knew that he had been angered because Zaila had not come. He had expected to see her. He had hoped to win her. He was ready to give everything he had as dowry. He loved her. For four years now he had lived only for the moments he could see her. He had waited that year. He was the chief. A wealthy man. And she had not come.

Ibrahim's messengers gone, he realized that the whole desert might roll itself up against him at the bidding of the great chieftain. True he had the rainy season in his favor. Travel was impossible.

The elders of his tribe and the young men as well as the women found no fault with his decision once he had taken it. They had been idle and peaceful too long.

Kahlil, instead of waiting for the enemy, placed himself at the head of his sworded horsemen and marched forward. The stallions were as impatient as the men. The old fighting instinct, which had lain sleeping for so long, was awakened. Kahlil was in the broad desert before he knew whether the whole world was against or for him. His men had not gone many hours when riders galloping from the left and from the right of the road joined them without saying a word. They were four hundred strong when they camped.

As they rode on the following day, slowly, caracoling, singing, throwing their swords in the air, mingling with Kahlil's men in such a way that no two of the same tribe were near each other, they shouted greetings to other youngsters who came to join them. They were a thousand strong that night. Kahlil was their chief. And they were happy, gay and eager. Where was Ibn Ibrahim? They pressed their ears to the sand to detect the sound of distant hoofbeats. The desert was quiet.

ZAILA was impatient. The young men of her father's tribe were impatient. Why did Ibrahim delay them? Messengers had told them that Kahlil's strength was growing every day.

Ibn Ibrahim was very happy. He could not have rejoiced more had he been told that new recruits were joining his own camp.

Kahlil and his followers, now over a thousand strong, had negotiated half the way toward Ibn Ibrahim's oasis and yet the master of the desert made no move. Zaila rushed angrily into his tent. For days she had been walking around with her sword dangling at her heels and her rifle slung across her shoulders. She was in the garb of a warrior.

"Art thou afraid?" she thundered at her father. "Art thou afraid of Kahlil that thou stayest at home while he is marching toward us? Are we to fight Kahlil's men in our own tents? Speak!"

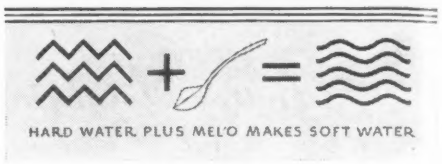
Ibrahim looked at his daughter and smiled. He was pleased. She was truly of his own blood.

"Let him come nearer. It shall not be said that I have gone forth in all my strength to cow and subdue a youth at the head of a handful of men. I shall subdue the whole desert while fighting Kahlil. I want to know who are my enemies and how many of them there are in the desert."

YET the day following this conversation with Zaila, Ibn Ibrahim gave the signal to his men. They were four hundred strong, all well armed. When they had camped that night they were still four hundred strong. Not one man from another tribe had joined them. Those who had swords had gone to join Kahlil's forces.

Ibrahim and his men rose at dawn and rode at top speed to come in contact with

(Continued on Page 102)



Here's the way to cut that greasy film from dishes

FILMS of clinging grease make dishwashing an agony to many housewives. *Hard water* causes all the trouble—water full of harsh alkalis.

Spare yourself! Fill the pan with dirty dishes. Add one or more tablespoonfuls of Melo—instantly all the hardness is gone. Suds are rich and lasting—with less soap—every trace of grease is cut away, and rinsing is swift and complete.

In every washing and cleaning operation, water softened with Melo saves tender hands from irritation, speeds up work, and improves results. Try it tomorrow. Sold by your grocer—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

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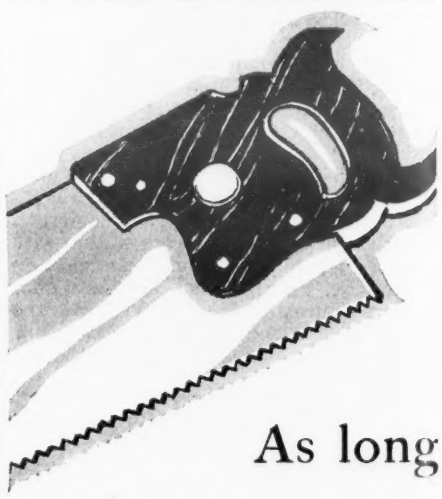
WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER
10 CENTS



As long as there are men and tools in the same house, keep Unguentine on hand always

FOR Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection which can result from the littlest cut. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every cut, bruise and burn for months to come.

(See page 155)

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A NEW ROOMIER SIX

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN DODGE BROTHERS HISTORY AT THE SURPRISINGLY LOW PRICE OF

$835

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

Big, capable, fast and smooth—an entirely new Six at the lowest price in Dodge Brothers history! » » Styled to the minute, with head-room and leg-room to spare—this Six bears the lowest price ever asked for any Dodge Brothers closed car! » » Safe, silent Mono-piece Steel Bodies . . . internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes . . . never before have these advanced features been obtainable in any car at this price. » » Dependable, sturdy, sound and fine—typical Dodge Brothers quality at a price so low that thousands who have long aspired to the ownership of a Dodge Brothers car can now realize this ambition.

DODGE BROTHERS

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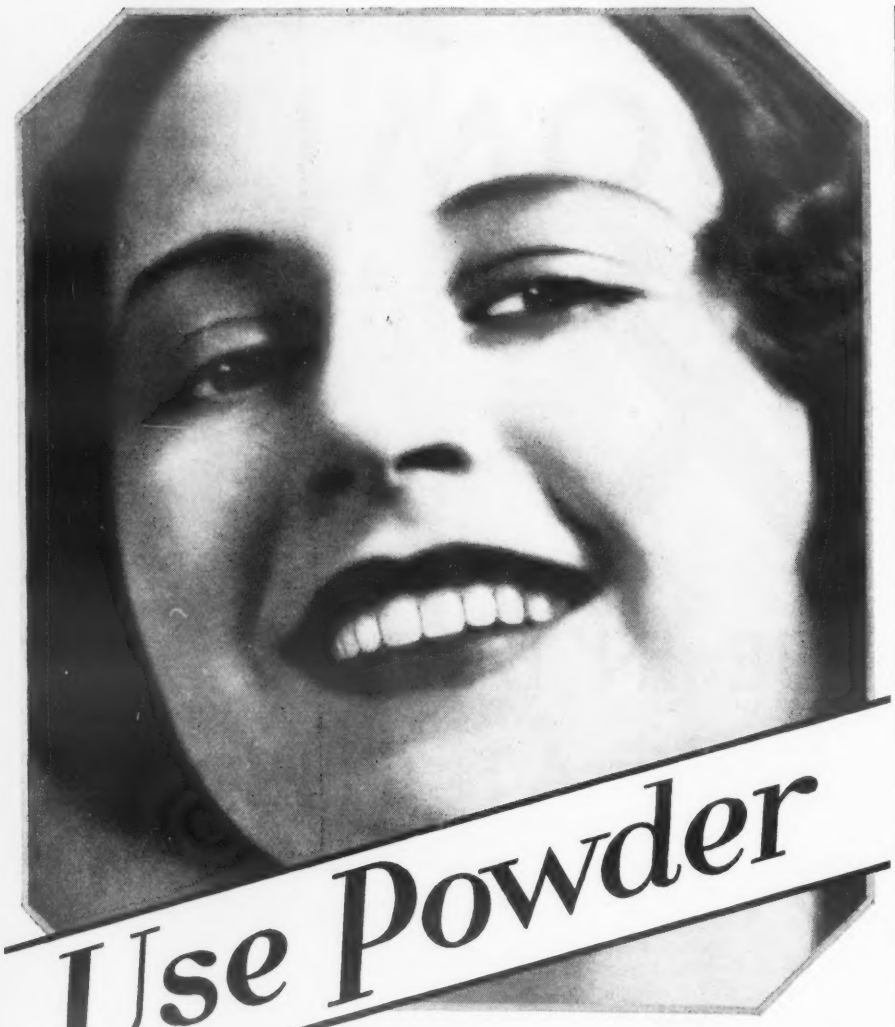
UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY



Use Powder Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth . . . do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know—always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS—dentists everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth simply cannot . . . remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

No Pumice—No Grit

Being an ALL POWDER dentifrice, Dr. Lyon's contains nothing to injure the gums. It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralizes Acids

In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less

Once you use Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, you will never be satisfied to use anything else. It leaves your teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth so refreshed, and your breath so sweet and pure.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

In use over 60 years

(Continued from Page 100)

the enemy. Zaila saw several riders in the distance. She and her father and the others knew that these riders were joining Kahlil's forces. One of them was Kabul's son. She recognized his chestnut stallion.

At midday Ibrahim's troops stopped at an oasis of tent dwellers.

"Where is Ahmet? Where is Osman? Where is Zagill?" asked Zaila of the elders. Each one of these young men had asked her to marry him.

The old men bowed their heads.

"Gone."

And Ibn Ibrahim knew whither they had gone.

At midnight Ibrahim ordered his men on their horses—with rifle and gun held under the arm and not slung across the shoulder. At top speed they rode in the cool moonlight until they saw the camp fires of Kahlil's camp. Ibrahim's men wanted to overtake and surprise the enemy, but the chief stopped their onward rush.

"I am measuring forces with Kahlil and not cunning," he said as he shot his gun in the air to announce his coming.

AND Kahlil was neither sluggish nor slow. His riders spread out so wide in the desert they were but two deep when they met Ibrahim's men. It was horse against horse, man against man, sword against sword. Loud cries of triumph mixed with the last groans and cries of despair and screams of the wounded. The horses neighed, and, mane in wind, pierced the enemy lines so rapidly the riders had no time to strike; then veered again of their own accord, rearing and pawing, fighting a battle of their own.

Zaila was in the thick of it. Instead of keeping at the side of her father, she, too, was fighting a battle of her own. Kahlil yelled at the top of his lungs:

"Come and collect your tithe, Ibn Ibrahim. The bags of silver are waiting for you in my tent! Come and get them!"

Kahlil's forces grew as he fought. Riders, coming singly or in pairs, joined his rear. Ibn Ibrahim's forces were continually diminishing. The rifles spoke. The desert echoed.

Two days and nights the two armies fought and zigzagged across the desert. The third morning Kahlil's troops formed a large half moon which moved continually like a sickle about Ibrahim's forces, trying to envelop them. Ibn Ibrahim's people were grim and silent. They had gone out with the certainty of victors after spoils, and the fates had changed all that. They would ride home humiliated and shamed and made to pay tribute to Kahlil.

THAT night Kahlil watched the camp fires of the enemy. Was Zaila there? What would she think of him? Would she hate him because he had defeated her father? He watched the fires and wondered whether she was at one of them.

What was the meaning of the movement now in Ibn Ibrahim's camp? Was Ibn Ibrahim running away at night without fighting? Kahlil pitied his enemy who had lost all his pride. The men were on their horses already. They did not put out the fires. But whither were they riding? They were not riding toward their own tents. They rode to the right of the desert, and straight in the direction of Kahlil's own village, before Kahlil had realized what had happened and roused his own men.

WHEN he finally understood, he bowed his head. He, Kahlil, collecting his army on the way, had spent a full week to negotiate half the distance. Ibn Ibrahim would traverse the same distance during the rest of the night; and he was hours ahead of him.

The people of Kahlil's village had been informed by messengers and wounded of the success of their sheik against the chieftain. Upon hearing the loud thud of hoofs, they came out to greet the conqueror.

"Where is Kahlil?" Ibn Ibrahim questioned angrily the elders of the village. "Why is he not here?"

The elders spread Kahlil's best rug for the master of the desert.

Five hours later, toward the middle of the night, Kahlil returned to his village. His grand army had melted on the way back. Kahlil paced slowly over to where Ibrahim sat, and greeted his guest:

"In the name of Allah, the all-merciful."

"As you willed it," Ibn Ibrahim spoke, "I have come to collect what is due me at the point of the sword."

"The silver is in my tent," Kahlil answered.

Zaila looked at Kahlil. He seemed so much taller than he had been, so much taller and broader. He seemed much bigger than she had seen him when riding his horse against her father. His voice sounded more glorious than when he had taunted Ibn Ibrahim in the open field.

"Thou wert right," Ibn Ibrahim said, shaking hands with the young man. "Year after year, from now on, I shall come collecting my tithe at the point of my sword."

BUT Kahlil did not hear what the sheik said. His eyes were riveted questioningly on Zaila. When she had lowered her eyes under his glance, he spoke to her father:

"It is of thy house that I want my offspring to be born, Ibn Ibrahim."

Ibn Ibrahim closed his eyes.

"Thou askest me now, young man, to pay the heaviest tribute man ever paid. But I know no worthier foe to whom I would pay it. Take her. Year after year I shall come here to collect what is due me."

"At the point of the sword, father," Zaila reminded him, leaning her head against Kahlil's breast.

"At the point of two swords, Zaila."

There was a gay feast that night. Ibn Ibrahim and his men squatted on their heels in a large circle. The bride and groom were in the center. Kahlil's young warriors rode about them shouting and shooting their rifles in the air and crying:

"Great is Kahlil; yet he is only a foot high when he stands up against Ibn Ibrahim!"

The City's Greatest Heart Specialist

lay dying of heart disease. He was dictating his final symptoms; he wanted to have a record of the sensations during the last moment of consciousness. Should his wife go to his bedside and interrupt his last great effort—just so she could say good-by?

Read it—you can't pass it by—for it's one of the greatest of short stories.

Consecration

***By* Day Edgar**

In the JUNE JOURNAL

A charming companion for a busy day

THE NEW FORD SPORT COUPE

THE NEW FORD offers many advantages to the woman who uses an automobile constantly for quick trips to the Country Club, for shopping, the theater, for the many social and business activities of a busy day. Rarely is there to be found such an ideal combination of charm and utility. « «

In addition to its beauty of line and color, the new Ford brings you an unusual degree of mechanical excellence and good performance. You will drive with a new feeling of confidence because of its safety and ease of operation and control. « « « « « « « « «

inconspicuous

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MUCH THINNER BUT
EQUALLY SAFE

MODESS COMPACT is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material and the same remarkable absorbency. There is the same gracious softness and pliancy.

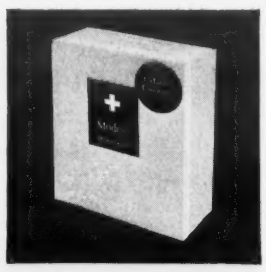
The severely smooth, snug silhouette of recently imported gowns demands the inconspicuousness which is the chief virtue of Modess Compact. An added advantage is that it occupies so little room that one or two can be carried in the pocketbook.

Three Modess Compact, in a separate wrapping, are packed in each box of regular Modess.

The remarkable feature which has made it possible to reduce the thickness of Modess without even the slightest loss of efficiency is the unique substance employed for the disposable filler—a substance of downy softness like the fluffiest cotton but having amazing absorbency. It was created in Johnson & Johnson laboratories and is used exclusively in Modess. Sides of Modess are smoothly rounded. Ends are shaped to conform. For greater comfort and to prevent chafing, the gauze is meshed with a film of cotton, giving a surface of velvety softness.

Unless you like it better,
Modess will cost you nothing

As an expression of our faith that you will be impressed by the obvious superiority of Modess, we wish to extend this unusual offer: Buy one box. Unless you are convinced that Modess is finer in every way than the kind you have been using, tear off front of box, write on it your name, address and the price you paid, and mail to us. We will refund the entire amount. Millions of Modess have been purchased on the strength of that offer. It is convincing evidence of the superiority of Modess and the satisfaction it gives that only three women have ever asked that the refund be returned to them.



Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.
World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

modess

Mrs. Barr

(Continued from Page 28)

As if alarmed by this violence, the preacher changed the subject: "Not two kinds of pie, Mrs. Barr!"

"My mother had always three kinds," said Barr. "The trouble is, the women are not today what they once were." His eyes had a hungry sparkle; he could not, however, have been hungry unless he had somehow hidden under the table the great store of food which had been on his plate. "I don't like the Imperator," he said in a still louder tone, his enunciation more rapid. "It may have power, but it has no smoothness. If I bought a car it would be a Blackstone, a Blackstone sedan. No coach—they're too inconvenient. To get into a coach is like getting into the upper berth in a sleeper, and if anything happens, how the Sam Hill will you get out? I ask you that! I had a chance"—Barr's excitement seemed to quicken—"I had a chance to get a Blackstone on account of a customer of Guyer's wanting to sell on the quiet, but I said, 'No, sir!' I said. 'The train and comfort for me,' I said. 'I ——'"

"Thomas Rhodes and Mrs. Thomas Rhodes seem to be very happy," said the preacher to Mrs. Barr.

"He was lucky," said Barr.

Standing, Mrs. Barr held the floor, a dish in each hand.

"AND she was lucky," she said with warmth. "I had Thomas Rhodes in my school when I taught before I was married and I once spanked him good. Only a couple of days ago I saw him and he said, did I remember? Do you know what I said? I said, 'Tommy, you turned out to be a good man, it might 'a' been that spankin' done it,' that's what I said."

"Good for you!" said the minister. "I don't doubt that had something to do with it."

"I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that chestnut," groaned Barr hoarsely. "Then I wouldn't need to go to Altoona to work."

Mrs. Barr came in from the kitchen. The minister was folding his napkin, slowly and carefully.

"*Ach*, it's strawberry gelatin yet!"

"I can't," protested the minister. "I can't, if I'm killed for it. There's a limit. Now, Mrs. Barr"—he pushed back his chair—"why don't you buy an automobile and drive it?"

Barr had turned sidewise, preparatory to rising; he pointed over his shoulder with a back-turned thumb. "She!" said he. "A car!" He laughed; it seemed as though his laughter might lift off the roof of the house. Mrs. Barr said nothing; she merely lowered her gaze to the floor. As she did so, she seemed to hide something within her breast, a creature which suffered, but suffered in quiet.

II.

MRS. BARR sat among her friends in the basement of Emmanuel Lutheran Church. She and Mrs. Gobrecht and Mrs. Kaltreider had been quilting since nine o'clock in the morning, Annie Kreider had come in at noon. It was now almost five, and though the electric lights were turned on above their heads, it was not because night was at hand, but because the basement room was on the east side of the building, and the work had to be done with greatest care.

"Well, I'm finished," said Mrs. Barr, rising. She wore, not blue gingham, but blue foulard, which, like the gingham of her working dress, brought out the beautiful shade of her eyes. "I'm going"—she spoke as though there were somewhere within her a bubbling spring of joy—"I'm going to take once a nice walk."

"Yes, well," said Mrs. Kaltreider.

"Yes, well," said Mrs. Gobrecht.

"Yes, well," said Annie Kreider. Annie laughed; she was amused at the others. "Remember, you're going with me to a movie tomorrow."

Mrs. Barr looked frightened: "We'll see once."

Annie looked round—the door was closed. "I tell you it's good for her to be for a while rid of her little mister," said she. "I wish he'd stay away a year. Husbands are all right, I suppose, but not slave drivers." Annie stretched her arms above her head, in satisfaction with her single lot.

Mrs. Gobrecht's shoulders quivered, as though in a shudder, but she said nothing. Mrs. Kaltreider lifted her smooth little face and snapped off a thread with her sharp teeth. "I'd train him!" said she with emphasis on the him.

Mrs. Barr climbed the steps to the pavement. Before the parsonage door stood the minister's car; behind the wheel sat the minister's seventeen-year-old daughter Ellen; behind her sat the minister himself. "Oh, Mrs. Barr!" said he. "Is that you?"

Mrs. Barr approached: "Yes, it is."

"You see, I'm still in this world, in spite of you. I suppose the reason is that your food is so well seasoned and cooked that

(Continued on Page 107)

"REMEMBER, YOU'RE GOING WITH ME TO A MOVIE TOMORROW." MRS. BARR LOOKED FRIGHTENED: "WE'LL SEE ONCE"

Keep hair lovely and free of Dandruff

Do you know that women everywhere are including Listerine as part of the once a week shampoo? They have found that it keeps the scalp tingling with health and invigoration. They have found by actual experience how wonderfully effective it is in preventing loose dandruff—and overcoming it once it has started.

Why not try it yourself once a week for a month? The treatment is simple. You merely douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously. Keep the massage up for five or ten minutes at least, moving the scalp forward and backward. Use a little olive oil if the scalp and hair are excessively dry.

Of course, if you have any evidence of dandruff now, it is wise to increase the frequency of the Listerine shampoo. If the case is mild, Listerine usually conquers it within a week. If the case is stubborn, it is sometimes necessary to use Listerine two or three times a week for several weeks.

Listerine first removes and dissolves dandruff, then soothes, cools and heals the troubled scalp. If infection is present—and most dermatologists agree that dandruff is caused by germs—Listerine immediately attacks it, because, as you know, Listerine kills germs in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

Use **LISTERINE**

as a Shampoo once a week

Faster cooking? *Yes*... *and* far more delicious in flavor

That's the difference between "Quaker" and ordinary rolled oats

No matter how hurried the morning, warn nutritionists, breakfast is the foundation meal of your day. It must supply lasting food energy, to keep you from going on nervous energy instead.

MAKE sure your breakfast provides the right kind of fuel on which to do your best morning's work, warn nutritionists. For statistics show that in schools, homes and offices, 70% of the entire day's output falls in the morning hours.

Fastest of all quick cooking oats

For an invigorating hot breakfast to keep you alert — energetic—Quaker Oats is rated as unsurpassed. Quaker is made of choicer, finer, richer oats to start with. These selected oats are "heat seasoned" in closed containers for 36 hours. In addition, *and this is important,* Quaker roasts these plump whole oats in open ovens to a succulent, flaky tenderness. This roasting pre-cooks Quaker so that it cooks deliciously done in 2½ minutes . . . faster than any other quick oat.

It is this special process which gives Quaker that luscious nut-sweet flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Why Quaker is more nutritious

Quaker retains, too, every bit of the vital part of the oat where nature stores her richest energy and growth food. Every living cell in the body is continually demanding protein for the repair of worn-out nerve and muscle tissue. Quaker contains 50% more of this great protective food than ordinary milled cereals. 65% is energy food. There are health-protecting vitamins, splendid body-building minerals, plus the natural roughage that makes laxatives unnecessary.

Quaker gives ⅓ more oats

Don't handicap your mornings with inadequate breakfasts. Tomorrow morning, every morning, serve the breakfast known as "the most nutritious of all hot cereals." Your grocer has both the regular and the Quick Quaker Oats. Both packages contain one-third more oats than most millers pack. Look for the Quaker name and the Quaker figure on the box. They are your guarantee of finer flavor ... richer nutrition ... faster cooking.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker is the supreme fast cooking oat

1 ***Fastest*** of all quick cooking oats. 2½ minutes to cook.

2 ***"Most nutritious*** of all hot cereals," according to doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.

3 ***Health qualities unsurpassed*** —16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.

4 ***Richer flavor.*** Quaker's exclusive oven-roasting process gives a savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Millions need no other guarantee of a superior product than the Quaker name on the package. For a delicious lunch—try *Quaker Milk Macaroni.* Serve *Quaker Puffed Grains* to children who "won't eat cereals." And remember—if you don't agree that any Quaker product you buy is superior to others of its kind—we shall gladly remit you the cost of the package.

A nourishing dish of hot Quaker Oats is the favorite breakfast among college women, according to Cora Gould, Jane Traylor, Betsey Lindsey, Lora Hays and Elizabeth Bruce.

QUAKER OATS . . . *two kinds . . . at your grocer's*

(Continued from Page 104)

it can't hurt, even in large quantities. Ellen, let's take Mrs. Barr for a ride."

"That'll be fine," said Ellen. "Come on, Mrs. Barr."

Mrs. Barr demurred. "Were you not just coming home?"

"That makes no difference," said Ellen. "Mother's away and we were sitting here because we hated to go in."

"I hate, too, to go in," said Mrs. Barr. "My, is it not fine that spring's coming?"

"It is, indeed!" agreed the minister.

"I'll tell the world," agreed Ellen.

ELLEN turned a sharp corner and, putting her car into second gear, climbed a hill. "We'll go past the Rhodes house, and we can still catch a glimpse of the sun."

"Yes, well," answered Mrs. Barr. "My, this is nice!"

"There's the sun!" cried Ellen. "One minute more and we would have been too late."

"How gold everything is!" commented Mrs. Barr. "My, it's nice here! It is, I believe, twenty years since I was among these fields."

The preacher was studying not the fields, but the back of Mrs. Barr's head. Suddenly he slid forward.

"Mrs. Barr," said he briskly.

Mrs. Barr turned her head. "Yes, Pastor."

"Mrs. Barr"—the minister was a man of God, devoted to right living, to the promotion of peace—did Satan whisper in his ear? "Mrs. Barr, here we are in the country on a good wide road with no traffic. Ellen, I want you to let Mrs. Barr take the wheel."

Mrs. Barr believed in the minister as she believed in God and righteousness. "What!" she cried. "*Ach*, pastor!"

Already Ellen had the car stopped and was round on the other side. "Do!" she urged. "Slide over. I'll teach you. It's nothing, I learned in half an hour. If you can run a sewing machine, you can run a car. It's much easier." Ellen's voice was like a bubbling brook, her eyes shone like stars. Mrs. Barr listened to her open-mouthed.

"Try it," urged the minister. "She taught me."

"You mean I'm to drive your car?" said Mrs. Barr in a solemn tone.

"That's what I mean."

"What if I should smash it?"

"You won't smash it."

Mrs. Barr slid over. She was pale and her hands shook, but they gripped the wheel like death.

"Put your foot on that pedal," directed Ellen. "You see the engine's already started. Pull this handle toward you. Now, move your foot slowly back."

"Is that all I do?"

"That's all."

Mrs. Barr obeyed. "She moves!" she cried hoarsely. "We move!"

"That's low gear," explained Ellen. "Keep your eye not on the hood of the car, but on the road ahead. Anything hard about that?"

"I should say not!" laughed Mrs. Barr. "All you do is unhook her. Can I go a little faster?"

NOW Ellen laughed. "You can! Press your pedal in and move your handle toward the front and toward me. That's second."

"Can I guide with one hand?"

"You can guide with one finger."

"It does not yet sound smooth," said Mrs. Barr. "Could I make it smooth like you?"

"You could," laughed Ellen. "Move your handle back."

"Now show her how to stop," said the minister.

Mrs. Barr stopped without a jerk, and she and Ellen exchanged places. Ellen turned toward home.

"Did you like it?" inquired the minister once they were under way.

"It's like sailing on the moon." Mrs. Barr seemed to be moved by profound emotion.

"Do you think you could manage a car?"

"Like nothing."

"Haven't you independent means?"

"Indeed I have!" Mrs. Barr poured out a stream of information. The Barrs were apparently very prosperous. "You see we just lived off of my money. All my Mister's earnings he could save. Now he could any time stop work and we could live nice."

"Would you like to have a car?"

Mrs. Barr answered with a sob.

"Suppose I send Guyer to see you," proposed the minister. "He's an honest man."

"Suppose you do," agreed Mrs. Barr, now in front of her own door. There was in her eyes a wild yet determined look. "And he shan't put it too long off."

"He won't," promised the preacher. "You may be sure of that."

III.

MRS. BARR sat behind the driving wheel of a Blackstone sedan. It was not a second-hand car, but new; the dark-blue paint reflected the surrounding scene like a mirror; the upholstery was virgin. She had lost at least fifteen pounds, and she was otherwise somewhat altered—there was in her eye a glitter, there was in the corners of her mouth a smile.

Beside Mrs. Barr there sat, or rather lounged, a nondescript youth, dressed in a sort of one-piece pajama suit of dark-brown denim. On back and breast were sewed in red letters the word "Blackstone," and below the word "Fluvia," and still beneath the word "Imperator." Though he was instructing Mrs. Barr in the art of driving, he did not seem at all alert; he had not a watchful, but a decidedly negligent, air. His name was Mike; no other had been given to Mrs. Barr. His garage assigned him frequently to the duty of instructing those who were no longer young; in the words of his boss, "Mike, put pep into 'em."

Mrs. Barr drove out on the country road upon which she and the preacher and pretty Ellen had traveled. "It's here I'm accustomed to drive," she explained. "Here it goes good."

Lying back with his head on the cushions, Mike made a suggestion. "You can handle her better at a good clip—that is, under seventy. Over seventy she may get away from you."

MRS. BARR was not yet able to look from the road to the speedometer. "I'm going pretty fast," said she tremulously. "How fast is it?"

"Twenty," said Mike. "I'd let her out if I were you."

"I'd hate to have an accident."

"You don't need never have no axident," Mike assured her. "An' you got insurance to the limit. What do you care?"

"Oh, I'd care!" cried Mrs. Barr. She chuckled, forgetting her alarm in a new pleasure. "I can now talk while I drive. At first I didn't dare to talk."

"It's all right so long as you don't talk from the back seat."

"I won't ride on the back seat."

"Won't your husband drive when he comes home?"

"No, he won't."

Mrs. Barr spoke with unfeigned regret and sympathy; she would like Barr to enjoy this great happiness. "His arm is lame."

"Then you read him the riot act," advised Mike. "Now"—Mike hoisted himself up in his seat. "Now we got to do some reversing. You ain't reversed at all yet. I'm only goin' with you twicet more, and what you learn from me you gotta learn quick. Then you take your examination an' you're graduated. Third Tuesday."

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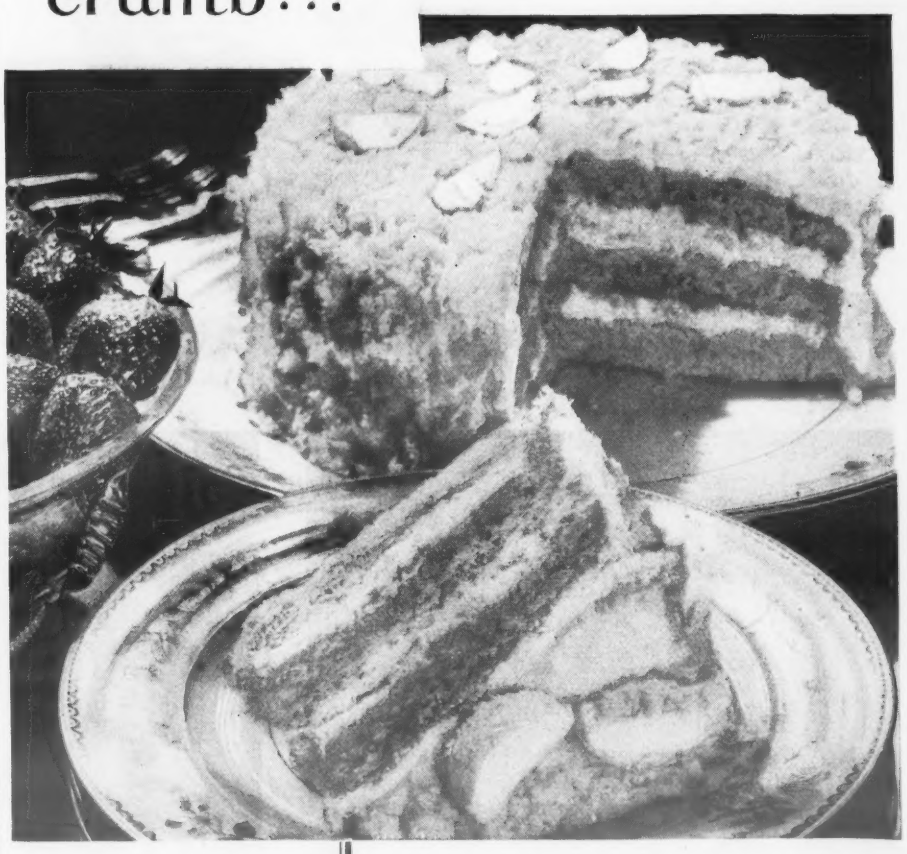
Fresh and Moist

to the last delicious crumb...



COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW LAYER CAKE: Cream ½ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating until light; add beaten yolks of 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon vanilla extract.

Add 2 cups pastry flour, sifted with ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, alternately with ⅔ cup milk. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs.

Bake in 3 greased 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Put together with the following:

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW FROSTING AND FILLING: Boil 1½ cups granulated sugar and ½ cup water to 238° F. or until syrup spins a thread. Add 6 large marshmallows cut into very small pieces, but do not stir into syrup.

Pour very slowly into stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs and beat until smooth and thick. Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice. Spread between layers. Sprinkle thickly with fresh grated cocoanut and small pieces of marshmallow. Cover top and sides of cake with remaining frosting, sprinkle thickly with cocoanut and decorate top with pieces of marshmallow.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Absolutely pure.

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It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that does it!

IT'S a pleasure to be hungry when this cake is being cut. And when you taste its delicate flavor . . . you keep wanting more and more!

But if, by chance, there's some left over next day it will be just as delicious. For cakes made with Royal keep their freshness as long as a morsel remains.

It's the Cream of Tartar that does it. This precious ingredient improves even the best recipe. Enhances the flavor . . . gives a smoother, more velvety texture.

Makes your cakes more wholesome, too. Doctors, you know, say that Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best from the health standpoint.

If you do your own baking, be sure to make your cakes with Royal. Notice what a difference it makes in lightness . . . texture . . . flavor!

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Dept. 14, 695 Washington Street, New York City

Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book containing over 360 recipes

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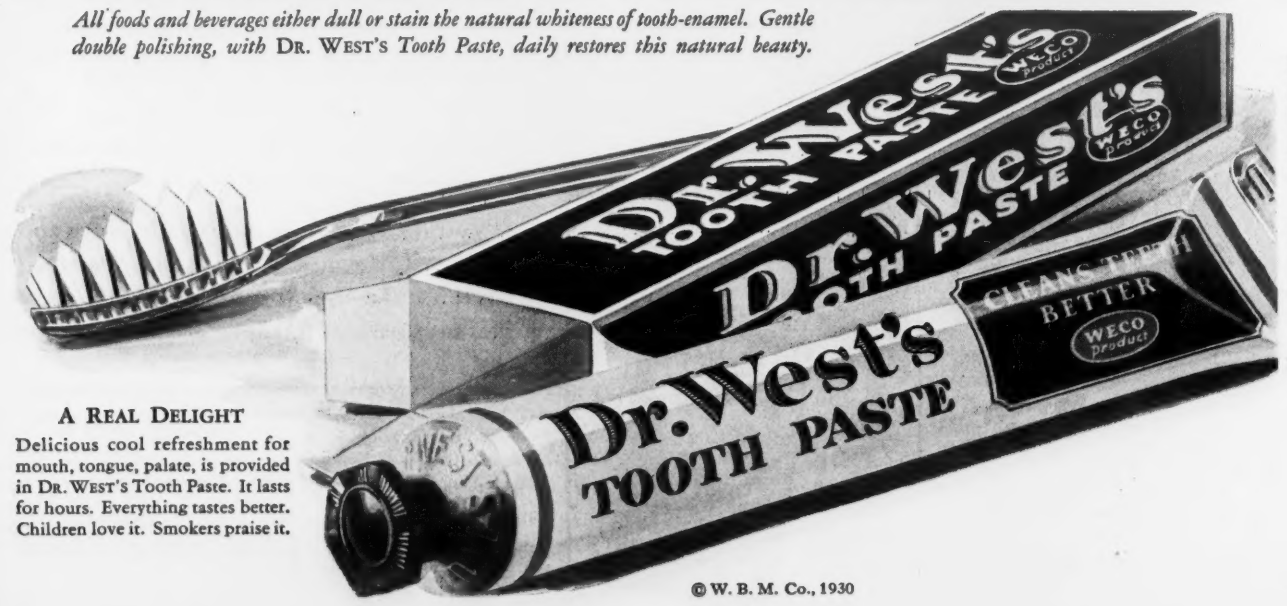
. . . .

Care of the teeth, at home, was modernized *by* DR. WEST'S *Toothbrush.*

. . . .

This daily restores what food and drink dim:

All foods and beverages either dull or stain the natural whiteness of tooth-enamel. Gentle double polishing, with DR. WEST'S *Tooth Paste, daily restores this natural beauty.*



A REAL DELIGHT

Delicious cool refreshment for mouth, tongue, palate, is provided in DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. It lasts for hours. Everything tastes better. Children love it. Smokers praise it.

the natural clean WHITENESS *of tooth enamel*

REMARKABLE DOUBLE POLISHING (*not scouring!*) PLUS THOROUGH CLEANSING —EACH TIME YOU USE THIS *MODERN* DENTIFRICE

There has never been anything just like this in a dentifrice before.

Night finds your teeth coated with deposits from the day's food and drink. Perhaps coffee and smoking have left stains. Natural brightness hidden!

To repair this damage, every day, DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste has been perfected. Gently but thoroughly it polishes, restoring the natural white brilliance of the enamel. Two simple polishing actions take place, *plus* thorough cleansing.

The *two* finest polishers known to the dental profession were selected and refined for DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste. Together they are much more effective than either, alone. Although far softer than tooth-enamel they polish away the stains and deposits. There is no scratching or scouring—just gentle double *polishing*.

This polishing is not unlike the polishing you give fine silverware when it darkens. *Something never before available!*

There is also thorough *cleansing*. Pure vegetable cleansers purify and sterilize all crevices. Gums are invigorated and protected.

Every good result a dentifrice can safely give is combined in this carefully perfected tooth paste. Made to meet modern needs, it acts with unusual speed.

It's certainly worth trying

DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste was perfected by the makers of famous DR. WEST'S toothbrushes and backed by their name and reputation, valued at millions. It is already the greatest success in dentifrice history.

At your favorite store get DR. WEST'S Tooth Paste today. Two sizes: big 25c tube, double quantity 40c tube. The greatest quantities offered by any standard dentifrice at these prices. Get some—and use it.

Just let your teeth have the benefits of this safe, daily polishing. Then watch the striking improvement! THE WESTERN COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Toronto.

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(Continued from Page 107)

"Do you think I'll make it?"

"Make it? Piffle," said Mike. "You learned fine for an old lady."

Mrs. Barr went into reverse and turned her car. She had the driver's gift; about that there was no question.

"You done good," approved Mike. "There's few people older than twenty that can understand the principles so quick. Now what would you like to do?"

"I have a friend," said Mrs. Barr, trembling. "I'd like to surprise her and invite her to ride."

Mike waved his hand. "Go to it," said he. "Watch your signals—red for stop, green for go, yellow for the Scotchman to start his engine."

"You don't let your engine stop, do you?" asked Mrs. Barr.

"Not if you don't want to get bawled out."

Mrs. Barr drove to Annie Kreider's door. It was a great moment in her life, probably the greatest since her marriage. She blew her horn and Annie looked out the parlor window, then ran down the steps.

"Celinda Barr!" she screamed.

"Are you surprised?"

"I'm astounded."

"Do you think I do the wrong thing?"

"You do the right thing. Does Mr. Barr know?"

"I'm surprising him." Mrs. Barr spoke with an air of nonchalance, but a sort of blight passed over her face. "Would you ride a little with me? This is my teacher; he says it will be all safe."

"Sure it's safe!" said Mike. "Leave her sit by you."

MIKE scrambled into the rear seat, Annie sat by Mrs. Barr. Tears came into Mrs. Barr's eyes. "This I'll never forget, Annie. I'll take you my favorite way. I can back and turn and go up hill and down, and I have no fear."

"How long will Mr. Barr be away?"

As if perturbed by the mention of Barr, Mrs. Barr drove off the road. At the side was a ditch, fortunately not deep. Her front wheels dropped into it and she struck a fence post with her fender. Annie was composed, though pale; Mrs. Barr burst into tears. Mike lifted himself into a sitting position and, moving forward, laid his folded arms on the back of the front seat. "Shut off the tap," he ordered.

"You mean the engine?" wailed Mrs. Barr.

"I mean the fountain of tears. The engine you've already shut off. You ain't done no harm to it, though. Start her an' back out. You can do it. Then we'll reckon at the damage."

Mike lit a cigarette before he examined the fender. He gave it but a glance.

"Come on," said he. "No damage."

"It's bent," wept Mrs. Barr. "It's all crinkled up."

"They'll get that out at the shop in ten minutes. Come on now, take me back. I'm workin' on time on your money. You don't ——"

Mike lifted his head. In starting Mrs. Barr swung a little beyond the middle of the road, and the driver of a passing car blew a fierce protest. Mike put his head out the window. "Keep your shirt on, Dempsey!" he yelled.

ANNIE KREIDER laughed. It was not a nervous laugh, but one of pure merriment.

"You said I'd never need to have an axident," said Mrs. Barr.

"This ain't no axident!" scoffed Mike. "An axident is not a quarter's worth of broken fender; it's a top tore off, or the insides tore out, or the radiator smashed, or the car upside down in a cornfield."

Mrs. Barr realized that here was no well of sympathy. She looked at Annie Kreider: "What will my Mister say?"

"Your Mister?" repeated Annie coolly. "How will he know? I won't tell and this young man says the injury can be repaired very quickly."

Mrs. Barr's eyes and mouth opened, as though to admit the entrance of a new idea.

"That's what I say," said Mike. "Hold your tongue, an' keep your head up—that's the chief thing in this world. If I told my boss all I know about myself, I'd be fired quicker than kingdom come."

Mrs. Barr closed her mouth, as though, having received her idea, she swallowed it.

IV.

MRS. BARR and Annie Kreider were returning from a drive. It was late March and a most beautiful day. The willows were growing yellow, the hard maples were covered with red blossoms, the fields of grass and wheat were bright green. At night one could hear the hylas piping in the marshes; by day one's own heart piped a tune.

Mrs. Barr not only piped a tune with her heart, she piped one with her lips. When her engine started to hum she started to sing, her air the hymn tune called Greenville, her words as follows:

"Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off,
Saw it short."

She sang the first three lines with unlimited rubato, the last up to time and staccato, with the "short" snapped off, as one would snap a whip. She had learned the song in her cradle; it was as fine an accompaniment for a rocking cradle as for a rhythmically throbbing engine.

"I've driven in ice and snow and rain," said she to Annie. "I'm afraid of nothing. That Mike he said to me, 'You can handle her now like a baseball bat, that's what you can do.'"

"Where are you going to keep her?"

"I built me a little house in the back yard."

"What did you do with the coal bin?"

A stricken look came into Mrs. Barr's eyes. "Oh, Annie, I done an awful thing! I got altogether rid of the coal. I threw out the coal stove, an' I have a gas stove."

"Why do you call it an awful thing? Didn't you pay for it with your money?"

"I did."

"Then I should worry," said Annie coolly. Annie also had somehow changed. "There's a meadow lark!"

"It's for sure so! But tomorrow"—Mrs. Barr groaned—"tomorrow I get back to the grindstone. My house isn't cleaned; even the plumber's dirt from the gas stove lays yet. All the while my Mister's in Altoona he thinks I'm at the housecleaning, and all the while I'm riding round and round. But I can make up, believe me! I feel ten years younger than when my Mister went away. It is, I guess, a second youth come on me."

"I FEEL that way myself," said Annie. "When you don't care so much about being young any more, then it sort of comes back."

"You sure have right!"

Mrs. Barr drove to Annie Kreider's door.

Annie stepped out. "Have you told Mr. Barr of your purchase?"

"Not yet," said Mrs. Barr. "But he'll soon have to hear the news."

"Why don't you write him?"

"That's sure a good idea. It would take the edge a little off."

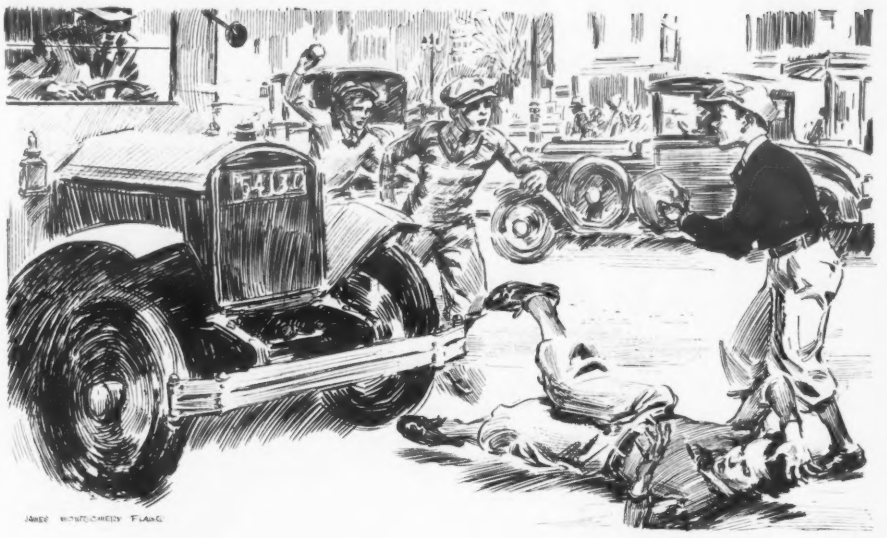
Mrs. Barr drove down the street; indeed, it might be said she loitered down the street, as the prisoner might loiter approaching his destined penitentiary.

"It's like always," said she with a sigh. "Nothing ever happens in this house."

She was mistaken; something had happened in her house. She looked at the front door and quickly away, as though she could not bear to see it, and thus she missed a face at the window. Driving to the corner, she turned, and turned again into the alley.

The sight of her garage restored her cheerfulness. "It's a nice little house,"

(Continued on Page 111)



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Help the Healthy

More children between five and fifteen are killed by accidents than by diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, appendicitis and measles—combined

MANY of the boys and girls who are killed by accidents are daring, adventurous, fun-loving, bubbling over with high spirits, ready to take chances, heedless of danger.

If children are not provided with proper playgrounds they will play in the streets—where most accidents happen. If they haven't been taught watchfulness on streets and highways, they are in danger every time they leave the house.

Twenty thousand children under 15 were killed last year by accidents—nearly 30 per cent of them by automobiles; the rest by drownings, burns, the careless use of firearms, falls and other causes.

You guard a delicate child instinctively. Guard the healthy one thoughtfully. Teach him that only he can protect himself against dangers greater than disease.

People who have not learned reasonable caution in childhood are likely to continue to be heedless in later years. Eighty thousand people, 15 years of age or over, were killed by accidents last year. Falls on stairs or from rickety stepladders, chairs, boxes and window sills cause thousands of deaths at home.

Accidents are the sixth greatest cause of death for people of all ages; the first cause of death among children from 5 to 15.

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Aunt Jemima's secret from old plantation days

At first, it was just a Southern mammy's "knack" of cooking . . .

Four flours instead of one! Aunt Jemima knew this secret when she mixed her rice, corn and rye with wheat flour, years ago, for her tempting, fluffy pancakes.

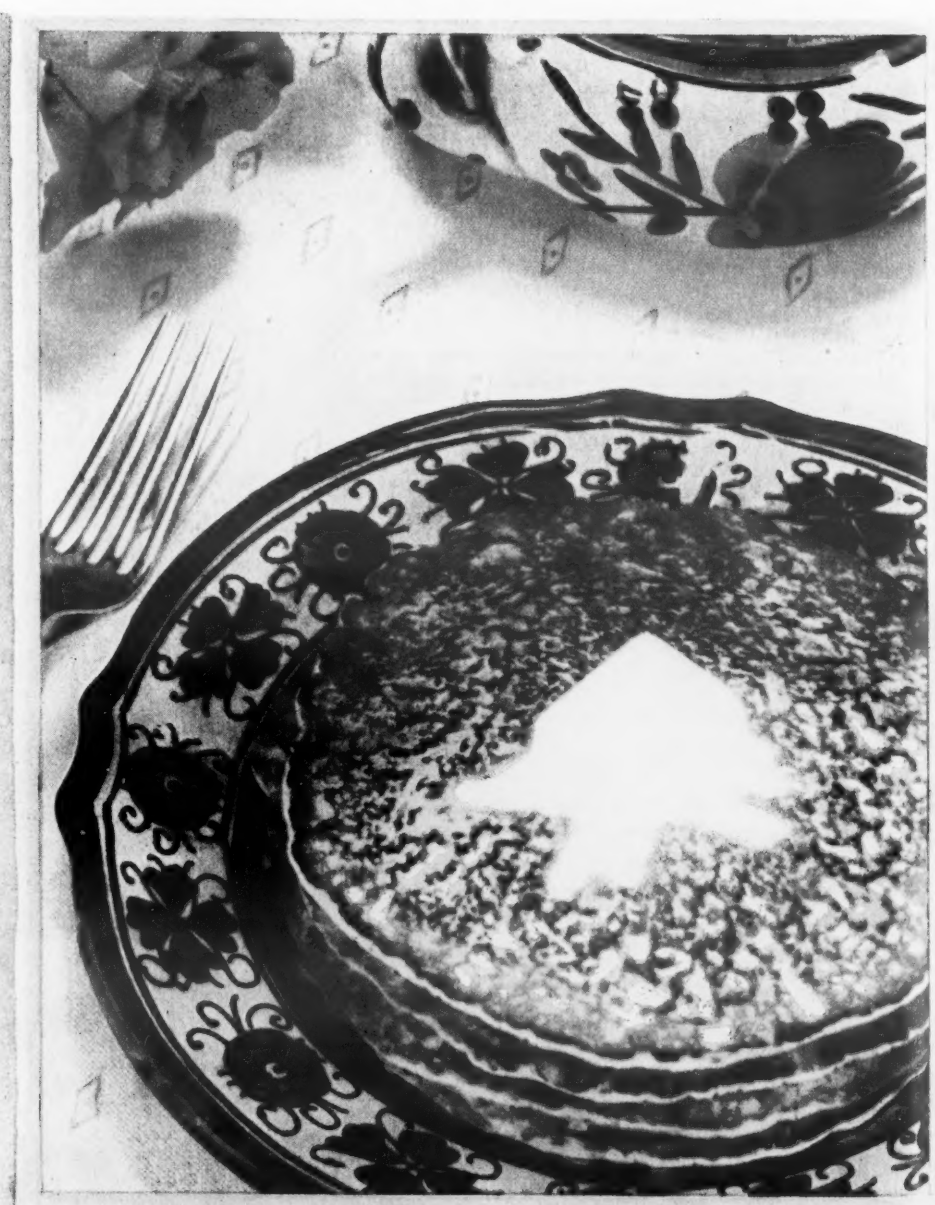
Now millions of women are using Aunt Jemima's famous recipe. Her *four* flours, together with all her own ingredients, come *ready mixed* in Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

Husbands (famous consumers of pancakes) are exclaiming over the new tender lightness of these luscious cakes. And wives smile. Glad for Aunt Jemima's secret. Her "knack" of combining four flours in just the right proportions for special lightness and goodness!

No fussing, no measuring. Just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, and stir. Stacks of steaming fragrant cakes—in less time than it takes to make toast!

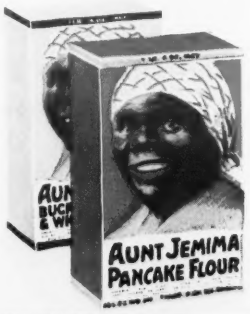
Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. If it does not give complete satisfaction, he will be glad to refund its purchase price.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY



Aunt Jemima's Pancake Pie

Stack 6 paper-thin pancakes, plate size, with creamed butter and maple sugar between layers. Cover with maple syrup and whipped cream. Cut like pie and serve



FREE— to get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, together with recipe leaflet giving many tempting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just fill out and mail the coupon.

The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. A-33, St. Joseph, Missouri.
☐ Pancake sample ☐ Buckwheat sample

Name .....

Address .....

We are often asked, "*Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?*" *They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, fiction and tradition, we do not know. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago; and Peterborough, Canada*

(Continued from Page 109)

said she. "Like such a doll's house." As she drove through the alley she sang her tune,

"Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off,
Saw my leg off,
Saw it short."

Then she ceased to sing. Barr came out the gate at the side of the garage. The garage, he had discovered some hours ago, had two doors, a narrow one opening on the yard, a wide one opening on the alley. Both, he learned, were locked tight. He appeared breathless, though he was not running. His arms were moving rapidly in a sort of Indian-club exercise round his head. He did not hold, however, even a single Indian club; he held a yellow paper which looked like a telegram. He ran out into the alley, and the sight of Mrs. Barr in her leisurely approach seemed to make him frantic. He danced, he pranced.

Mrs. Barr was still approaching, when he stepped in front of the garage door and stood as though to block the way. She had not resumed her singing, but her hand and foot were steady. As for her mind, it was dulled; she had not yet wholly comprehended that Barr was before her. She backed, as was her custom; in the best of form she approached the closed doors at a right angle. Then she shrieked, "Get out of the way! Get out of the way!"

Barr either could not move or would not. She put on her brake, which was of the best; but a slight downward slope of the earth prevented it from taking instant and complete hold. Barr was pinned against the door. Fortunately the bumper was divided into two parts, each protecting a fender, and between the two there was a space. In this space he stood intact. Mrs. Barr looked out the window. "You sure were lucky!" said she in a queer tone.

Barr was imprisoned, but not quenched.

"A fine driver you are!" he roared. "A fine driver! I wouldn't mind"—again he emptied his lungs, again he filled them—"I wouldn't mind your wasting your money"—never before, since Mrs. Barr's fortune had made him comfortable, had he spoken of "your money"—"I wouldn't mind your wasting your money if you had any idea ——" His eyes roamed over the car; in them was again a sort of hunger. "—— if you had any idea of the first principles of driving. No woman can drive. Almost all the axidents are caused by women. You ——"

Barr saw that her attention wandered.

"Leave me out!" he roared, still more furiously. "Leave me out, if you can without killing me. My message"—again he waved the yellow paper in the air—"my message laid under the door since morning. It's everywhere everything laying full of dirt and filth. Leave me out, I say!"

Mrs. Barr seemed to be recalled to herself. Her eyes and lips became set; she went forward delicately, expertly, accurately, exactly the six inches which it was her intention to go. Everything—her wheels, her engine, her mind—seemed to run in oil. She handed a key out the window and Barr took it in a shaking hand.

"What a home to come to!" he shouted. "It's like Altoona—dust, dirt, confusion."

"And noise," said Mrs. Barr with a new wit. She leaned out the window, she smiled, and her smile seemed to exhibit something within her that was like cold steel. There was established at this moment a new relation between Mrs. Barr and her Mister.

"Keep your shirt on, Dempsey," she quoted, outrageously. "Quick, open the door; then come in and help me clean up Altoona, and I'll take you for a drive."

Extra Money is Important, Isn't It?

MORE than 10,000 girls and women are going shopping joyously in May. And I say *joyously* because I know they'll be shopping with full purses . . . "small fortunes" they have earned themselves.

They are the fortunate folks who have read pages just like this one. *They are the members of our Girls' Club.*

Although they are not especially trained or talented, The Girls' Club of the JOURNAL supplies them with a way to earn money—easily, quickly and in spare time only. The same way is open to *you*, too.

These letters from Club members tell three happy stories:

Dear Manager: Such a thrill as I got when I spent my Club dollars for a University Course of lectures last summer. A mother with two children likes a chance to get out among interesting people and brush up a bit. Wasn't I lucky? . . . I earned $20.00 in a very short time.
—Ethel F. Dexter, Mass.

Dear Club Manager: I can't resist telling you what my last Club earnings did. For several years my kitchen had been painted a cold gray without one ray of sunshine . . . Club dollars bought paint and brushes and now I have the *happiest*-looking kitchen. Light tan walls with apple-green woodwork and bright checked oilcloth on the cupboard shelves. —Mrs. V. P. Fenner, N. Y.

Dear Manager: Imagine my excitement when I received an invitation to a dance at the Country Club! But my happiness was overshadowed at the thought of my wardrobe's deficiency. Although I had a dress and wrap, the accessories were quite as important. But the day before the dance I bought gloves, hose, slippers, a dance handkerchief and a new vanity with Club money!
—Gertrude L. D., Ohio.

Extra money will make you radiant, too!

Write Me Today!

IT WILL be so easy for you to sit down right now and write me: *Dear Manager: Please tell me about your Club plan.* (Tell me your age if you wish.) You'll receive my answer by return mail and may start making money without a day's delay. Do write today to:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
766 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

INDOORS

OR OUT

guard the BEAUTY *of your* HANDS *with* HINDS CREAM

USE Hinds Honey & Almond Cream faithfully—then not even housework, dishes, driving your car or digging in the garden will rob your hands of their youthful freshness. Hinds Cream will protect their natural beauty. No other lotion is so successful and so experienced in caring for active hands and preserving their fresh loveliness. A little rubbed into your hands before you go out, after you come in and always after you wash them, will be absorbed quickly and gratefully; homely roughness and redness will vanish speedily. Used faithfully, Hinds Cream will keep your hands groomed and young in spite of household tasks and exposure to dust and wind and rain. Keep a bottle handy. Use it often—that's the secret. Drug counters have Hinds Cream, or the coupon will bring you a generous sample.

HINDS · FOR · ACTIVE · HANDS

Refine the texture of your skin with Hinds Toning Cleanser

This extraordinary new liquid cleanser will clean to the very bottom of your pores, will make them exquisitely fine, will tone your skin and refresh it. Used together with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream and the new Hinds Cleansing Cream and Hinds Texture Cream, it will keep your skin radiant and young. Hinds Toning Cleanser is 60c at all drug counters.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*
Dept. 40, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream—the protecting cream for the skin.

(PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Name.....

Address.....

This coupon not good after May, 1931. In Canada, address Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM

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The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

May Day-Child Health Day

By

S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

EARLY in 1924, Mr. Herbert Hoover as president of the American Child Health Association wrote to President Coolidge: "It is the desire of many organizations to establish the first of May, 1924, as a day for constructive, concentrated thought and demonstration on behalf of community action for the American child. It is thought that on that day, if you approve, the governors of states, commissioners of health and education, mayors of cities, and various organizations working for child health and welfare, the press, motion-picture industry, radio broadcasting stations and other agencies might be asked to join in stimulating consideration throughout the country of these problems. I, therefore, would be glad to know if you could give your approval to such an effort."

President Coolidge replied to Mr. Hoover and expressed his pleasure at the plan "to focus the thought of the country in constructive measures for improving and safeguarding the health and welfare of our nation's children on May Day" and wished "every success to an effort which will touch so sympathetic a cord in every American heart."

Such an impressive and significant indorsement of a nation-wide day devoted to child health and child welfare gave the impetus needed and May Day-Child Health Day is now a national institution. In 1928, Congress passed a joint resolution designating May first as National Child Health Day and authorizing the President to issue a proclamation calling on all organizations and individuals to observe the day in a befitting manner. With Mr. Hoover, the friend of all children, now in the White House, the ultimate goal of May Day-Child Health Day has almost been won, but there is still need to get all the people of this country behind a movement so important in its relation to the future welfare of this country. Whatever opportunities may lie ahead for our children in this land of almost unlimited opportunity, there can be no doubt that sound minds in sound bodies form the structure upon which everything else must be built.

A Challenge

THE goal of May Day-Child Health Day is universal health for all children. Not on one day but throughout life. As there may still be doubting Thomases about the need of any further efforts to achieve this goal, it is a good time to take stock of the past and to meet the challenge of the future. Are America's children healthier than they have been before? Is the standard of child health at the present all that we could wish it to be? If not, what further steps should be taken to give to every child his birthright of normal health and the knowledge that will keep him well?

These questions are not difficult to answer. The children of America *are* in better health than they have ever been before, but conditions in this respect are still far from good. It is true that our death rate in infancy has been cut almost in half during the past twenty-five years, but sixty-five babies out of every one thousand born die before their first birthday. In New Zealand, which holds the record of all countries for baby saving, the infant death rate is thirty-nine out of every one thousand births. Some of our states have almost equaled New Zealand and there is no reason why our country as a whole should not be the safest place in the world in which a baby may be born. We have conquered, in part, the high death rate and sickness rate of children under five years, but this age is still the most dangerous period of existence as far as life and health are concerned.

Our children of school age are showing nearly as high a rate of undernourishment and other physical defects as they did twenty years ago, notwithstanding all of the efforts that have been made in the health care given in schools. We have made some progress in bringing health to childhood, but much remains to be done before we can measure up to the standards that might be so easily attained.

Is the standard of child health at present all that we could wish it to be? It is clearly evident that it is not. Throughout this rich and progressive United States the child alone has not had a square deal. At this time thirty out of every one hundred children of school age are suffering from some form of physical defect that might be easily corrected and that might more easily have been prevented. Only a small number of communities have taken advantage of the magnificent chance wholly to eradicate diphtheria and scarlet fever, those terrible menaces to life and health in early childhood. Out of the twelve million children of pre-school age, it is probable that not more than a bare two hundred thousand are getting the form of health supervision that will bring them to school age in sound health. Notwithstanding the millions of dollars that are being spent annually in this country on child-health programs, notwithstanding the establishment of bureaus of child hygiene as a part of the official program of every state and notwithstanding the earnest and unselfish efforts of thousands of doctors, nurses, public-health officials and social-service agencies, the problem of child health in this country is still one of outstanding importance.

What is the challenge for the future in this matter of giving our children the right to be well and strong? It is plain that there is some weak link in our chain of child care. It seems to me that the test for this weak link consists in a recognition that in our work for children we have been too ready to follow the practice of "doing things" instead of "getting things done." If that seems ambiguous, let us examine it more closely and ferret out the real weakness.

Parent Coöperation

YEARS of experience in the field of child-health work have convinced me that our stumblingblock has been the lack of community and parent coöperation. Governmental and other agencies have been working with, and for, children for the past twenty years. They have not been unmindful of the great and essential need of interesting parents and communities in this matter of child health. Definite efforts have been made by them to broadcast health education in its relation to child welfare, and in this effort, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is proud to have played so large a part. But it has not been enough. Individual parents are concerned with the health and happiness of their own children, but communities, as a whole and the spirit of parents as a group, have not brought realization on the part of the citizenry of the country that child health is a problem demanding solution in the right way. May Day-Child Health Day is the compass that is pointing the way toward universal acceptance of the Child's Bill of Rights, as outlined by President Hoover.

This is a challenge to every parent and to every state and smaller community. In this matter of child health they must bear an equal share of the burden of accomplishment. The state must provide the tools to be used; it must augment the facilities of private physicians in making it possible for every child to have health education and health care; it must provide playgrounds and healthful and sanitary school buildings; it must do its share in advancing a living wage of a standard to maintain health and comfort and it must provide clean streets, clean milk, decent housing facilities and hygienic surroundings. Parents must be taught how to use these tools for building child health. They must coöperate in applying the principles of health education so freely available; they must realize that theirs is the responsibility for all children as well as for their own, for it is an axiom of child-health care that "no child is safe unless all children are safe." To arouse this community and parent consciousness is the object of this May Day-Child Health Day of 1930.

The Child Health Days that have marked the first of May during the past few years have been paving the way for this close coöperation by all organizations and all parents. The governments of the various states have not been backward in this regard. On May Day, 1929, every state planned for some celebration that would lead to improved health for children. Small communities, schools and local as well as national organizations backed the plan.

The record of achievement showed thousands of children immunized against diphtheria, examined for

(Continued on Page 130)

The Child's Bill of Rights

As Outlined by

PRESIDENT HOOVER

"The ideal to which we should strive is that there should be no child in America—

That has not been born under proper conditions;

That does not live in hygienic surroundings;

That ever suffers from undernourishment;

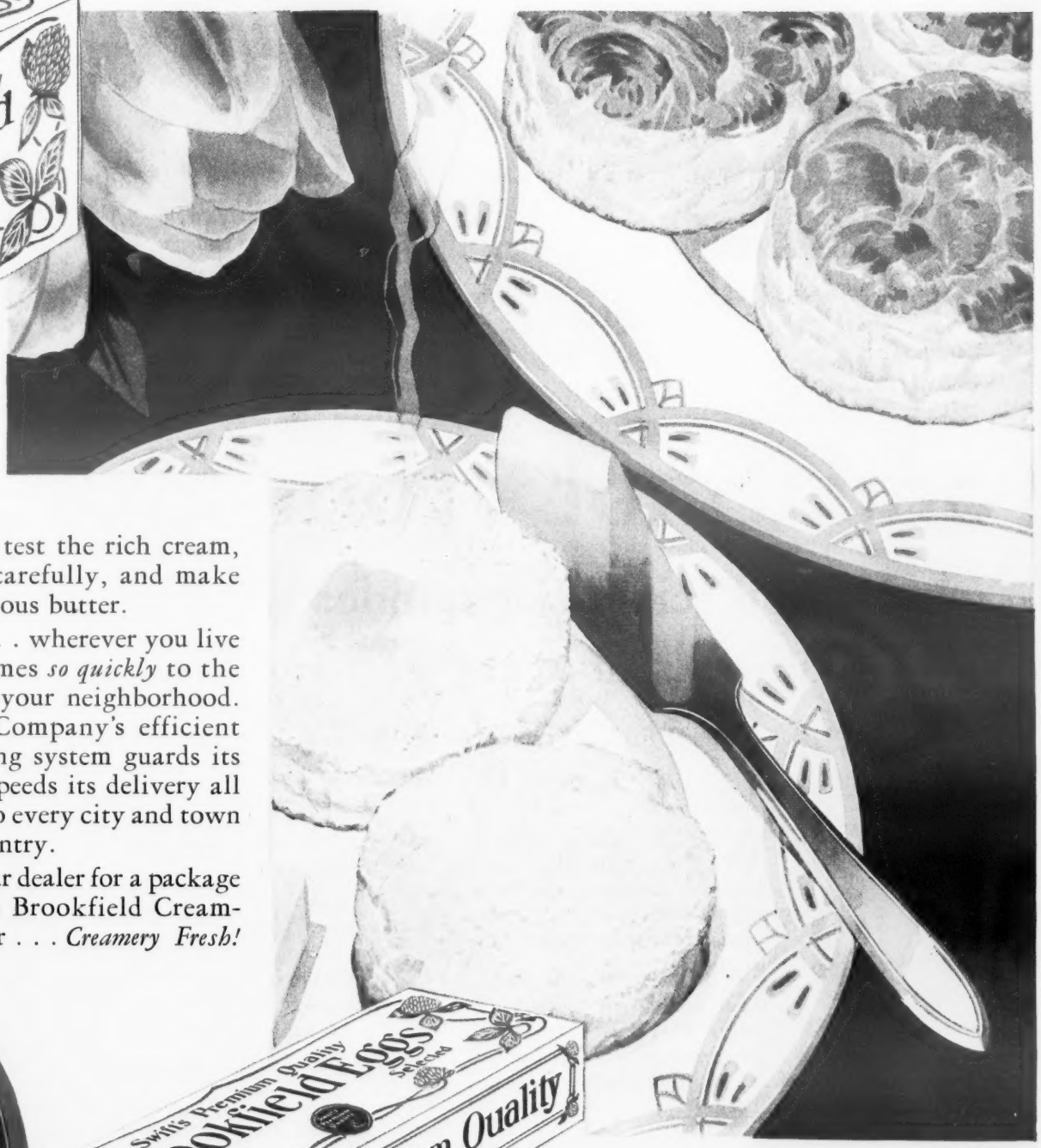
That does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection;

That does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health;

That has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body;

That has not the encouragement to express in fullest measure the spirit within which is the final endowment of every human being."

Nation-wide . . . the same sweet Freshness



"UM-M—biscuits and butter!" Eyes brighten when you serve them, hot from the oven.

And with *this* butter—*Creamery Fresh*—they're specially good, as millions of women know. All over the country they're depending on its unvarying sweetness of flavor for the table and for cooking.

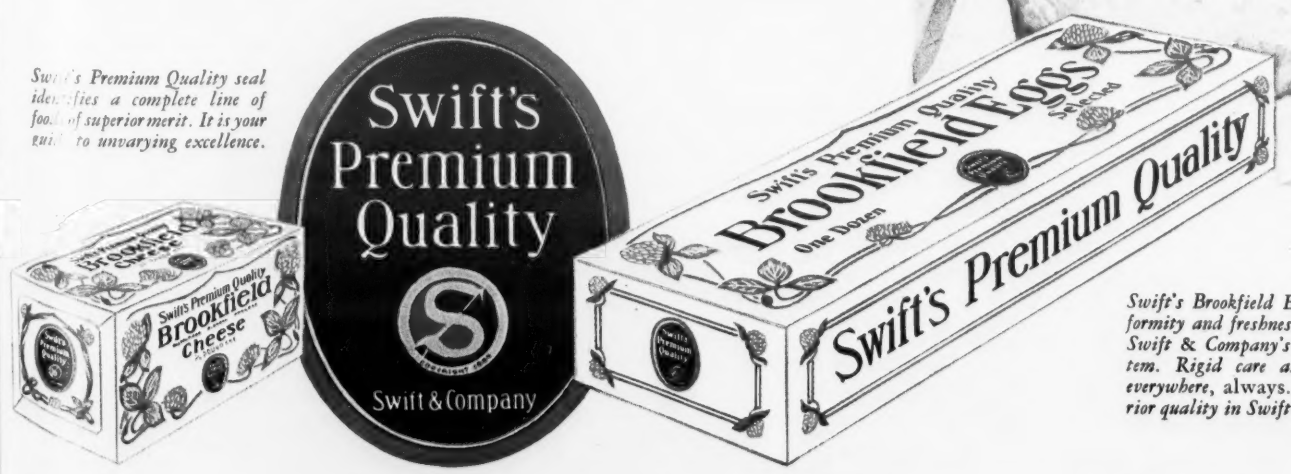
Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter is churned at spotless creameries, located in the best dairy regions. There trained workmen test the rich cream, grade it carefully, and make this delicious butter.

Then . . . wherever you live . . . it comes *so quickly* to the dealer in your neighborhood. Swift & Company's efficient distributing system guards its quality, speeds its delivery all the way to every city and town in the country.

Ask your dealer for a package of Swift's Brookfield Creamery Butter . . . *Creamery Fresh!*

© S. & Co.

Swift's Premium Quality seal identifies a complete line of foods of superior merit. It is your guide to unvarying excellence.

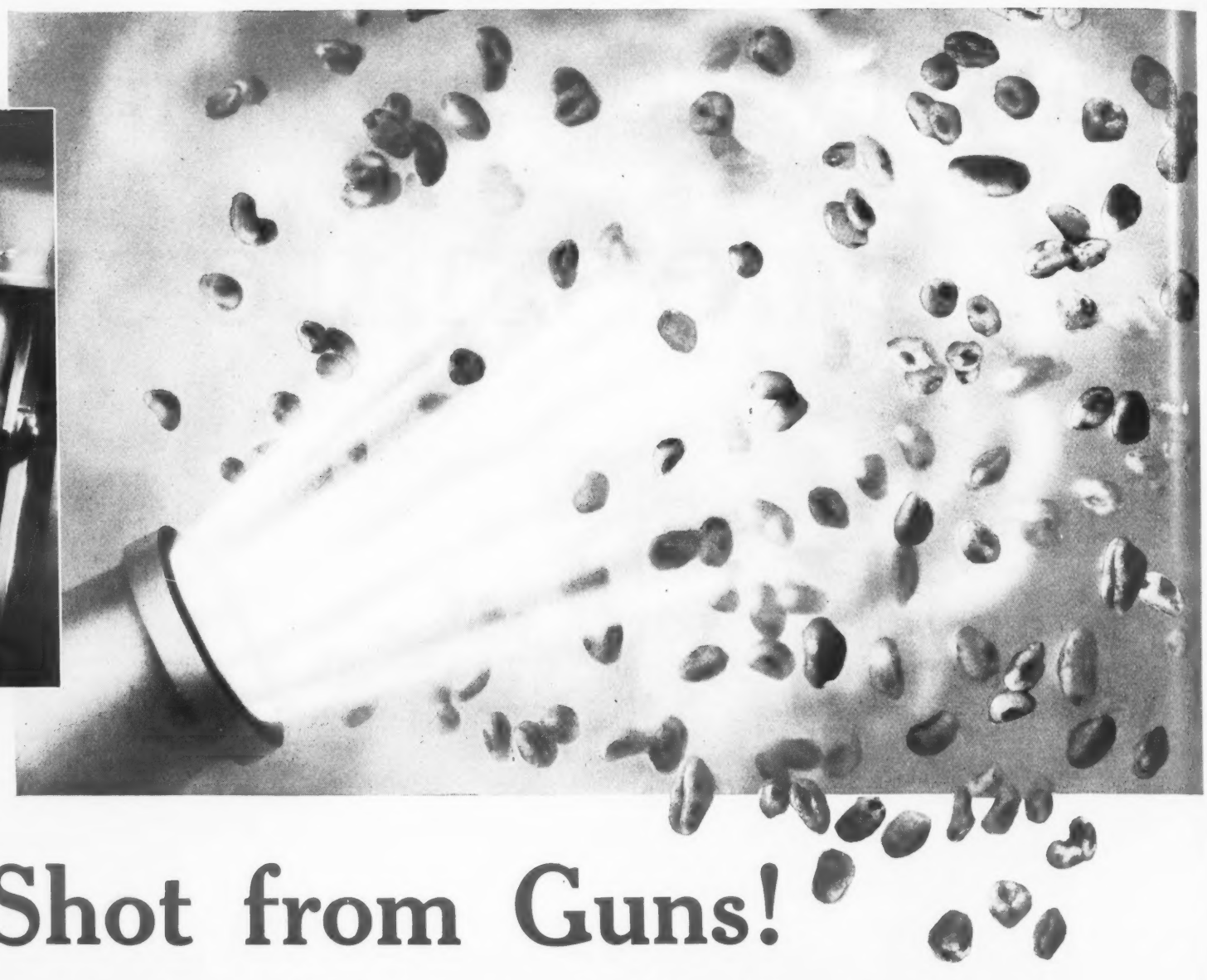


Swift's Brookfield Eggs, carefully selected for uniformity and freshness, are brought to your dealer by Swift & Company's nation-wide distributing system. Rigid care assures you of their excellence everywhere, always. *You will find the same superior quality in Swift's Brookfield Butter and Cheese.*

Swift's Brookfield

FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCTS—BUTTER—EGGS—CHEESE

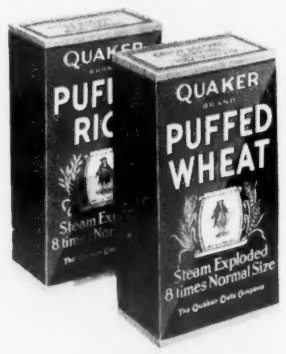
Ready to fire! Millions of Puffed Grains produced every minute for the breakfast tables of America.



Food Shot from Guns!

Noted scientist explodes a hundred million food cells in every grain of wheat and rice

That's what makes Puffed Grains more easily digested —gives them the nourishment of hot cooked cereals.



WHAT? Wheat and rice grains shot from guns? Yes, to make them completely digestible. To give them the same nourishment as hot cooked cereals possess.

For each grain contains 125 million food cells. To make the grains completely digestible, each cell must be broken. So Professor A. P. Anderson said: "I will explode these 125 million food cells."

He seals the grains in guns. Then revolves them for hours in a fearful heat. Then he fires the guns. This causes over 125 million steam explosions in each grain.

But the grains keep their shape . . . they are merely puffed to 8 times the usual size. And every morsel is completely digestible, just as if it had been cooked for hours.

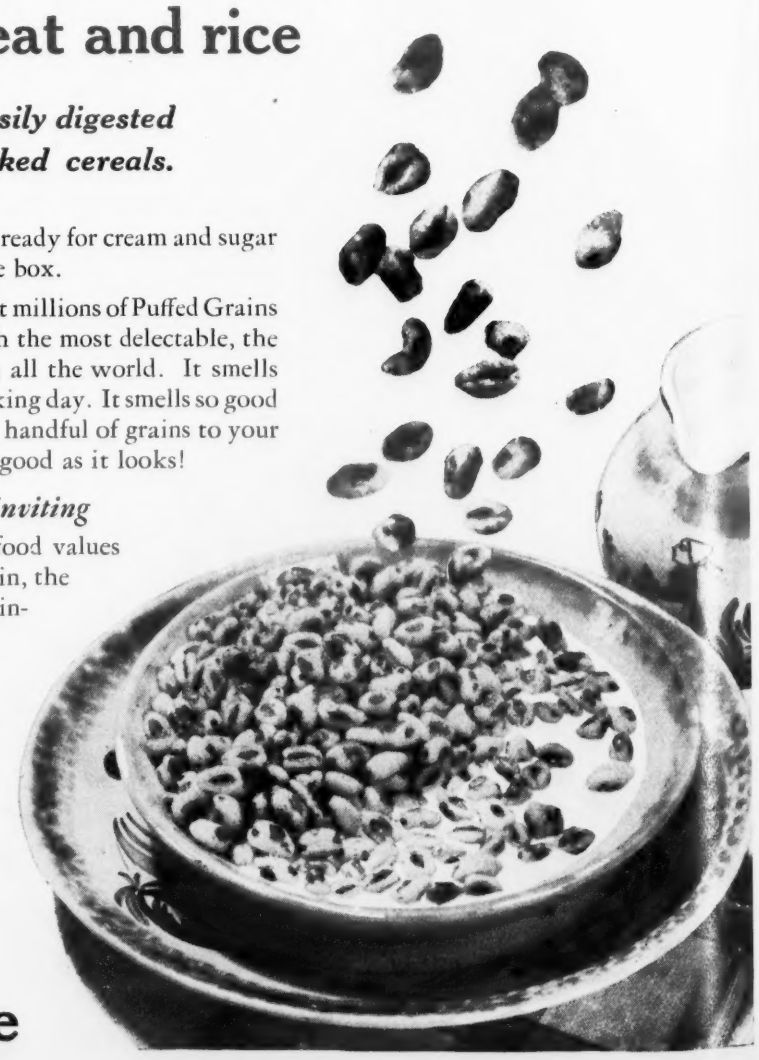
Digestible, therefore nutritious

Because every bit of the grain is made available for food, it is, of course, more richly nutritious. Indeed, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice offer virtually the same nourishment as hot cooked cereal. And they're all ready for cream and sugar when you pour them from the box.

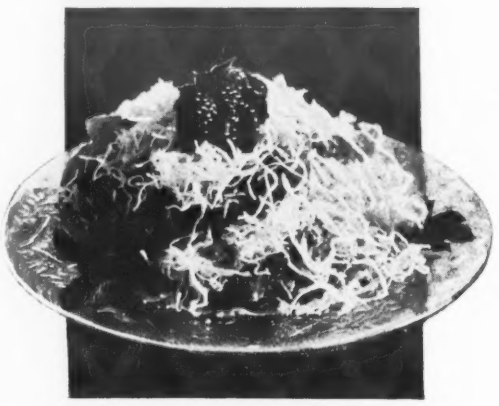
Today, 75 huge guns pour out millions of Puffed Grains every minute . . . sending forth the most delectable, the most tantalizing food odor in all the world. It smells like an old-time kitchen on baking day. It smells so good you can scarcely wait to lift a handful of grains to your mouth. And it tastes just as good as it looks!

Whole wheat made inviting

Puffed Rice has all the vital food values of selected rice. It offers protein, the great repair food. It releases instantly a rich flood of energy Puffed Wheat provides matchless minerals for strong bones . . . good red blood. It is 25% bran. Thus these two delicious grain foods are wonderfully good for your children. Order today from your grocer. The Quaker Oats Company.



Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice



AMBROSIA MODERNESQUE. A MOST TEMPTING WAY TO SERVE FRESH FRUIT

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

STRAWBERRY FLUFF

GLASSWARE COURTESY J.E. CALDWELL & CO.

PINEAPPLE-AND-BANANA CUP MAKES A DELIGHTFUL SPRING DESSERT

Fresh Fruits as Springtime Sweets

By **CAROLINE B. KING**

AND now that the sunshiny days of May have arrived, and the fruit stalls in the market places are teeming with colorful strawberries and aromatic pineapples and plump and tempting bananas, and the homely but excellent rhubarb with its succulent juices is as plentiful as dandelions, why may not we regard the dessert problem as satisfactorily settled and turn with a happy sigh to those other spring joys which are, alas, so fleeting and ephemeral?

Fruit, fresh fruit, served in the simplest possible manner is, of course, the most desirable as it is the most logical dessert when these first warm days make their appearance. Strawberries, large, delicate, perfect, served *au naturel* in a tempting border about a little cone of snowy powdered sugar, make a correct dessert or a correct beginning for any luncheon or dinner. Pineapple, fresh, scented pineapple, lusciously ripe, served in unpeeled segments ranged like the strawberries around a heap of powdered sugar, is quite as tempting and as delicious.

But it is not always possible to obtain perfect berries or lusciously ripe pineapple, even though one may search the market over. Then, what to do? Well, there is always at this time of the year, at least, rhubarb; then, too, the less perfect berries and the pineapples are not to be despised, and we still have oranges; the very best of them, I often think, make their appearance toward the spring months. Added to this wealth of material are the canned fruits, pineapple, crushed or sliced; apricots, whose pleasant perfume is especially fascinating at this season. If one does not care to serve these very excellent fruits just as they come from the cans, there are many ways of embellishing them.

In using the fresh fruits one of my most popular desserts is a variation of the old-time favorite Ambrosia, made simply of sliced oranges sprinkled thickly with shredded coconut. The gods would have adored it!

AMBROSIA MODERNESQUE. Peel two large navel oranges and slice as thinly as possible; arrange the slices on serving plates and sprinkle lightly first with powdered sugar, then with shredded coconut. Arrange a layer of canned crushed pineapple on the orange, and on it a second layer of orange, sugar, coconut and pineapple, then a third layer of orange. Cover this thickly with coconut, then with strawberry slices. Place a perfect whole berry or a maraschino cherry in the very center. Border the dish with fresh green mint leaves and serve very cold.

FILLED GRAPEFRUIT makes another very refreshing and simple dessert for the springtime. Halve juicy, well-flavored grapefruit of medium size, remove all the pulp and juice; place the skins in ice water while preparing the filling. For this cut the grapefruit pulp into dice, removing all white skin and seeds; mix with an equal portion of diced strawberries and fresh pineapple; sweeten with powdered sugar to taste, adding a few tablespoonfuls of cooking sherry or Madeira; chill well, then fill the grapefruit halves, scattering shredded candied ginger over the tops and garnishing with a few green leaves or maraschino cherries.

FRUIT CUPS of various descriptions make tempting spring desserts. They should be somewhat richer and sweeter than when prepared for appetizers, and may include a selection of diced strawberries, pineapple, oranges, bananas, maraschino cherries and grapefruit, as well as a small proportion of canned apricots or peaches. Prepare the fruit carefully, chill very well, and serve in sherbet glasses; for a very pretty garnish sprinkle the fruits just before serving with colored sugar—pink or green. A circle of the green sugar dotted here and there is most attractive.

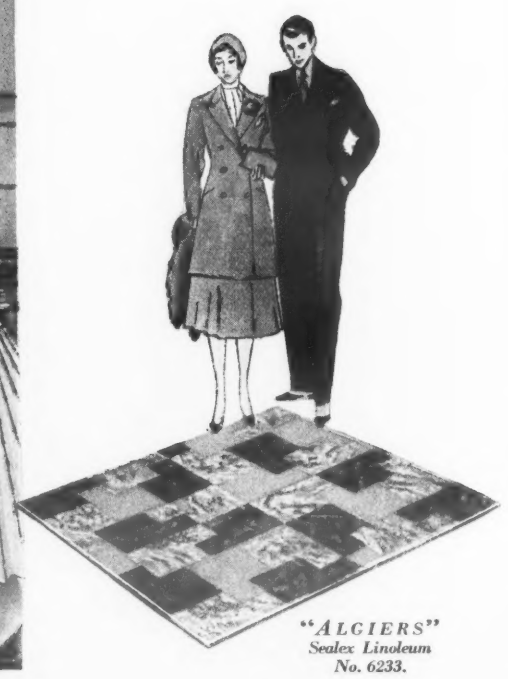
STRAWBERRY FLUFF is not only a very delicate and appealing dessert but an economical one. It calls for but 1 egg white, ½ cupful of granulated sugar and ½ cupful of crushed strawberries with whipped or plain cream, as one desires. Beat the egg white slightly, adding a few drops of lemon juice, then gradually whip in the sugar and crushed, but not strained, berries alternately. Whip until the mixture expands to fill a quart bowl and is exceedingly light and fluffy. Pile into tall, slender glasses or into sherbet cups and chill thoroughly. Serve with plain cream or garnished with a spoonful of whipped cream. For a more pretentious dessert, fold one cupful of stiffly whipped cream into the strawberry mixture after it has been beaten sufficiently, then pile in parfait glasses, chill, garnish with ripe strawberries, and serve.

APRICOT NUT WHIP calls for 1 cupful of canned apricots, well drained and chilled, cut

(Continued on Page 125)

"VIRGINIAN"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 3227.

"BIARRITZ" *... Sealex Linoleum No. 3044. Skillful blendings of violet, jade, gold, emerald and taupe make this pattern almost gem-like.*



"ALGIERS"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 6233.

A smart room needs a smart floor

ACHIEVING the smart effect in your decorative scheme is less of a task than you imagine. And less of an *expense* too! For the secret lies . . . not only in expressive furniture . . . but in the floor itself. Observe from the above how the flooring of handsome *Sealex Linoleum* has captured just the right colorful note. The *smart* floor is the perfect accent for interpreting furnishings in the voice of *today* . . .

In *Sealex Linoleums* every woman can find a design that "goes with" the color scheme she now has—in any room in her home. For linoleum is no longer limited to the kitchen and bathroom but serves as the foundation for a proper decorative scheme in living room, dining room and bedroom.

When you view these new *Sealex Linoleums* you'll understand why this smart vogue has spread from floor to floor, from room to room . . . all over the house. The colorings are so soft and velvety, the patterns so delightful and varied, so in keeping with good taste.

In *your* home, perhaps, there's an old floor that is somewhat worn and unsightly. Why not cover it over with a distinctive *Sealex Linoleum* and see for yourself how the new floor transforms the entire room?

In tune with housekeeping ideas of today, *Sealex Linoleums* are labor-saving. The *Sealex* Process makes them spot-proof, stain-proof—easy to keep clean.

When next out shopping let your local dealer show you the new *Sealex* patterns.

"MALTA"
Sealex Linoleum
No. 3515.

"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"—look for the listing of it in the radio program columns of your newspaper. A half-hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. Write us—*or ask your local Sealex Linoleum dealer*—for a copy of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE* folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

"COLOR AND CHARM IN HOME INTERIORS" is one of the most beautiful home decoration books ever created. Contains many color illustrations and ideas on planning rooms. A unique "Color Harmony Guide" is included to help you with your decorating problems. Sent post-paid for only 25¢. Address: The Home Decoration Bureau, Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J.

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New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

SEALEX

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

LINOLEUMS

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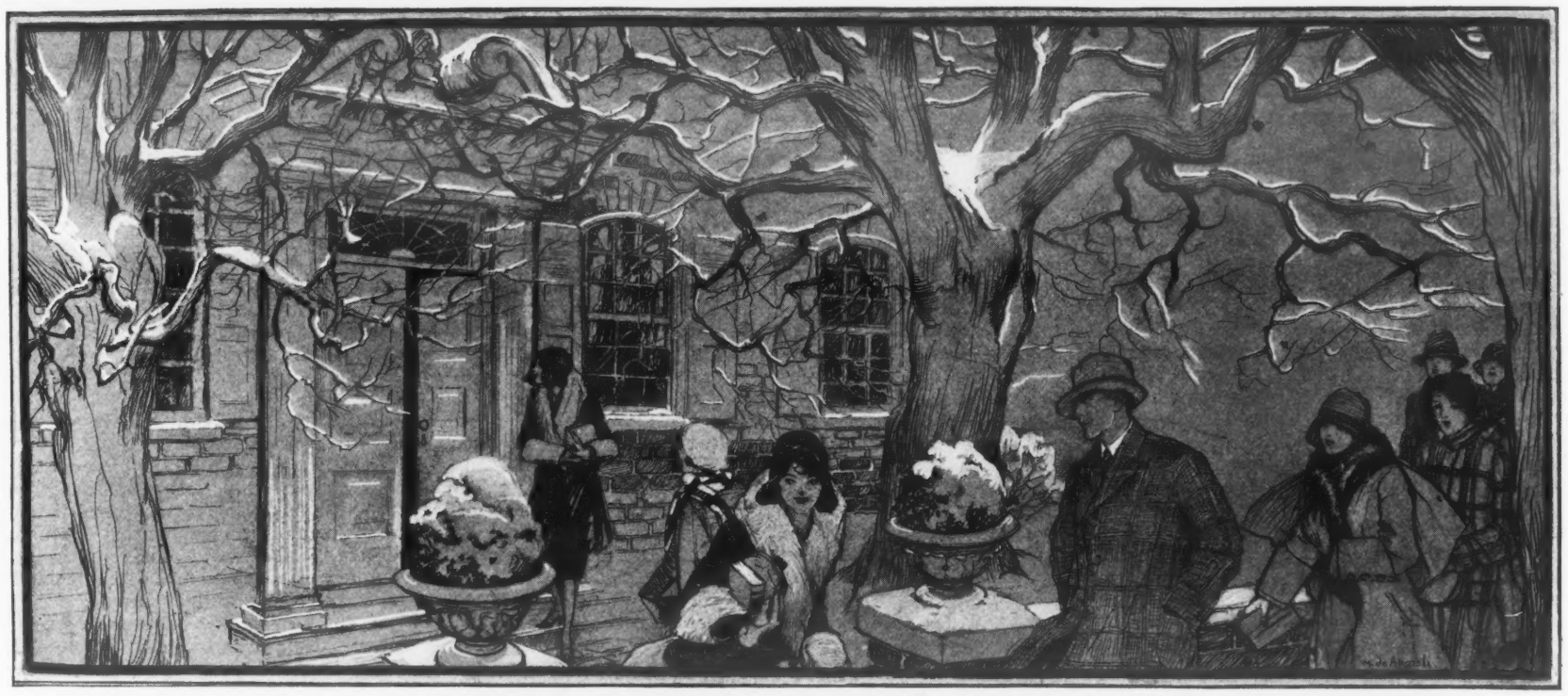


THERE IS THE GREATEST NEED FOR A CONSULTATION SERVICE, FREE TO ALL, ALLURING TO THE MOST LONELY STRANGER

The Modern Confessional

By

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER, D.D.

Decoration by Marguerite de Angeli

A WOMAN minister of a liberal and independent church, whose free pews and hospitable atmosphere invited strangers, saw one Sunday morning an auditor of marked elegance and beauty in the rear seat of the chapel. The visitor left while the last hymn was being sung and no one could greet her. She came for three successive Sundays and left in the same manner. The Monday morning following the third appearance of this stranger, the minister sat in her study before a pile of letters which the rainy day entitled to immediate attention. But a tap on the door and the announcement of the maid, "A lady to see you, ma'am," interrupted, and after some hesitation the order was given, "Show her in."

When the caller entered the study the minister saw it was the visitor at the chapel whose presence she had noted. The caller began abruptly, "I have come to ask a favor. I cannot ask it without telling you my story." And she added with a certain fierce determination, "Besides, I've got to tell somebody and I have chosen you."

Then followed a tale of a young girl of seventeen years wronged by her employer old enough to be her father, and a relationship held through years of double life. Her feeling in the matter seemed to have been a mixture of attraction toward a generous, good-hearted and pleasant-mannered man, a fear that if she told of anything out of the ordinary in their relationship she would lose her place and never get another, a sense of the dire need of helping support her invalid mother and do for the younger children what they needed, and, above all, a terror of what might happen unless she accepted the situation.

The Cure of Souls

"NOW," said the woman, whose face had grown more stern and tragic in the recital, "my mother is dead. My two younger brothers have grown to manhood and are self-supporting. Last week I attended the wedding of the youngest of the family, my sister, whom I have sent through college and who has married a fine man and gone to a distant city. Now I am free! And I leave this city forever. My employer is away. When he returns he will find in his desk a card with one word, 'Gone.' I want to get a position as traveling courier-secretary with Mrs. Blank"—naming a well-known woman—"who goes abroad soon for a long trip. I have studied French and travel details for several years to fit myself for this work. I got long ago for possible use a certificate of my secretarial ability from my employer. He did not think I would ever use it. I want a letter from you to this lady. She knows you. She will, I think, give me the position if I can have such a letter. Will you give it?"

"But have you a pastor of your own?" I asked.

"Yes, but he is rector of the Episcopal church"—naming a prominent one—"in which my employer is still a vestryman. I could not tell him. And besides," with a passionate lift of the head, "I have a right to so much as a place in my rector's respect. But," again the fierce outburst, "I had to tell somebody and I have chosen you."

Of course the note was given, and in a few days came a post card without signature and the one word "Accomplished" written upon it.

After this strange visitor left the room the woman minister sat long pondering on the part confession had played in the therapeutics of the "cure of souls."

The trail of pilgrims seeking the compassionate Buddha as he sat under the sacred tree "musing upon the deep disease of life," and pouring into his ears their tales of woe and anxiety; the crowds of those in need of comfort, of healing, of guidance, that sprang as from the ground wherever Jesus walked and taught; the many-sided pastoral office of the Christian ministry which has been and still is its most distinctive function—all these came thronging into that quiet study, all declaring with passion or with despair, "I had to tell somebody and I have chosen you."

And then the stately forms of the confessional made into a compulsory sacrament by the age-old but still vigorous Roman Catholic Church came to mind. Its grooves of custom, worked deep in human experience; its sense of relief when after confession forgiveness was assured, with life and death both tributary to the sacred power of the priest; its order of approach to the individual need made easy and its certainty of control made evident to even the simplest mind—all this came into view. And then in Protestant Christianity the reënforcement of the staff of those sought for counsel and comfort in the good physician who knew all his patients as persons with a certain family background; and the wise and just judge who helped to settle wrongs outside the courts; and the village teacher who came to know so well all the boys and girls growing up; and the unofficial helpers and caretakers of the community who were so often chosen by those really in need of "confession"—all these came to mind.

A liberal evangelical minister has recently said in public, "The Protestant Church made a mistake in giving up the confessional." The statement is misleading. The Christian Church in no one of its forms has ever given up the essence of the confessional. It has discarded the compulsory form and the often highly superficial method of the regulated sacrament. But the Christian ministry has always been, is now, and as long as it lasts will be the central point of the real confessional.

What has happened is that with the much shorter pastorates, the frequent movements of population away from old community life, and the massing of people in cities where all but a few are strangers and brief sojourners, the opportunity of the pastoral office has lost many points of contact in all human relations.

We have now a new form of confessional, a quite new way of seeking advice based on a statement of personal problems. It is the function assumed by the columnist in the popular newspaper or magazine. It suits the desire for anonymity of the man or woman living among strangers. It gives free rein for the inquirer's often mistaken understanding of the real difficulty of the situation. One is free to make oneself out far better or far more injured by others than is really the case, when one writes to an unknown public "counselor" who is so eager to get picturesque cases on which to write that he or she often makes up situations more picturesque than are sent in.

The people applying for help after such confession are of all sorts.

Problems That Perplex

JANE SMITH came to the great city after starring in private theatricals in her native village, thinking to get a chance on the stage. She lands after disastrous experiences in a position of waitress in a fashionable restaurant, where her pretty face and sprightly manner are expected to be an asset. She writes in great difficulty to the "Lady Who Answers Questions" to know if she should be expected to receive without resentment any, even the most offensive, familiarity from customers, or if her tips and even her security of position depend upon taking everything from everybody which they choose to give her.

Marian Jones has taken the commercial course in the high school of her home town and expects to get in the near-by city a secretarial position. But she can't spell and her vocabulary is so meager that she uses up much of her employer's time in study of the dictionary, and she finally lands in a candy factory, where she dips chocolates. She is not so attractive as the other girls at the marble table, and she writes to the columnist to know how she can get "dates" and have a good time. And must she go home to have a decent living?

Young James Madison is in college. He is frightfully lonesome. He loves music and there are good concerts at the college center. But although he can squeeze out enough to attend once in a while from his limited allowance, he can't take a girl, with all the extras that usually means. He has a new friend at the college who has a special girl friend who goes to concerts with him, and they have the best of times. But they "go Dutch," for she has a bigger allowance than he and it is a well-known arrangement. James knows a girl who could do this, but can a man ask a girl to enter upon such a plan? It is not a question you would put up to the average dean, and so he asks the newspaper counselor.

(Continued on Page 143)

Freshening Up for Springtime

By ANNA COYLE

YOU choose them with such care—your home furnishings. You want them to last so long and be beautiful, for in many cases they represent an almost permanent, if not a permanent, investment. They can remain beautiful too. It is simply a matter of care.

Even though spring cleaning as it was known in the old days has gone quite out of style, what homemaker can resist the urge to brighten up her home when she opens her windows to the first springtime breezes? What one of us does not want to freshen up things a bit when the brightness of spring sunshine looks in upon our winter furnishings?

So, whether you do your own refurnishing or leave it to the hands of others, there's a real sense of achievement and adventure in bringing the spirit of the springtime into your home with gay colors and modern cleaning ways.

Shall we start with the rugs? Perhaps they need a thorough cleaning. Perhaps a few stains have appeared. Or perhaps you are selecting a new rug and hoping to prolong its life and loveliness. No matter which, nothing so brightens a room as a good rug. Everyone who enters enjoys its colors; everyone feels the thick pile underfoot.

And nothing so adds to the beauty of a rug as cleanliness. Dirt ground into a rug cuts the pile and wears it threadbare.

Here are a few easy directions, gathered from the successful experience and investigations of experts in rug making and cleaning:

Sweep or vacuum-clean rugs frequently in rooms that are much used. If you sweep use short strokes, always in the direction of the nap. If you use a vacuum cleaner use a long, smooth motion; never jerk, as that has a tendency to break the nap.

Clean rugs thoroughly out-of-doors twice a year, by placing face downward on the grass and gently beating with a flat rattan carpet beater. Do not use a stick or wire, as it may cut the fiber.

Never, never shake or hang an Oriental rug on the line, as it breaks down the cord. Since the Oriental is a handmade rug it is not so strong in fiber construction as some of the machine-made rugs, and so careless beating is particularly damaging.

It is a mistaken idea to think that Oriental rugs will "last forever." They will only if you give them the proper care.

It is interesting to remember that in the Orient these exquisite rugs are never walked upon except with the bare feet, and so their shiny texture is preserved.

REMOVE surface dust from your rugs occasionally by wiping over with a cloth wrung nearly dry out of clear, warm water.

Warm soapsuds will remove most stains if applied in a heavy suds and immediately removed with a cloth wrung out in warm water.

Carbon tetrachloride, which may be bought at your drug store, or any reliable dry-cleaning fluid, is best for removing grease spots. Apply it with a soft cloth.

To prevent grease from spreading, use a small quantity of the solvent at a time, and work from the outside of the spot toward the center. Rub gently until dry, to prevent making a ring.

Other stains which you may successfully remove at home are:

CANDLE WAX. Remove wax by carefully scraping with a paper knife or by using a warm iron over blotting paper. If traces of the stain still remain sponge with carbon tetrachloride.

MUD. Allow to dry. Brush carefully. If traces of the stain still remain sponge off with warm soapsuds. Or brush well and rub the spot with a cut raw potato. When dry, brush off the film of starch left by the potato.

COFFEE. Sponge off immediately with lukewarm water, or absorb with brown paper and a warm iron. If a grease spot remains from the cream, remove it by using a grease solvent, such as carbon tetrachloride.

There comes a time when, no matter how well a rug has been cared for, it will require a thorough cleaning, by a shampooing method, to brighten its color and remove the accumulated soil. And most of us are only too glad to give over the task to experts.

However, if one is ambitious to do home cleaning, it is possible to wash a small rug at home.

Every particle of dust must first be removed by a vacuum cleaner or by sweeping and beating. Prepare a heavy soap jelly of any good white soap and water or soap flakes and water.

To do this, dissolve one cake of neutral soap or one cupful of neutral soap chips in half a gallon of water. Start with cold water and heat until all the soap is dissolved.

Spread on the rug with a soft brush, and keeping up a thick lather, work over a small portion at a time. Wipe off immediately with a soft cloth wrung out of warm water, or use a scraper with a rubber edge, then wipe with damp cloth. Rinse well as you go, being careful not to let the rug become water-soaked. Dry quickly to prevent mildew.

Now your rugs are clean. To make them last longer remember to change their position occasionally to distribute the wear. Small throw rugs placed before much-used pieces of furniture will save the large rug. They will add a smart touch, also, especially where your rug is plain and the throw rug is Oriental or patterned.

What comfort in a deep, downy upholstered chair! What beauty, too, in its rich fabric! But—what about its care?

PHOTO, BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

What homemaker can resist the urge to brighten up her home when she opens her windows to the first springtime breezes?

The everyday care of such pieces calls for brushing with a soft brush. The occasional use of the vacuum cleaner is recommended, except on the down cushions, in which case there is a tendency to draw the down to the surface or pull it through if the fabric is not closely woven.

A small stiff brush will remove the dust that collects at the cording or tufting and that is so unattractive. It is this kind of care that makes the difference between a home that looks tidy and one that just misses being well-groomed.

Soiled edges at the arms and back may be freshened with a dry-cleaning fluid. When using this fluid be careful not to streak the material.

There is a difference of opinion as to whether an upholstered chair should be given an all-over cleaning by any but an expert. So many factors enter into the cleaning—the fabric, the quality of the material, the skill of the individual.

On the other hand, a kind of soap dry cleaning is indorsed by those who have met with splendid success with this method:

First, clean with a vacuum cleaner. Make up a soap jelly as described above. Mix a small amount of this solution with an equal amount of cold water. Whip up into a heavy lather. Apply the suds with a brush, scrubbing a small section at a time, working with a circular motion. Use suds generously. Scrape off lightly with a dull knife and rinse the cleaned portion with a sponge, squeezed out in a solution of salt and water.

When cleaning fabrics with a pile, wipe in the direction of the pile.

Upholstered chairs that are in constant use in a living room or in a home where there are small children are often slip-covered the year around.

The slip cover may be sent to the cleaner's or laundered at home. Washable covers are dipped up and down in soapsuds, thoroughly rinsed in cool water and dried rapidly to prevent the colors from running.

The secret, which is really no secret at all, lies in not allowing the covers to become too soiled before washing.

AND now, in the springtime, when some sharp-eyed moth and his mate may be seeking a summer home in your best overstuffed chair, it is a good idea to remove the slip covers often to air and let in the sunlight.

There's another article coming into use at this season, the fabric of which requires special attention—awnings.

Here bright colors and vivid combinations rule the day. Here, too, a little care will go far in lengthening the life of the awning and retaining its vivid hues.

If your awnings have been stored, brush them well before putting them up. And after they are up remember that rain and sunshine are their greatest enemies. These few pointers will help to preserve their jaunty look:

If they become wet or damp, let them down and keep them down until they are thoroughly dry, otherwise mildew will result, rotting the canvas and causing unattractive spots.

Should it start to rain while your awnings are raised, lower them as soon as practicable. Water collecting in pockets is quite likely to result in dirt stains as well as mildew.

It is better to leave the awnings down always when it rains, except in severe wind storms.

Awnings with a khaki background are not so subject to mildew as those in the natural color. This is because of the mineral dye used in the preliminary dyeing.

In getting the bedroom ready for spring and summer, we naturally think of crisp cleanliness and a cool appearance.

We wash winter blankets and put them away.

Down comes the jar of soap jelly for this washing! We make a frothy suds with lukewarm water, or we dissolve soap flakes in hot water, add cold to make it lukewarm and whip it into a heavy suds. The correct temperature for blanket washing is about 110° F., and this same temperature should be maintained throughout the washing and rinsing. A change of temperature from hot to cold is one of the most frequent causes of shrinking.

IMMERSE the blankets and squeeze the water through them. Do not rub. Rinse. Wash through a second suds if necessary and rinse again.

When you wash a blanket in a washing machine, follow the same general plan.

Hang blankets over a line, distributing the weight evenly on each side.

Experienced homemakers know the joy of fluffy pillows freshly cleaned.

To the young woman brightening up her honeymoon home for the first time, it may be a surprise to know that even feather pillows may be washed if necessary. We think of this washing in terms of years, rather than an every-season need.

Choose a windy, sunny day. Make a cheesecloth bag the size of the pillows, one for each pillow to be washed.

Now transfer feathers from pillow to bag. Swish the bag of feathers up and down in a tub of warm suds. Rinse in warm water and repeat the suds bath if it seems necessary.

Then rinse several times in clear water.

Squeeze out as much water as you can. Fluff up the feathers and fasten the bag firmly on a line out-of-doors, or spread out to dry. Fluff up frequently while drying.

In keeping with the new color idea in bedding, why not make attractive slip covers to protect your pillows? Let them match the color of your sheets and blanket and coverlet, and carry out the ensemble idea.

Even the bed springs wear a jaunty slip cover nowadays.

The mattress, too, may come out of its less attractive unbleached muslin dress—the time-honored material for mattress covers—and blossom in one of those gay slip covers to complete the bed ensemble.

The mattress should be aired frequently, turned often to distribute the wear, and brushed or cleaned with the vacuum cleaner regularly.

In this day of sun worship, let it, too, have its sun bath.

A Chemist and his Staff... to clean your *Garbage Cans*

NOBODY loves a garbage can. And as for cleaning one—ugh! Most disagreeable task in the house. So women think—or did think! For now it means just a Drāno soaking—and it's done.

Simple—because our chemist and his staff made a study of garbage can cleaning—found how Drāno could best do the work easily, quickly. They sent out and "borrowed" cans long over-due for a bath. Brought them into the Drāno Laboratory . . . experimented . . . worked out just the right mixture of Drāno and water . . . until even the dirtiest ones were spotlessly clean and odorless.

The Drāno method is always short and sure, for Drāno dissolves away accumulations of animal and vegetable matter, regardless of where it finds them. Down the sluggish drain-pipe, in the food-caked casserole or broiler-pan, or clogged gas burner. As for our chemist and his staff, they are really a part of every can of Drāno—day after day in the Drāno Laboratory they experiment, test and check to make Drāno a better servant for you.

Let Drāno lighten your labors—your grocer, hardware dealer or druggist has it for 25c a can. Slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains, and 35c in Canada.

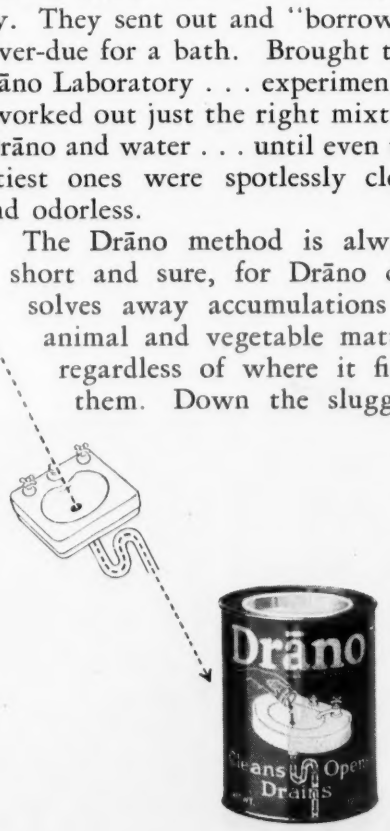
Directions for cleaning garbage can

(1) Scrape out loose garbage. (2) Pour two inches of water into can, and add ¼ can of Drāno. (3) Swab with an old brush, or a cloth tied to a stick. (4) Let stand 15 minutes, or a half-hour—then empty down a sewer-pipe or on cinders or stones. (5) Rinse, and dry in the sun.

CAUTION: Drāno dissolves animal and vegetable fibre—keep away from hands, face, clothing.

You'll want this booklet!

Send today for copy of our booklet, entitled "17 Easy Drāno Ways of Cleaning!" It tells how Drāno makes easy work of many hard-to-do cleaning tasks. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Cleans and Opens Drains

...keeps them free-flowing

fresh, pure *and always* READY TO SERVE

— that's why

FLORIDAGOLD

grapefruit juice

is the all day health drink!

YOU can't compare it to anything else under the sun except the sparkling juice you'd squeeze with your own hands from tree-ripened grapefruit!

FLORIDAGOLD *is* grapefruit juice straight from Florida's groves . . . clear, pure juice with nothing added except a touch of sugar to temper its natural tartness . . . health-giving juice in its most delicious, convenient form!

Chill, pour and place it upon the table . . . that's all! So refreshing and good for you, with its fresh-fruit's treasure of vitamins B and C.

Taste it! There's a thrill in every sip! No wonder FLORIDAGOLD is not only *the* new breakfast-menu special, but also an especially keen drink for any time of the day!

To be sure of getting FLORIDAGOLD —three generous portions for 15c— always ask for it by name. If your grocer can't supply you, fill in the coupon and mail it at once.

Canneries: Lake Alfred and Eagle Lake, Florida.

FLORIDAGOLD
Grapefruit Juice

FLORIDAGOLD Citrus Corporation,
Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me one-half case (12 cans) of FLORIDAGOLD Grapefruit Juice at the special introductory price of $1.80 which I enclose.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Your grocer's name.....

What's New?

What the Modern Homemaker Wants to Know

THAT window glass does not wholly interfere with sunlight's power to kill bacteria has recently been demonstrated experimentally. The kind of glass is, of course, important. In tests with *Staphylococcus aureus* bacteria, the organisms which cause boils, abscesses, and the like, sunlight falling through plate glass—one-quarter of an inch thick—killed but one-third as many bacteria as when the sunlight did not pass through glass; with the newer permeable window glass, of the same thickness as the plate glass, two-thirds as many bacteria were killed as by direct sunlight. Investigators have lately centered their attention so completely on the stimulating effects of light on the human body that many workers have apparently forgotten that sunlight is helpful in other ways and do not realize that the type of window glass may also affect health indirectly, by influencing the rate at which bacteria are destroyed.

—Jean Broadhurst, Columbia University.

Mung beans, yellow and green soy beans and their sprouts, and soy-bean curd are rich in vitamin B, according to results of research reported in the Philippine Journal of Science.

—Experiment Station Record, United States Department of Agriculture.

Oftentimes scientists make their most important contributions through accidents. An interesting suggestion of the value of a raw-liver diet was given by a recent accident to the mice colony of the Animal Nutrition Laboratory of Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York.

One night the steam heat was unknowingly left on. The next morning, being delicate creatures, nearly all the mice were dead, except those which had been living on a raw-liver diet. Up to the time of the accident, the cooked-liver mice and the raw-liver mice had shown little difference in strength, growth or appearance, and it required such supertropical temperature to prove the value of the uncooked diet.

More indication of the value of raw meats versus cooked has been obtained in this laboratory from its experiments on brook trout. These fish, fingerling size, fed cooked liver will grow for a while and then mysteriously die. Fed uncooked liver, they grow enormously and thrive unto old age. Though experiments on blood regeneration, both with animals and men, show that liver in either state will build red cells, recent work gives evidence of some factor in the raw product which is important to growth and well-being.

—Clive M. McCay, Cornell University.

An increase in outbreaks of botulism due to home-canned products presents further evidence of the danger involved in canning nonacid foods by the cold-pack process. Since November, 1928, eleven outbreaks of botulism have occurred in various parts of the United States from a variety of home-canned foods, some of which have not been involved heretofore. In these outbreaks there were thirty-five cases and twenty-one deaths, according to the Journal of the American Medical Association. From this evidence it seems that unless the home canner uses a pressure cooker it is safer for her to can only the acid fruits and vegetables.

—Experiment Station Record, United States Department of Agriculture.

President E. Ruth Pyrtle, of the National Education Association, announces a nation-wide all-inclusive movement for the wise use of leisure, which may prove to be the greatest enterprise on which the association has so far embarked. The movement is to be led by a National Commission on the Wise Use of Leisure, composed of the officers of the Department of Adult Education and prominent citizens who have made extensive contributions to American life. There will also be commissions in each of the states.

The bathtub is readily made modern by this shower equipment. Installed with a screw driver, it either is attached to or replaces the present faucet. *—Add-a-Shower.*

Washing windows may be an easy task if done with this new tool, which requires no pail, no sponge and no ladder. Weighing less than a pound, it washes, cleans, dries and polishes the window without water touching the hand.

—Carter Products Corporation.

Tableware, cooking utensils, and hardware fixtures of chromium-plated metals are found on the market under various trade names. Requiring no laborious care to keep it bright, it is gaining wide favor. Steel containing 10 to 15 per cent chromium is known popularly as stainless steel, already familiar in household cutlery. Products of aluminum alloys plated with chromium have a much brighter appearance, are harder and less subject to marring. Among the many attractive articles is an ice pail of "aranium." As it has a vacuum glass lining and two-quart capacity, a plentiful supply of ice cubes may be kept in readiness for several hours.

—Manning, Bowman & Company.

Did you know that there are now two simple ice-cubing devices for the ice box in the home? Both are metal molds divided into twelve compartments not unlike egg-carton dividers.

These molds are placed upon the block of ice in the ice compartment. One, operating by electric current, forms cubes in five minutes; the other, operating by gravity, in a few hours. Air holes in the top of each compartment of mold assist the molding process. The cubes are chipped off into convenient sizes with a sharp ice pick. *—National Association of Ice Industries.*

Super-fex burners with automatic wick stops, heat indicators on the ovens, and models with porcelain-enamel finish are found in new oil-burning kitchen ranges.

—Perfection Stove Company.

A convenient little tool is the combination sharpener for both knives and scissors. The two disks and stone with guide are set in a well-braced handle.

—Ace Hardware Manufacturing Company.

Self-contained indeed is the new portable kitchen cabinet, providing space for storage, a surface for working and a table with seats for dining. The table is hidden in the center front, and the seats are folded away at each end. It requires but eighteen by thirty-six inches floor room.

—Utilitable.

A vacuum cleaner recently put on the market has as its main feature an air brush which cleans without injury to the nap of a rug. A two-speed switch near the top of the handle adjusts the brush for use on any surface. Approximately twelve pounds in weight and having a flat nozzle, the cleaner is easy of operation. *—Singer.*

Puréed vegetables seasoned and, in the case of carrots and mixed vegetables, combined with beef broth, are to be had in six and ten-and-a-half ounce tins. Other vegetables are peas, spinach and tomatoes.

—Van Camp's.

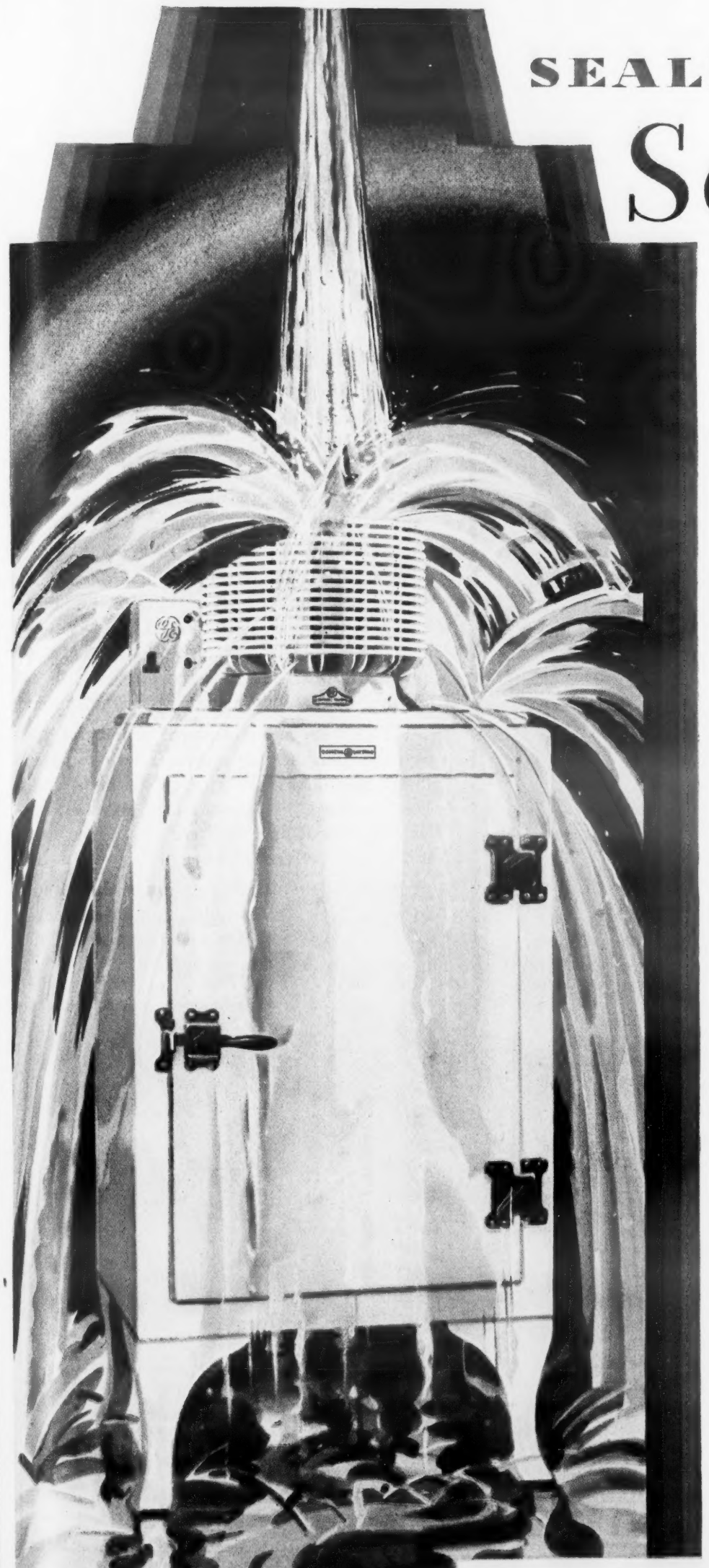
A storage-type electric water heater, furnished with either galvanized or copper tank of thirty or fifty-two gallon capacity, has appeared on the market recently.

—Adapt-o-matic-Westinghouse.

"All ready to cook" are these frozen fish steaks of cod and haddock, having all waste and practically every bone removed. Each one weighs five and a third ounces and they are packed two in a carton of Cellophane. They may be cooked without first being defrosted. *—Nordic.*

Unexpected dinner guests need cause no embarrassment because of tarnished silverware, if the silver has been kept in a tarnishproof container. Rectangular in shape, it has a capacity for approximately one to two hundred pieces. *—Silverseal.*

Very popular now is the fine glassware for table service, distinctive in color, in form and in etched designs. Among the many attractive numbers are a black flower or fruit bowl and a black candy jar with diamond-shaped base. *—Fostoria.*



SEALED IN STEEL

SO TROUBLE PROOF

that even drowned in water ...it still runs on

So trouble-proof that of the hundreds of thousands of owners, *not one* has paid a cent for service

They submerged it in water—and it still ran on. Think of the significance of such a test to you! Dust, dirt, moisture, rust—that lead to breakdowns and repair bills—are *powerless* to halt the flawless operation of General Electric mechanism. For, in that small round casing you see on top of every General Electric Refrigerator, the entire mechanism is barricaded in impregnable walls—*sealed in steel!* Dust, dirt, moisture and rust can *never* get inside.

Here is a refrigerator that gives you *all* the recognized advantages of electric refrigeration—and a great deal more besides. A mechanism so efficient that your electric current bills are cut to but a few cents a day. An incredible quietness of operation the day you buy—and *always*. A freezing regulator that is accessible—right at your finger-tips. A snow white porcelain-lined cabinet that will wear like steel—because it *is* all-steel.

Years have passed since the first General Electric Refrigerators started running—and still they run on! *Time itself* has failed to check their quiet, trouble-free efficiency. Years have passed, yet—of the hundreds of thousands of owners—*not one* has paid a cent for service!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our illustrated booklet, address Section J-5, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

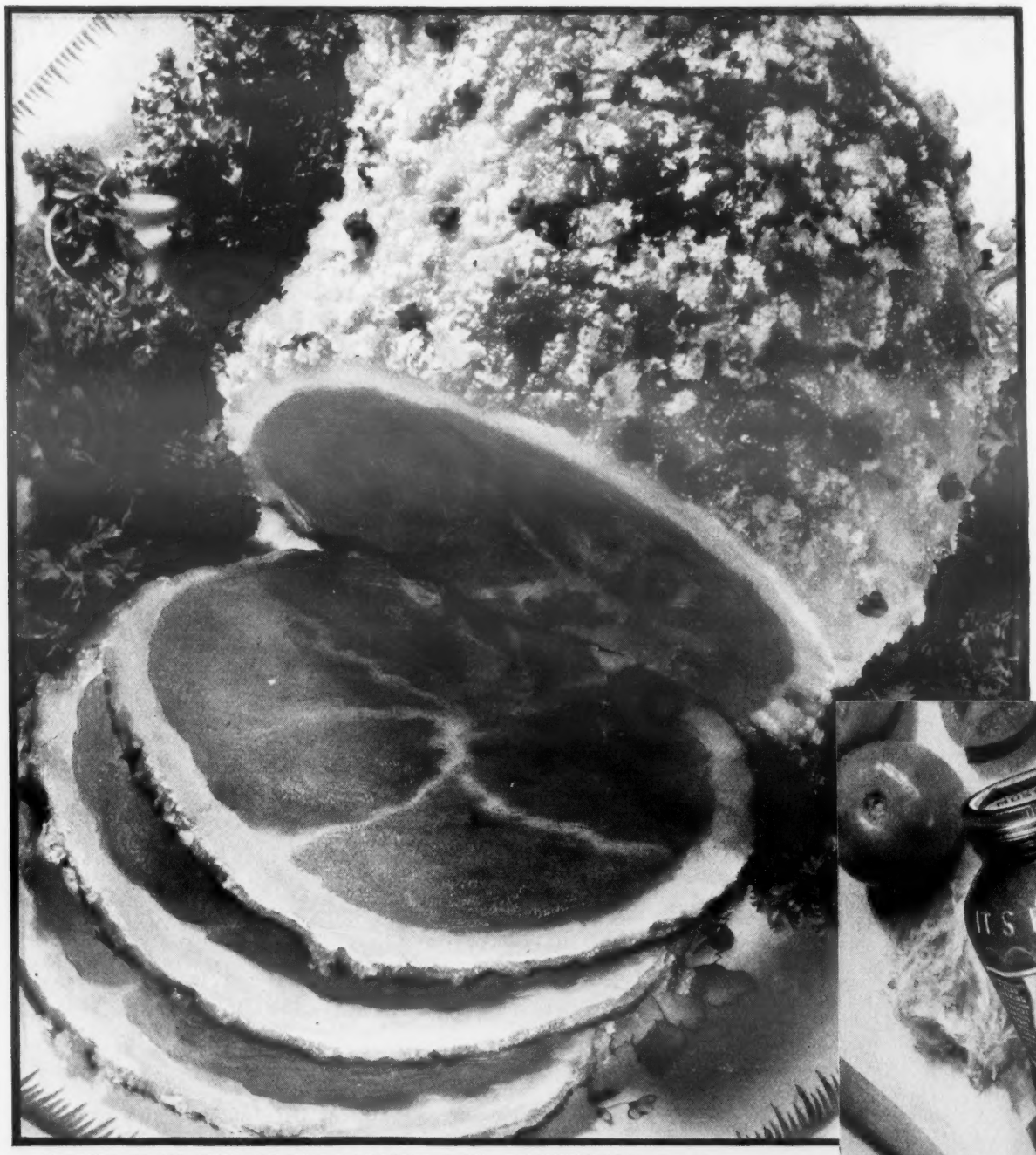
Join us in the General Electric Hour broadcast every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, over a nation-wide N. B. C. network

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

THE FAMOUS

Racquet Club of Washington, D.C. Gives this Baked Ham a regular place on its Cold Buffet - - - - -



NOWHERE will you find more delicious foods than at the cold buffets of these great clubs! Tray upon tray of the most marvelous hors d'oeuvres . . . magnificent cold cuts in tempting array . . . gorgeous aspic dishes!

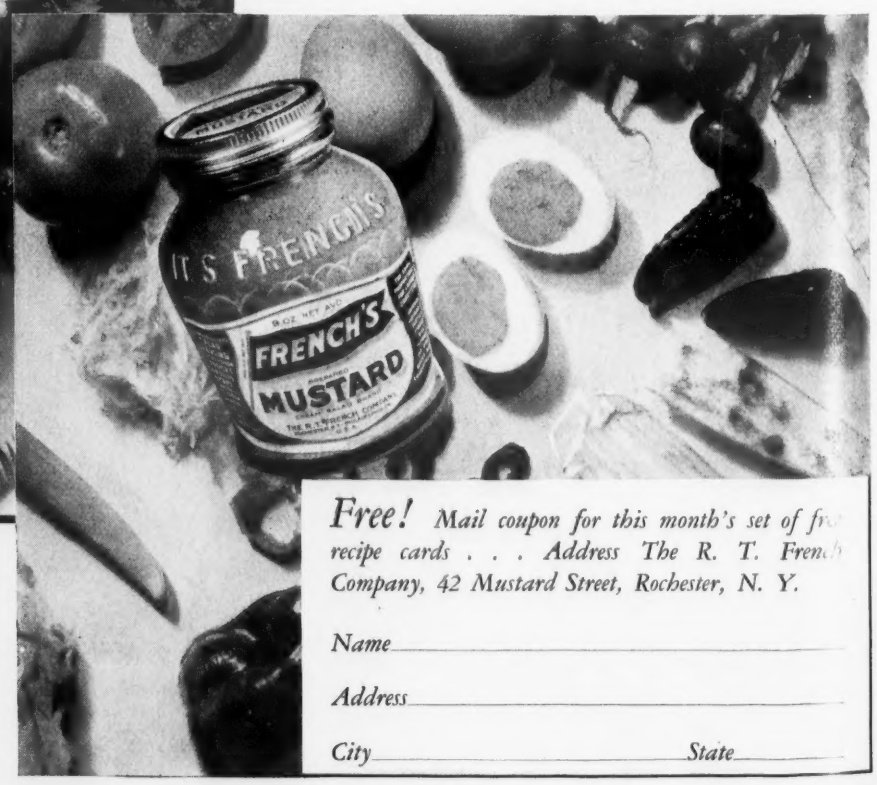
The recipe for Baked Sugar Boned Ham, on this page, is from Albert, chef of the famous Racquet Club, Washington, D. C. You will notice that he specifies French's Prepared Mustard in preparing this delicious and popular dish, and recommends serving it with this same mustard.

French's Prepared Mustard has a rarer, finer flavor than ordinary mustards...That's because its choice ingredients are "creamed" in the blending. This "creaming" brings out all the goodness from each ingredient and creates a *new, perfect* flavor and smooth velvety texture.

Try French's for yourself on baked ham, in hors d'oeuvres, stuffed eggs . . . on sandwiches . . . add it to white sauce and salad dressings. Order a jar from your grocer today!

(RECIPE FROM CHEF OF THE RACQUET CLUB, WASHINGTON, D. C.)

Baked Sugar Boned Ham Have ham boned and tied in shape. Cover with cold water and bring slowly to a boil. Then add 1 onion cut in small pieces, 6 cloves, 1 bay leaf, juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons vinegar, and boil gently until tender. Remove from kettle. Cool. Remove skin. Brush entire surface with French's Prepared Mustard, then spread with 1½ cups brown sugar mixed with ½ cup of soft bread crumbs. Insert cloves about an inch apart all over top and sides of ham. Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) until nicely browned. Serve with French's Prepared Mustard.



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FRENCH'S PREPARED MUSTARD

it's "creamed"

Why Standardize?

OUR complicated buying problem would be considerably simplified if satisfactory standards were to be developed and goods marked in such a way as to indicate that they met a certain specified standard.

A few people are set against this modern movement toward putting things down in standards. One argument, on the part of a manufacturer, may run thus:

"I make a certain product"—a dustpan, let us say—"commonly used in households. My dustpan is the best dustpan there is. By advertising, I have made its virtues known at every crossroads. Eight out of ten Americans ask for a Reginald Jones Super Dustpan at the store.

"Shall I deliberately throw away this confidence I have built up in my name? If a standard were set up people would get a standard dustpan and forget all about Reginald Jones; it might be made by anyone. Standardization means losing all the advantage of my individuality."

As one of the many admirers of Mr. Jones' dustpans, I would say three things to this argument:

First, "Mr. Jones, you make use of standards in buying supplies and equipment for your dustpan factories. Otherwise you couldn't make such a superb dustpan.

"These standards do not prevent you from selecting well-known makes. They are merely an additional insurance, over and above the maker's name.

"If you are modern enough and perspicacious enough to take advantage of standards in buying other people's products why do you deny that advantage to me in buying your product?"

Secondly, "What, after all, is a standard? Does it say this is the kind of dustpan that can be made by the Perfect Dustpan Manufacturer. No. It says this is the kind of dustpan that can be made by a thousand fair-to-middling manufacturers in the United States.

"You, Mr. Jones, make a much better dustpan than the standard. Do you, by any chance, think I think anything that meets the standard is good enough for me? Not by a long shot. I always want a better dustpan if I can get it. That is human nature.

"If I know that you not only meet the standard but always throw in something for good measure, I will be your customer for life.

"It seems to me that with a standard you would have more to talk about than ever. Tell us in your advertising why and how your dustpan is superior."

Thirdly, I would say that neither Mr. Jones nor I really have very much say in the matter. This business of standardization has gone all through modern industry. It is one of the things that make modern industry possible. Logically and inevitably, it will be extended to products used in the household.

Once the consumer was gypped in every direction by worthless fake products, false weights and measures, and so on. There was a widespread movement to do away with these practices. Testing laboratories were set up. Reputable newspapers and magazines shut out the fakers and cheats from their advertising columns.

Today the consumer is well served by manufacturers with ideals. The amount of policing that has to be done is a minor matter.

The next great movement is toward standardization in order that the consumer may be served still better.

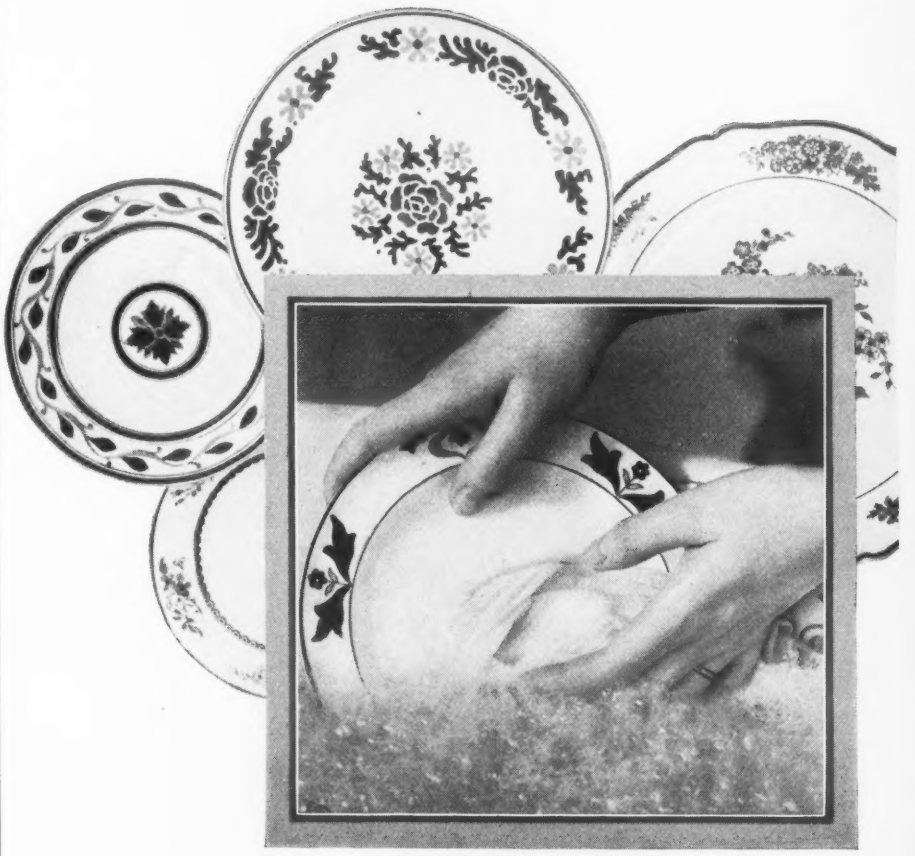
Clearing House Leaflets

THE following leaflets are issued by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information—all of them from authoritative Government, state-college or research-laboratory sources:

200. Refrigerators.
201. Gas Appliances.
202. Fresh Vegetables.
203. Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning.
205. Warm-Air Heating Plants.
207. The Principles of Lighting the Home.
208. Bedding Equipment.
*209. Animal Products.
*210. Vegetable Products.
*211. Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous.
212. Fruits.
213. Eggs.
214. Linoleum.
216. Soap.
217. Safety Matches.
218. Dressed Poultry.
219. Miscellaneous Provisions.
220. Butter.
221. American Cheese.
222. Fresh Beef and Veal.

Please check the ones you want, inclose a two-cent stamp for each, and send to Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

*Leaflets 209, 210 and 211 include the definitions and standards for food products set up by the Food, Drug and Insecticide Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture.



Vogue for Color in Dishes demands Modern Dishwashing

By Ruth Washburn Jordan, *Home Economics Expert*

IT'S color everywhere—from fragile imported china in Fifth Avenue shops to the gay cups and saucers at the "five and ten!"

And best of all, the salespeople tell you, these lovely new tints are easy to care for.

As one of the foremost experts on china, F. J. Cuthbertson, President of the famous New York china house of Wm. H. Plummer Co., said:

"We have always warned against harsh, strong soaps for the new china. But Lux is perfectly safe!"

And in New York's largest museum they are just as careful in washing their priceless old china!

Saves colors—saves hands

The gentle Lux suds that modern homemakers everywhere have adopted to save the beauty of fine things save, too, the delicate colors of these new dishes—work the same magic with dishes as with fine fabrics.

If ordinary, coarse soaps dull the beauty of your dishes, think what they do to your hands! And red, rough dishpan hands are so unnecessary.

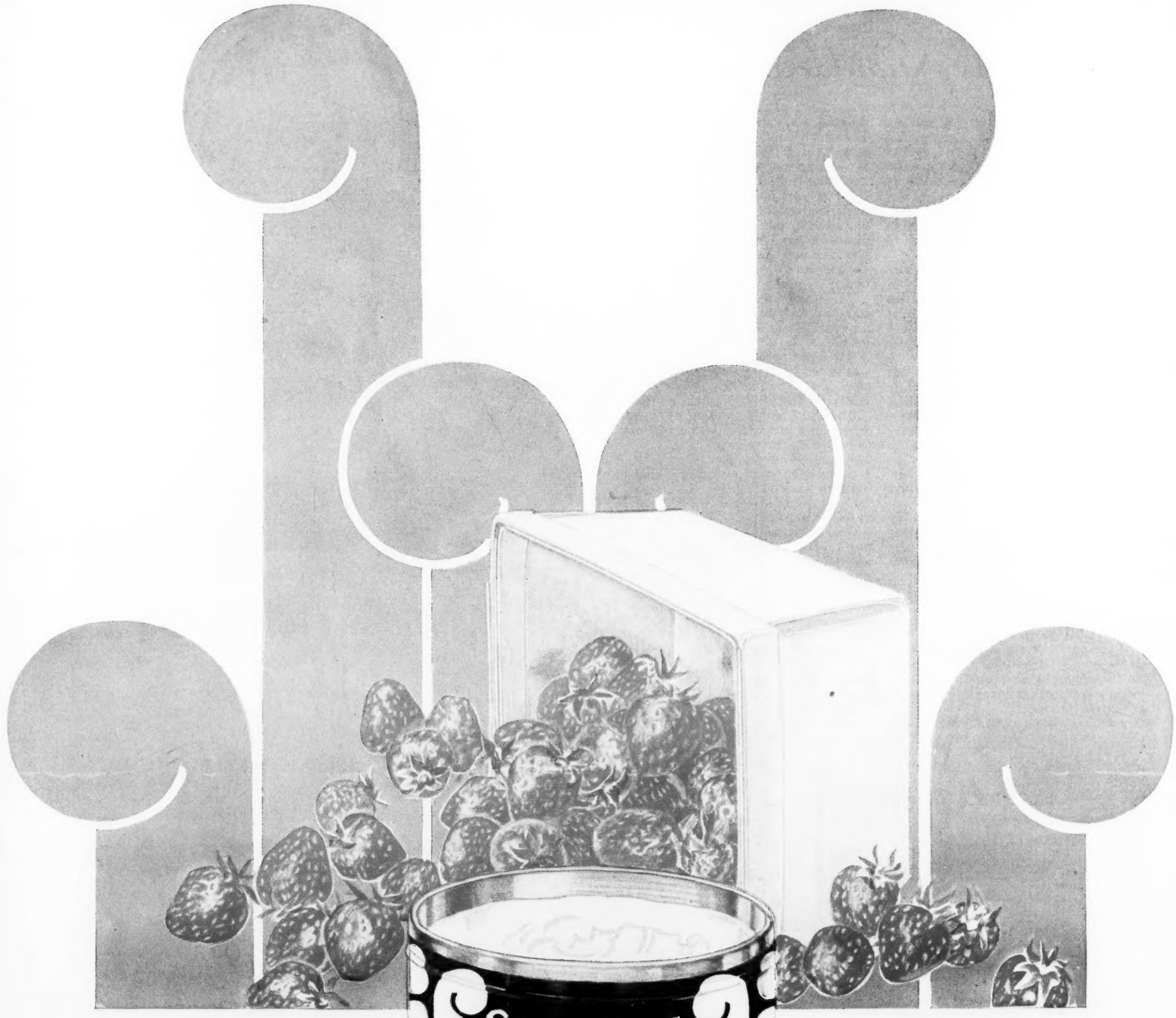
For all china—museum antiques (shown above) and 10¢-store pieces alike

Washing dishes the modern way in bubbling, sparkling Lux gives the hands real beauty care—keeps them smooth and white as the hands of leisure.

The bland, gentle Lux suds guard the precious beauty oils of the skin, while ordinary, coarse soaps dry up these oils and leave the skin red and wrinkled.

Start today to give your hands *and* your dishes this modern care. It's so wonderfully inexpensive. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day.

LUX in the Dishpan keeps your hands lovely for less than 1¢ a day



Sometimes we forget that we must eat the shortening that goes into our foods—and that baking does not change the *quality* of it one bit. Baking won't make a good shortening out of an indifferent one—and never has . . . In a strawberry shortcake, for instance, where your berries, your flour, your eggs are *always* of the best—how necessary that you use Snowdrift!

So many women use Snowdrift—*just to be sure.* They know that Snowdrift is made from the same fine oil we use in making Wesson Oil . . . and so are positive of Snowdrift's purity and goodness. They like to use Snowdrift—to spoon it from the can—because it's so delightfully fresh, because it makes such delicious things to eat, because, like Wesson Oil, it is such a good and nourishing food in itself.

We'd be glad to send you the Snowdrift book of recipes. It's free. Address the Wesson Oil–Snowdrift People, 208 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

Fresh Fruits as Springtime Sweets

(Continued from Page 115)

in small pieces. Roll enough almond brittle to make three-quarters of a cupful, and whip to a solid froth 1 cupful of heavy cream. Then toss the ingredients all together very lightly, partially freeze in the pans of the mechanical refrigerator, or pack in ice and salt for an hour. Serve in parfait or sherbet glasses.

FRUIT FANCIES may be made from stale cake if it is more convenient, but fresh sponge cake is much more desirable. Cut the cake, which should be about three-quarters of an inch thick, into rounds with a cooky cutter and lay on each a slice of canned pineapple, over the pineapple place a few sliced and sugared strawberries, then top all with a meringue made in the usual manner. Sprinkle with coconut and brown very lightly in a slow oven. Chill and serve with a garnish of ripe berries surrounding each Fancy.

SUGARED CHERRIES are so delicious, I wonder that they have not become a closer rival to the strawberry. Use the sour pie cherry, or one of the larger sweeter varieties, if preferred, but the result will not be so delectable. Wash and pit the cherries, then sprinkle them heavily with granulated sugar. Set away in the refrigerator for several hours, serve with simple little wafers and cream cheese.

RHUBARB COMPOTE is a pleasant luncheon dessert. Prepare it by dicing enough tender young rhubarb to make four cupfuls. If crisp and young, the rhubarb will not require peeling. Mix with 2 cupfuls of granulated sugar, a dash of cinnamon, 1 clove, and 1 large unpeeled orange cut into dice and all seeds removed. Turn into a baking dish and cover, bake in a moderate oven until the fruit is tender but not broken and the juice a thick sirup. Serve this with crackers and some creamy, spready cheese for a delectable bite.

PINEAPPLE-AND-RHUBARB COMPOTE is another refreshing rhubarb dessert suitable for either luncheon or dinner. Cut red-skinned tender young rhubarb into inch pieces, and dice fresh pineapple in equal amounts. Mix well and cover with granulated sugar, allowing 1 cupful to a pint of fruit. Let stand overnight, then cook in the double boiler, adding a very little water, if necessary. Chill, serve in sherbet glasses with a few bits of shaved candied ginger over the top of each.

GOOSEBERRY CUSTARD TARTS are a thoroughly English dessert. And a most tasty bite they are! Top and tail a pint of gooseberries and cook them with as little water as possible till very soft, then press through a coarse sieve. Add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and set on the back of the range to simmer for a few moments. Make a custard of 2 egg yolks, 1 cupful of milk and a quarter cupful of sugar, simmer over hot water till it thickens, then cool and mix with the gooseberry pulp. Line muffin tins or patty pans with flaky pastry. Fill with the gooseberry custard and bake in a moderately hot oven. When finished top with a meringue made of the egg whites and four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Flavor with vanilla and brown lightly. Rhubarb custard is a pleasing change.

PINEAPPLE AND RICE SOUFFLÉ calls for 2 cupfuls of canned, crushed pineapple and half a cupful of well-washed rice with butter, eggs and other good things. Cook the rice in a quart of boiling salted water until very tender, then drain and add the juice from the pineapple and simmer over boiling water until very soft. Remove from the fire and whip in 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, half a cupful of granulated sugar, the well-beaten yolks of 3 eggs, the crushed pineapple and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Mix all well, then lightly fold in the stiffly whipped whites of the eggs. Turn into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees F.—35 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with pineapple-flavored hard sauce, or cold with cream or soft boiled custard.

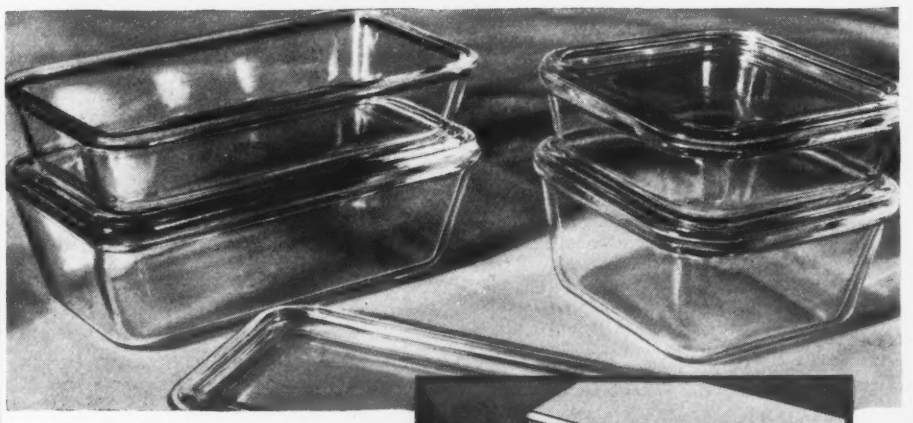
PINEAPPLE BROWN BETTY made in the following manner will be greeted with cheers, no matter how often it may be served. Ripe or canned crushed pineapple may be used in making the Betty. If the former, peel and chop it fine. There should be two full cupfuls. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a heavy skillet and lightly brown 3 cupfuls of soft bread crumbs in it. Arrange a layer of the crumbs in the bottom of baking dish and cover with a layer of the pineapple; sprinkle very, very lightly with cinnamon, then cover with crumbs, repeating until the dish is full and making the top layer of the crumbs; pour a quarter cupful of hot pineapple juice or water over the pudding, cover and bake 45 minutes, then remove cover and leave to brown slightly. Serve warm or cold with hard sauce or cream.

STRAWBERRY-AND-PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE. In the opinions of a few connoisseurs, this variation is vastly superior to the old familiar shortcake, but whether this be true or not, it is at least a novelty which will appeal to the hostess who likes to serve something different. Prepare a pint of strawberries by hulling, washing, cutting into slices and sugaring well. Prepare a pint of fresh pineapple pulp in the same way; do not mix the fruits but set them in a warm place. Make a rich biscuit dough and cut in 3-inch rounds, bake, split and butter well. Place alternate spoonfuls of the fruits on the lower halves of the biscuits, then place the upper sections crust side down on the fruit, brush with melted butter and top with fruit. Arrange in alternate layers. Place a spoonful of whipped cream, marshmallow whip, or strawberry fluff on each shortcake. Serve with a sauce made of ½ cupful each of pineapple and strawberry juice, cooked for five minutes with 1 tablespoonful of butter and ½ cupful of sugar.

STRAWBERRY ICE-BOX CAKE. Soften 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatin in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water, dissolve over hot water, and add ¼ cupful of orange juice and ½ cupful of granulated sugar. Cool, but do not permit the mixture to congeal; then fold it into 2 cupfuls of stiffly whipped cream and add 1 cupful of sliced ripe strawberries. Line the bottom and sides of a spring mold with split lady fingers and cover with a layer of the cream, cover with a second layer of lady fingers, then more of the filling, top with a layer of the lady fingers. Chill for twelve hours, then remove the mold and decorate with whipped cream and whole ripe berries.

SPRING SURPRISE DESSERT. Make a sponge cake and bake in a round loaf cake pan, cool, then remove a slice from the top and hollow out deeply. Soak 1 tablespoonful of gelatin in ¼ cupful of orange juice, mix with ¾ cupful of sugar and dissolve over boiling water, add ½ cupful of well-drained crushed pineapple, 1 cupful of fresh strawberries, ¼ cupful of bananas cut in small pieces, ¼ cupful of orange cubes, and ¼ cupful of chopped blanched almonds. Cool, and when just beginning to stiffen fold in 1 cupful of heavy cream beaten to a stiff froth. Turn into the cake shell, replace the slices removed from the top and set in a cold place. Just before serving, cover the cake with sweetened whipped cream put on like icing, and garnish with halved maraschino cherries. Serve at the table cutting into triangular-shaped pieces.

Pyrex Three-Purpose Refrigerator Dishes



as efficient as the most modern refrigerator!

KITCHENS of today—marvelously efficient—with modern refrigerators and glistening stoves—welcome these up-to-date refrigerator dishes. Each dish is cleverly designed to do the work of three! It is a refrigerator dish . . . baking dish . . . serving dish . . . all in one.

You can prepare foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them all in the same dish.

Left-overs, too, can be kept fresh in the refrigerator, reheated and served in the one dish. Think of the saving of time—work—money!

These efficient dishes are designed to stack in pairs so that they double up on space in the refrigerator. Every dish has a counter-sunk cover that prevents interchange of odors, and retains the natural freshness of foods. In addition to cooked foods, they also keep salad greens and raw vegetables crisp and fresh.

Ideal for cooking and serving casserole dishes and left-overs—they are equally perfect for baking cakes, puddings, deep dish pies, fruits, vegetables. They keep hot foods hot . . . and cold foods cold. And they look attractive on the table!

Guarantee: Every Pyrex refrigerator dish is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from refrigerator cold or oven heat.

Sold separately or in sets

Deep Square	$1.00
Shallow Square	.85
Deep Oblong	1.40
Shallow Oblong	1.15
ENTIRE SET	$4.40

Free!

Send today for New Menu Bulletin

CORNING GLASS WORKS,
Dept. O-71, Corning, N.Y.
Please send me your FREE Menu Bulletin containing 30 complete meals—each cooked all at the same time—and with amazing quickness.

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....
(Prices slightly higher in Canada and the West)

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Snap Up Your Mayonnaise with Spicy, Pungent Flavor !

Try this
"PERKY" RECIPE

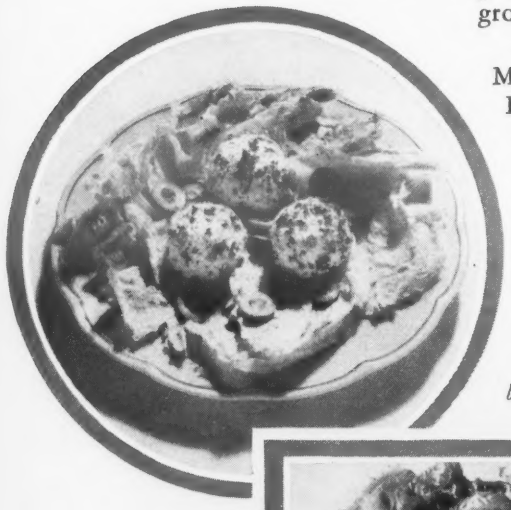
3 level teaspoons Colman's Mustard; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon sugar; 2 egg yolks; 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar; 1½ cups salad oil: Into the well-beaten egg yolks stir the dry ingredients, then the lemon juice. Add the oil gradually, beating the mixture constantly. Add a little more lemon juice if it becomes too thick to beat, then add the remainder of the oil.

LIVELY FLAVOR in the dressing is the most enticing thing about a salad. Under its sprightly spell, the plainest salad gains "tone" and subtlety!

Most important of your salad dressing seasonings is *mustard* . . . it adds zest . . . that important extra dash of flavor . . . And Colman's Mustard is unequalled for its especially bright, sparkling tang.

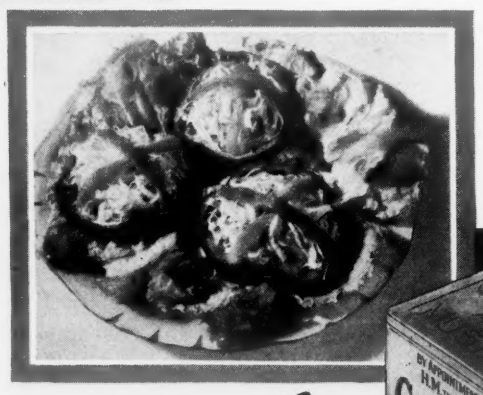
For generations, Colman's Mustard has been prepared from a uniquely pungent little mustard seed which grows only in Lincolnshire, England.

Always add a dash of Colman's Mustard to all your salad dressings. Even if you use ready-prepared dressings, be sure to do this, for Colman's adds just that touch of dashing, brilliant savor you need.

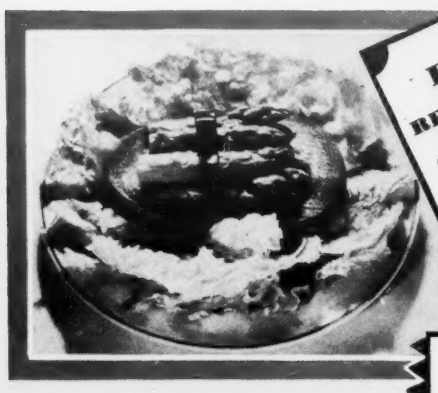


Mix ground raw carrots and chopped olives with cream cheese and form into small balls. Roll each ball in chopped parsley until lightly coated. Serve with Mayonnaise dressing to which a little whipped cream has been added.

Mix finely shredded cabbage with Mayonnaise and heap in small mounds inside green pepper rings. Garnish each mound with strips of pimiento in criss-cross fashion. Serve with Mayonnaise dressing to which has been added chopped sweet pickle.



By appointment to His Majesty The King



FREE
RECIPE CARDS
for new salad dressings and salads; marvelous cooked dishes, too. A new set every month. Watch this advertising!

Asparagus tips with green pepper ring, on slice of beet. Serve with Russian dressing. This dressing is made by adding to one cup of Mayonnaise 2 tablespoons thick chili sauce, 2 tablespoons catsup, and 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce.

J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd. L-5-30
Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards.
*Name*_____
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We Test Our Readers' Recipes

May Day Dainties

Pistachio Mousse

¼ Pound of Pistachio Nuts
1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla Extract
½ Teaspoonful of Almond Extract
1 Pint of Whipping Cream
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
½ Cupful of Confectioners' Sugar

INCREASINGLY popular is this type of dessert, which may be made the day before the party. Shell and blanch nuts and put through the meat grinder twice. Blend them to a paste with the extracts. When cream is beaten stiff, fold in the sugar, salt, and at the last the nuts. Pile lightly into individual-serving paper cups, and garnish with slashed green maraschino cherries. Freeze by packing in ice and salt or in drawer of mechanical refrigerator.

—MRS. L. M. T.,
West Hartford, Connecticut.

Prune Diamonds

1 Cupful of Light Brown Sugar
2 Eggs, Beaten Light
¼ Cupful of Shortening
1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon
¼ Teaspoonful of Nutmeg
¼ Teaspoonful of Cloves
½ Teaspoonful of Salt
½ Teaspoonful of Soda
2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder
1¼ Cupfuls of Flour
½ Cupful of Nut Meats
1 Pound of Moist Dried Prunes
½ Cupful of Sour Cream

SPICY and fragrant, these cakes are especially welcome in the May Day lunch box. Cream the sugar and eggs with the softened fat. Sift spices, salt, soda and baking powder with the flour. Lightly dredge the broken nut meats and pitted prunes, which have been put through the meat chopper twice, with some of the flour. Add the cream alternately with the flour to the fat-and-sugar mixture. Mix all together thoroughly and stir in the prunes and nut meats. Pour into shallow pans, greased, and bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven—380° F. Remove from the pans, cut in diamond shapes and roll in sugar. They keep moist for a long time in a tin box.

—MRS. H. F.,
Crete, Nebraska.

cold water, is dissolved in the boiling water. Then the sugar and salt are stirred in until dissolved. When cool, add lemon juice, grapefruit juice and cooking wine. Chill and when the mixture begins to set, add the grapefruit pulp. Place in individual molds and chill. Serve in crisp lettuce cups with mayonnaise blended with an equal amount of whipped cream.

—MRS. M. R., *Los Angeles, California.*

Ice Cream Balls

1 Quart of 18 Per Cent Cream
1 Cupful of Sugar
1 Tablespoonful of Vanilla
⅛ Teaspoonful of Salt
¼ Cupful of Chocolate Shot

ADD sugar, vanilla and salt to cream and freeze. Shape into two-and-a-half-inch balls and sprinkle with chocolate shot.

—MISS M. G. A. M., *Madison, Wisconsin.*

Hungarian Coconut Drops

2 Cupfuls of Sugar
¾ Cupful of Hot Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter
½ Cupful of Grated Coconut
⅔ Tablespoonful of Grated Orange or Lemon Rind

THESE are ideal for the May Day basket. Dissolve sugar in the milk, add butter, and cook, stirring occasionally, to 238° F., or until a few drops make a soft ball in cold water. Cool mixture until its center is room temperature. Combine coconut and grated rind with the mixture and stir until the mass is creamy and starts to hold its shape. Drop from a teaspoon quickly on wax paper, making individual candies. When firm, they may be tucked into paper cups.

—MRS. C. M.,
Budapest, Hungary.

Arcadia Salad

2 Tablespoonfuls of Gelatin
¼ Cupful of Cold Water
½ Cupful of Boiling Water
½ Cupful of Sugar
⅛ Teaspoonful of Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
1 Cupful of Grapefruit Juice
½ Cupful of Sweet Cooking Wine
1½ Cupfuls of Drained Grapefruit Pulp

OUR contributor of this recipe receives much praise for its delicious flavor. The gelatin, first soaked five minutes in the

Shrimp-and-Pineapple Salad

2 Cupfuls of Shrimps, Diced
1½ Cupfuls of Shredded Pineapple
¾ Cupful of Diced Celery
2 Teaspoonfuls of Lemon Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls of Mayonnaise

THOUGH unusual in combination, this salad is especially attractive. Toss lightly together the shrimps, drained pineapple and celery. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and lemon juice. Season more if desired. Serve on nest of curly endive leaves, garnished with grapefruit or orange sections.

—MRS. D. G., *Douglas, Wyoming.*

Trail Your Husband To A Restaurant

You'll Find Out Something You Ought To Know!

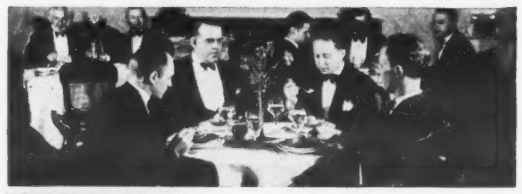
HUSBANDS—east, west, north, south—they're all the same!

Go to the restaurants where they go. Listen closely as they give their orders for dessert. Here is where men choose *exactly what they want to eat!* So heed. What word on the menu makes their eyes light up . . . makes them sing out their order, as pleased as Punch?

Coconut! Coconut pie—coconut cake—*anything so it's coconut!* In restaurants, lunch rooms, cafeterias from coast to coast, it's the same! Men surely do love coconut! Ask any waiter . . . ask the proprietor . . . the chef. They'll all tell you—men like coconut good things, not once in a while, but often. Not just on special occasions, but straight around the calendar. Men want coconut good things far oftener than they've been getting them at home!

But prove it in your own home. Today, make your husband a coconut treat. Make a cake. Try the coconut frosting recipe on this page. Watch your husband's expression when he tastes his first taste! For . . .

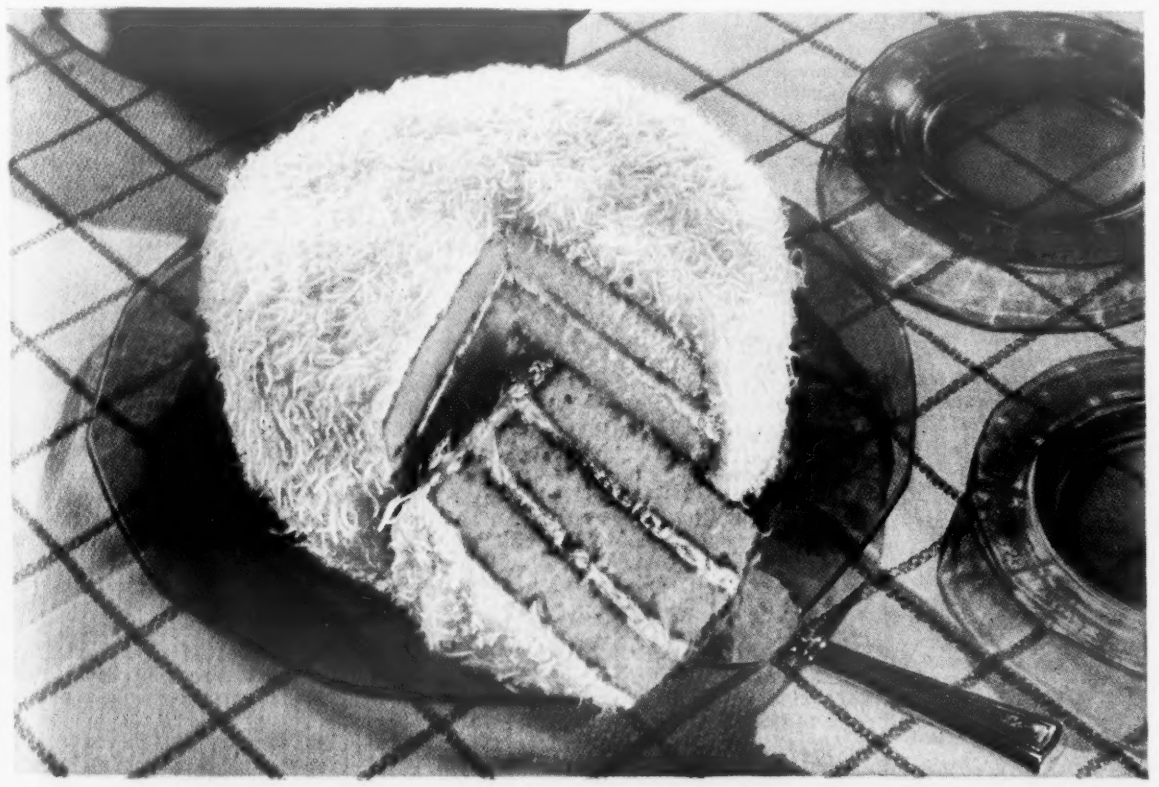
WASHINGTON MEN *are no exception to the rule! In the celebrated Presidential Dining Room of the Hotel Mayflower (a favorite restaurant with the men), coconut desserts are popular, year round!*



"BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE *Coconut is a marvelous improvement," says Mr. Clifford F. Howes, steward of the famous Vanderbilt Hotel, New York. "It has a creaminess and a freshness of flavor that are only matched by fresh coconut."*

If He Loves Coconut wait till he tastes BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE

No one had ever dreamed, till Southern Style came on the market, that coconut could be kept as fresh and creamy and tender as this! For Baker's Southern Style comes *in a tin.* It brings you the true flavor, the true lusciousness of coconut, fresh grated, from a fresh, milky-sweet nut! It's making every coconut treat far more delicious, far more enticing! How men love the good things it makes!



DELICIOUS! *7-minute Coconut Frosting made with* BAKER'S SOUTHERN STYLE

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
5 tablespoons cold water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 teaspoon vanilla
1½ cups Baker's Coconut, SOUTHERN STYLE

Put egg whites, sugar, water, and cream of tartar in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire. Add vanilla and ¼ cup coconut. Beat until thick enough to spread. Sprinkle remaining coconut over the frosted cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers. Double recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All *measurements are level.*)

Creamy . . . moist . . . just like fresh coconut!

FREE . . . 87 WONDERFULLY GOOD COCONUT RECIPES!

Send *for the free booklet of coconut good things—pies, cakes, puddings—and the simplest new dishes. If you'd like to try a half-size sample can of Baker's Southern Style, enclose 10c. Send today.*

FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY (INC.), Hoboken, N. J.
(MARK X FOR CHOICE) L.H.J.—5-30

☐ Please send me recipe book (free).
☐ I enclose 10c for a half-size can of Southern Style.

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Address_____
City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address.
(In Canada address General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.)

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Baker's Coconut

A Product of General Foods Corporation

The SKIN *should be* SOOTHED

LESSON NUMBER THREE — *In previous lessons, Miss Arden has described the first two steps in her famous treatment — Cleansing and Toning. The next step is SOOTHING. (Extra copies of earlier lessons may be obtained on request.)*

A SENSITIVE skin should have frequent applications of rich cream to keep it from early fading and wrinkling. *Any* skin must be regularly soothed and softened to offset the evils of steam heat, windy weather and uncertain spring temperatures.

The best time for applying cream is at night. First cleanse and tone according to my earlier instructions. Then, when your skin is thoroughly awakened and receptive, cream should be patted on. My Velva Cream is a preparation of great delicacy that is most gratifying to the sensitive tenderness of a fine dry skin. It should be, too, the choice of a young skin that is not yet in need of a heavy cream.

My Orange Skin Food is a heavier preparation whose rich ingredients make it suitable for the older skin or the unusually dry, flaky skin. And for scraggy necks and unlovely hollows, there is Adona Cream.

Using the cushion tips of the fingers pat on the cream with definite upward strokes, beginning at point of chin and working upward to the ear, the corner of the eye, the temple, with rhythmic, lifting pats. Pat around the neck with the four fingers slightly curved; smooth extra cream just under the chin where a "crêpey" look must be guarded against. Pat until the face and neck are warm and glowing. Look up as you "finger-print" lightly under the eyes.

Then dip your fingers in Muscle Oil and pat this directly on lines on forehead, neck or cheeks to smooth and give flexibility to dry or furrowed skin.

If this treatment is taken the last thing at night, a little of the cream should be left on, especially around the eyes where first fine lines are sure to gather. If you have managed to squeeze in a half hour before dinner for your "patting" you will remove the cream at the end of ten minutes of brisk work with Cleansing Tissues; following that, pat with Skin Tonic to take away any possible greasy look, and then be ready for your make-up. Last month I explained the correct and convenient way of applying tonic or astringent with an Arden Patter, which should be part of your regular dressing table equipment.

Another treatment which you must not fail to try when you wish to look unusually lovely for an evening engagement, is the Anti-Wrinkle Treatment. This cream has been specially prepared to produce quick results and you will be thrilled with the real beauty of your skin. if you use it according to directions.

WINDHARPS

Do you know those little harps that draw music from the wind? They are so sensitive that the lightest breeze will draw from them a chord.

Suffering and ecstasy and despair belong most wholly to the sensitives. It is they who carry the treasure, it is they whom life should nourish and protect, for it is because of them that man rises from clay to potter. Strike out the great people of history and we would still be tattooing our skins and calling it painting.

And yet we starve the sensitive ones among us and develop a comfortable philosophy about them, that continued contact with this practical unsensitive world brings out the best in them, quite forgetting that without any help from us, the wind howls harshest around the highest peaks.

Among all the charming friends you have, who is the one that is most satisfying? The most sensitive — not that pathetic supersensitiveness that is so close to egotism it can scarcely be distinguished from it, but the kind of responsiveness that can slip most swiftly and deeply into your mind and see the thing as you see it, that can touch your wound so gently that there is healing in the touch, that sees without peering, that knows without being told, the kind of delightful person who draws music from the wind.

PREPARATIONS REQUIRED IN THIS LESSON

ARDENA VELVA CREAM
A delicate cream that smooths and refines without fattening. . . . $1, $2, $3, $6.

VENETIAN ORANGE SKIN FOOD
A rich cream that is indispensable for a thin or middle-aged skin. It keeps the face smooth and round. . $1, $1.75, $2.75, $4.25, $8.

ADONA CREAM
To be used liberally on thin neck, shoulders and bust, and scraggy throat. $1.50, $2.50, $3.50, $6.50.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which stimulate flabby muscles. . $1, $2.50, $4.

VENETIAN ANTI-WRINKLE CREAM
Specially adapted for a quick treatment before going out at night. . . . $2, $3.50.

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTER
Round and flat, with unique flexibility of handle for accurate patting strokes. . . $5.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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In Canada Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are obtainable at no increase in price. Canadian Wholesale Distributors: Elizabeth Arden of Canada Ltd., 207 Queens Quay, Toronto, Canada

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PHOTO. BY RALPH ROYLE

New Odors for Old

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D., Sc.D.

TODAY there are no more astounding practical achievements of the research laboratory in adding value to merchandise and enjoyment to life than in the little-heralded but now wide-flung creation of synthetic scents, or aromatics, as the laboratory technician calls them.

Last spring foreign fashion arbiters seized upon the use of these synthetics as a novelty, and gowns were created with a heliotrope shade carrying a fragrance of that aroma in the very fibers of the cloth itself. Lilac hues were impregnated with lasting lilac scents, and sports ensembles were given an aroma of pines and outdoor scents. Of course this was a passing fad and is nearly forgotten now, but these novelties demonstrated the possibilities of the use of synthetics.

Women's perfumes are leaving the vanity drawer. One yarn manufacturer is using special synthetic perfumes in his finishing oils so that cloth containing his yarns will always have a distinctive and good smell; he is using the synthetics both as an olfactory trade-mark and to assure quality. Other textile manufacturers, from those making overalls in the South to silk hosiery in the North, are using synthetics to enhance the charm of their goods. What else could make overalls charming! The hosiery will be featured as "good from toes to nose."

Even moth balls have come under this modernizing research. No longer need clothes taken from the storage chests reek of the odor of moth balls. They still have the protection of the moth balls, but come out of storage with a pleasing scent.

A synthetic oil of cedar aroma is also being used to produce a special plaster for lining clothes closets.

Synthetic Scents

ARTIFICIAL leathers are being given the odor of real leather, and real leather is being given a neutral odor! The real article is striving to overcome its imperfections, and the imitation tries to appear genuine by reproducing the imperfections of the real article.

Cauliflower, cabbage, fried onions are taboo in many families because of the distasteful cooking odors they yield. Synthetics can be used in the kitchen to overcome the unpleasant odors of these foods, or the synthetics may be used in other rooms of the house for the protection and comfort of those who like to forget that they had fried onions for dinner. Those who live in apartments now have an adequate weapon of self-defense against their codwellers' kitchen habits.

A scented cake of paradichlorobenzene placed beside the kitchen stove will neutralize most cooking odors, but would not smell sweeter with a shorter name. A liquid synthetic in the downstairs hall will neutralize most kitchen odors that are wafted there, as well as the odor of tobacco smoke. In my own home, since I do not live in an apartment, I count on kitchen ventilation removing most kitchen odors, but also use a liquid synthetic in an open wall vase in the downstairs hall.

Osmic Beauty

A GREAT galaxy of merchandise is now benefiting from the addition of synthetics. Shoe polishes no longer radiate fumes. Nail polishes are no longer modeled after the odor of bananas. Depilatories have found that they can do their essential work and leave a fragrance rather than an odor. Rubber goods, from stair treads to shower curtains, are being impregnated with these pleasing scents. Even printing is making use of these creations, first to conquer the scent of the fish oils used in making the ink, and more recently to give greeting cards for a sick friend the fragrance of flowers, the Christmas card the scent of evergreens, and even printed personal stationery may be imbued with the favorite fragrance of the purchaser. It is lucky that comic valentines have gone out of fashion.

Soaps and starches have just appeared which leave the laundered clothes with a good smell and perhaps make wash day anticipated with joy. A new tooth paste contains a breath-sweetening synthetic to save us from the failings of even our best friends.

"There are no odors which cannot be overcome now by the appropriate synthetic," comments Dr. Eric C. Kunz, the world authority in this new field.

The sense of smell is one of the oldest senses in the history of the human race and of the individual human being. It is more closely connected with our emotional life than the senses developed later. It is a remarkably delicate sense; we can detect the smell of one two-millionth of a milligram of oil of roses. It is a sense to which a great variety of manufacturers are catering. Visual beauty is now being complemented by osmic beauty.

The 20th century owes you a better cup of coffee

And DEL MONTE is bringing it to you

WHAT an age of change! Of progress! Each day brings its surprise, its new step forward toward better things.

Think, for instance, of the improvements just in foods. Consider how much your own family table differs from your mother's and your grandmother's. It *looks* different. The food on it is *prepared* differently. "Balanced" with the newer knowledge of food values. Served in new forms and combinations that bespeak today's art of tempting appetites.

Surely, this new age should have brought changes equally great in coffee. Today we know more about growing fine coffee—know more about safeguarding its flavor during its long journey to our shores—more about selecting, roasting and packaging than even a dozen years ago. Never before has there been such an opportunity to produce a really better coffee—to bring you a coffee in tune with modern, critical tastes.

It is such a coffee DEL MONTE now offers your table!

A New Coffee for This New Age

For many years we have wanted to add coffee to the DEL MONTE line. Here was America's favorite drink—used every day in millions of homes.

But we were not willing to put the DEL MONTE name on any coffee until we had produced exactly the flavor that would measure up to DEL MONTE'S world-wide reputation for quality and goodness.

We tested, tasted and compared all the leading brands of coffee offered for sale in this country. The more we investigated, the more convinced we became that modern Americans deserved a finer and truer coffee flavor—*and that we could give it to them.*

We enlisted the expert knowledge of coffee specialists. We put behind them all the resources and flavor-finding-experience of the whole DEL MONTE organization.

No prejudices, no restrictions, stood in our way. We blended the finest coffees money could buy—premium coffees from the world's premium plantations. Today's skill and science armed with today's resources. And the result—today's full-bodied coffee for today's coffee lovers—the coffee you would expect us to sign and seal with the DEL MONTE label.

So now we invite all of you—you who expect 1930 to give you something better than 1929—to take home a can of DEL MONTE Coffee and try it.

You will find it on grocers' shelves, everywhere, proudly displaying the same green label and the same red DEL MONTE shield that have so long been your unfailing guide to quality in canned fruits, vegetables and many other foods.

Your first sip will tell you that DEL MONTE has made the 20th century live up to its promise—has given you a coffee that will bring new pleasure to your family and guests—has created a coffee *by* moderns, *for* moderns, in tune with this critical, modern age.

As Fresh as the Day It Was Roasted

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—always fresh as the day it was roasted.

Ordinary containers would not do. Too much effort and expense have gone into perfecting the flavor of DEL MONTE Coffee to risk losing any part of it!

In this modern, hermetically-sealed, air-proof package, DEL MONTE Coffee retains all the volatile, aromatic oils that give it so much of its new distinction and better flavor.

Enjoy the fine fragrance that rises the instant you open the can. Coffee as fresh—as rich, as full-bodied—as the moment the vacuum process sealed it for you fresh from the roasting.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

A modern coffee ~ for modern tastes

DEL MONTE COFFEE

Always fresh ~ IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

FOOD PRODUCTS

Garments that touch Baby's Skin need Borax

HOW every little roughness hurts His Lordship's rosleaf skin! Especially the irritating ammonia residue so often left clinging to diapers. Put a little Borax in the washing water—it will neutralize the ammonia and save baby from chafing. And a final Borax *rinse* will remove every trace of unpleasant odor, every tiny, irritating particle of the soap itself!

On rainy days—when you have to dry baby's things inside—wash with BORAX. It acts like *indoor sunshine* and makes them just as snowy-white and sweet-smelling as though they'd hung for hours in a sunny meadow. So use 20 Mule Team BORAX for all the clothes that touch baby's precious little skin!

Safeguard His Lordship's Bottle
"this scientific way: Wash out carefully with soap and BORAX. Rinse and put in a teaspoon of BORAX. Fill with water. Shake to dissolve. Let stand till morning. Then rinse again with clean water. Boiling the bottles each day is unnecessary now, for Borax is antiseptic. Ask your doctor about this safe, modern method.
ONE POUND NET
20 MULE TEAM
PURE
BORAX

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Pacific Coast Borax Co., Dept. 121
51 Madison Avenue, New York City

Please send a free copy of your booklet, "Better Ways to Wash and Clean."

Name.....

Address.....

May Day-Child Health Day

(Continued from Page 112)

physical defects and sent to doctors or to clinics for appropriate treatment. Understanding that play and recreation are health factors of the first importance, Child Health Day in 1929 gave its greatest efforts toward opening such opportunities for every child. A wholesome note in school athletics was sounded. Recognizing that athletic endeavor in practically all sports is tending toward starring the best athletes in teams and not in following out its original idea of building sound bodies for all children and all young people, whether in school or in college, the authorities having the program of May Day-Child Health Day in charge began the task of getting back to the sound principles of other days. The slogans adopted were: "A Team for Everyone and Everyone on a Team," and "Playing for the Sake of the Game Rather Than for the Sake of a Particular School or a Particular Team."

On November 18, 1929, the National Child Health Day Committee of the State and Provincial Health Authorities of North America adopted the following program for May Day, 1930: "To name a permanent state chairman for May Day-Child Health Day, preferably the director of the state division of child hygiene; to organize immediately a state child-health council or designate some similar organization to function as a council if no council exists; to request the governor to issue a proclamation on National Child Health Day immediately after the President of the United States issues his proclamation; to accept "Parent Coöperation in the Community Program for Child Health and Child Protection" as the keynote of the 1930 National Child Health Day program.

Soon after May Day, 1929, the American Federation of Labor took a further step, which Mr. Green, president of the Federation, describes as follows: "The Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor expressed itself as being in entire accord with the suggestion that we join in an effort to have Child Health Day made world-wide. The Executive Council gave further consideration to the subject of International Child Health Day with a view to determining ways and means by which it can be helpful in advancing this most praiseworthy project."

Seventy-eight large national organizations actively coöperated in making a success of May Day in 1929.

The Goal

THE purpose of May Day-Child Health Day this year is probably the most important that has yet been brought forth. It is evident that communities are "doing things." It now remains for them to "get things done."

To achieve this goal means the full interest and coöperation of every parent in this country. This coöperation must include the right answers to the following questions if it is to be effective:

Do you know under what conditions your children are living during the hours when they are in school?

Do you know the teachers and do they know you?

Do you know what your child's behavior is in school; is he a social being or is he a trouble maker; does he adjust himself to the world of other children?

Do you know the health program of the school your children attend; do you cooperate with the school in its efforts to make and keep your children well; are you actively supporting the efforts of the teacher, the school doctor and the school nurse and doing your part to be sure that your children have appropriate medical treatment if they are in need of it?

Do you know what your community is doing for health protection, for sanitation, quarantine for contagious diseases and immunization against these diseases?

Are you intelligent about the need of play spaces for children and doing your part to see that they are made available?

Are you coöperating in seeing that your town has facilities for making pregnancy safe for *all* mothers and not just for those who can afford the most expensive type of medical care at this time?

Have you done your share in establishing sufficient child-welfare stations so that every baby and every child of pre-school age can have the health care that may mean life and that certainly means health?

Are you not only giving your children the healthful home surroundings that are essential for well-being but also seeing that this same opportunity is available for every child in your town?

Are you civic-minded for all children or are you concerned only with the children in your own household; in other words, are you a good citizen?

A Square Deal

THE answers to these questions have just as great a bearing upon your child's future welfare and adjustment to life as any formal "education" may have, and upon your answers to these questions will depend the "square deal" or the lack of it that the children in your community are getting.

May Day-Child Health Day of 1930 is the time for you to realize your part in this great movement for child health and welfare. It is the time for you to begin taking an active part in your community's efforts for child health or to do your share in starting such efforts if they do not already exist. President Hoover has appointed a great commission with numerous subcommittees to take an account of child health and child welfare in this country and to submit to him a program for making health and protection a certainty for every child in this land.

To get the full meaning of May Day-Child Health Day and to make the White House conference and program a vital factor in the nation's life, the parents of this country must do their part. The American Child Health Association, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City, is behind this great health day. It is working closely with the White House Conference through Mrs. Aida de Acosta Breckenridge, who holds the position of director of the division of publications and promotion of both organizations. Any inquiry sent to Mrs. Breckenridge at the above address will bring you full information as to how you may participate in this national movement for child health and welfare.

Remember that May Day-Child Health Day is simply a beginning. Its purpose is an all-year-round program for the protection of the child. Its humanitarian appeal is to our highest instincts and emotions. We are not so much concerned with the active participation of parents with the large national organizations in their official functions. Our concern is directed toward the active personal coöperation of every parent and every citizen in the child-health and child-welfare work that is being carried on in their community. Remember that your home town belongs to you. What it does and what it does not do is your immediate business. The people of this country can determine just what standards of child health and child protection are to be maintained for all children. Upon their help and their cooperation will depend the welfare of our next generations. The full force of every unit in our community life must be exerted if we are to give our children a square deal. This is the purpose of May Day-Child Health Day.

Mother-Train Your Baby's Mind by Teaching Him to Dress

"See, Mother, I can dress myself! The little Red Heart showed me how! It's fine fun, Mother. I want to do it every single day!"

Vanta SELF♥HELP GARMENTS

with Red Heart Label

will train Your Baby, months earlier, to dress. The Red Heart Label, always in the same position, in front, makes dressing so easy. And dressing develops babies' minds, teaching them to be independent; saving hours and hours of mothers' time.

BEGIN at about two years to train your baby to dress by using Vanta Self♥Help Garments. The fewest possible buttons and buttonholes are used and so made that tiny fingers can fasten them. Everything has been done scientifically to make baby learn quickly and delight in success.

EVERY garment of unvarying Vanta quality, comes in every kind and weight of fabric that doctors prescribe, in silk, wool, Irish linen mesh, rayon, cotton. Included are Shirts, Training Panties, Union Suits, French Style Step-ins, Waists, Sleepers — for Babies, Girls and Boys, to six years.

FROM BIRTH TO TWO YEARS USE VANTA BABY GARMENTS—NO PINS, NO BUTTONS.

Get them from your favorite store. If not available write Earnshaw Knitting Co., Dept. 304, Newton, Mass. In Canada write J. R. Moodie Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

FREE TO YOU

"The Toddler," a Book on Care, Feeding, Dressing, Training of the Child of 2 to 6 years.

EARNSHAW SALES CO., INC.
Dept. 304, Newton, Mass.

Without charge send your book, "The Toddler," and illustrated catalog of Vanta Self Help Garments.

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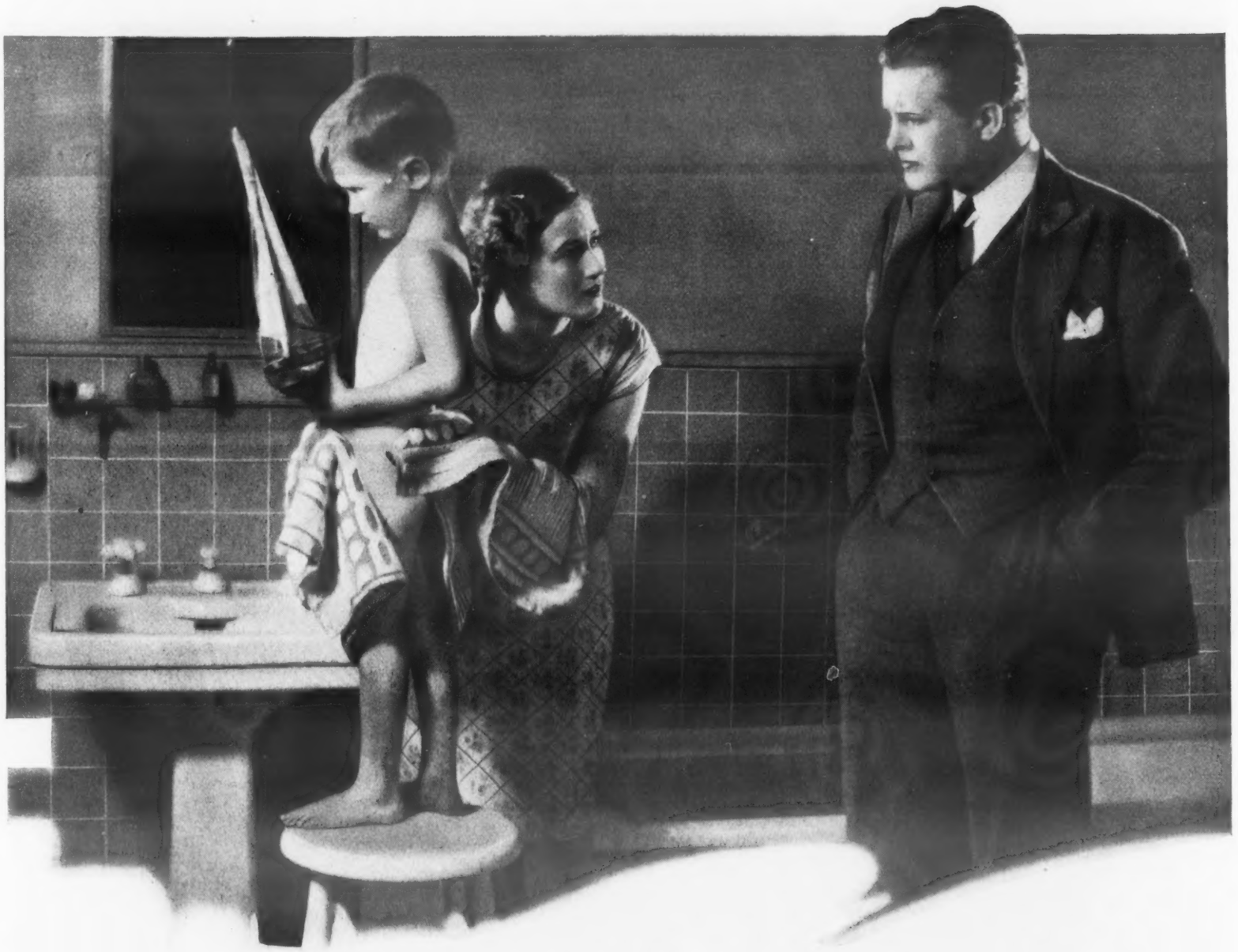


Junior was so frail I almost cried

. . . but now he's grown so husky we can hardly believe our eyes . . . . .

"I WAS at my wits' end. Junior was so thin and delicate. Every time I gave him his bath, I almost cried at the sight of his frail little body and pipe-stem legs.

"Goodness knows, we tried everything. But it wasn't until we put him on Cocomalt that he started to improve. Within a week he started to round out, and soon real, solid muscle began to develop. You can't imagine how pleased we are to have him growing strong and husky at last!"

What Cocomalt does

Hundreds of other mothers write us that they have found themselves facing this same situation—and that they have solved the difficulty the same way.

When children fail to build up, it is a sure sign that their handicapped systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals. Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest other foods in the stomach, but—more important—it also contains the precious Vitamin D.

How Vitamin D builds health

Vitamin D is that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so potent in preventing rickets—and in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

But Cocomalt is not a medicine. Rather it is a delicious, chocolate food drink every youngster loves. Even children who detest plain milk can't seem to get enough of it when you've mixed it with Cocomalt . . . And furthermore, Cocomalt adds 70% to the nourishment of milk so that it almost doubles the health-building elements of this perfect food.

Cocomalt comes in powder form. It is not only delicious, but extremely easy to prepare. You simply add it to milk—hot or cold—and it is ready in a jiffy, for breakfast, supper or after-school lunch. Cocomalt may be had in three sizes—one-half pound, 30c—one pound, 50c—and the economical five pound family size.

Trial package FREE—use coupon

Try Cocomalt without cost—and find out for yourself what a delightful and nourishing drink it is. See how quickly your children take to it—and how they love its delicious chocolate smoothness . . . The coupon below will bring you a generous trial package. Mail it today.

Cocomalt

Delicious hot or cold

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

CONTAINS THE SUNSHINE VITAMIN D

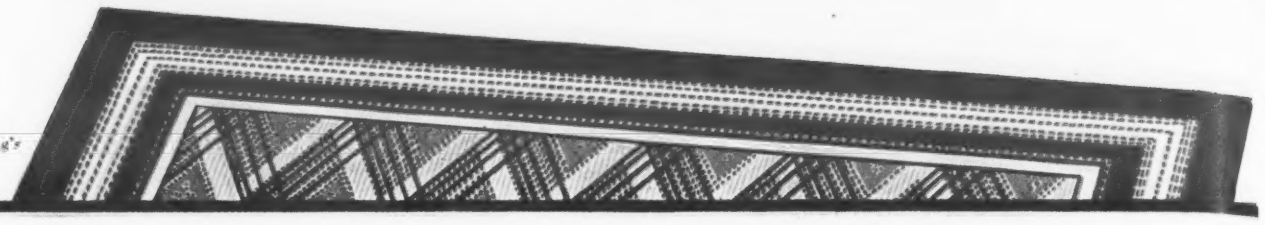
R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 65, Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me, free of charge, a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____



One of the smart new decorative effects. Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Decoresq Series, No. 20042.

Gone... the dread of rainy days

...No extra work for Mother when children play on this dirt-proof rug

Another new-type pattern. This is Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series, No. 4692.

Free! For the children

New jig-saw puzzle assembled in pretty box. Also folder showing all Armstrong's Quaker Rugs in actual colors. Write at once, because supply of jig-saw puzzles is limited. Address the Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 3005 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pa., and enclose four cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

Armstrong's Quaker Rug, Sterling Series, No. 4652. If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2, 3, and 3¾ yard widths.

MOTHER used to dread rainy days! The children were *so* restless indoors, going from one thing to another, leaving a cleaning-up job for her wherever they played.

But that was *before* the Armstrong's Quaker Rug came. Things are different now—pleasantly so. The children play all they like on this new kind of rug—and sometimes they spill things. But no matter, for Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are surface-sealed by the special Accolac Process. Dirt and spilled things wipe off! And traces of muddy, wet feet vanish with a sweep of the mop.

But the appeal of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs is not only to the good sense of such mothers—but to their good taste as well. For

these rugs *do* bring life, color, freshness, to any room. Especially now with the new types of patterns being shown in a de luxe range of Armstrong's Quaker Rugs called the Decoresq Series. Never have such decorative effects been achieved in rugs that cost so little!

But, no matter what pattern you select, as long as it's an *Armstrong's* Quaker Rug you are sure to enjoy a full measure of satisfaction. You have a *written promise* of it. It is in the form of a Quaker Girl certificate pasted right on the face of every Armstrong's Quaker Rug.

Armstrong's (A) Product

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night 10 o'clock, Eastern Time, WJZ coast-to-coast network.

Teaching Art Appreciation in the Home

By JESSIE M. TODD
University of Chicago

TESTS have proved that merely surrounding children by beautiful things does not give them the ability to choose between good and poor designs. If we wish John and Mary, when grown to adults, to be able to discriminate between good and poor designs in automobiles, table decorations and other things, we must seize every opportunity from infancy to give them chances to choose between good and bad.

How shall we give Mary and John, when grown to adults, the power to get the æsthetic response from a little pool of water, the weather-beaten side of an old wooden building, the color pattern in a crowd of people, the light effects of a movie which may be poor in subject matter but beautiful in illumination and shadow? The majority of the people who appreciate such scenes say that they always have appreciated them and they don't know why they do so. Some say that their mothers or fathers appreciated beautiful things. They admired their mothers and fathers so much that they respected their opinions and looked for beauty in the things their mothers and fathers appreciated.

The little child builds houses of cardboard or blocks. The mother shows him how to make trees of green and brown paper or with sticks and sponges soaked in green paint and encourages him to arrange the trees in different ways, to see which arrangement he likes best. He colors the house first one way, then another, to see which he likes better. The mother and father who sit on the floor with the child and help him to build the house and surroundings which he has designed are helping him with an activity which will come to him again in adult life.

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

THE MOTHER WHO SITS ON THE FLOOR WITH HER CHILDREN AND HELPS THEM WITH THEIR BUSY AFFAIRS IS HELPING MEET THE CONDITIONS OF ADULT LIFE

When the children are grown up we want them to know the fundamental principles of color. They can learn a great deal through the use of paints.

Every child should have a room in which he can paint. If the house is small, an oilcloth may be spread on the floor of the living room to protect the rug and the children can sit on that and paint. With the paints before them, children sometimes forget about making pictures and designs and play with mixing colors, to see what happens.

We people who do creative work ourselves believe that no one can appreciate beautiful modeling, weaving and painting to the fullest extent unless he has had the chance at some time in his life to model, weave and paint. Let us, therefore, give the children the opportunity to do these things, and take them to the stores and museums to see beautiful objects that have been modeled, woven or painted.

If we wish the child to grow into an adult who can go to a store and choose clothes, furniture, pictures and rugs which are good in design, we must give him many opportunities to make choices. As often as possible the mother should let the child accompany her on trips to select such things. The child should be present when discussions are made as to which article will suit the purpose better, which is better in design.

When the mother decides to rearrange the furniture to make the design of the room more pleasing, the child should be there to help.

Incentives to Understanding

JOHN and Mary will be given the opportunity to learn something about woodworking and simple sewing and cooking. John will be given more woodworking than Mary. Mary will be given more sewing and cooking than John.

From my experience teaching little folks, I venture to suggest the following incentives to appreciation:

Little children like bright colors. They usually like crude bright colors as well as the beautiful bright colors. Let us surround them with beautiful bright colors:

Books with illustrations of beautiful colors.

In their toys and clothes.

Transparent balloons hung so that the light shines through them.

Red ink in water in a flask on the window sill so that the light shines through it.

Copper sulphate in a flask. Call attention to the fact that the blue is beautiful because it has in it spots of green and violet.

Call attention to the same sort of blue in the larkspur.

When the ocean or lake shows this blue made brilliant by green or violet, call attention to it.

Place three thicknesses of red tissue paper on the windowpane and let light shine through them. Place four thicknesses in another place. Notice the difference.

Play with the colors in pebbles on the beach and with marbles, arranging them according to shades of a color or related colors.

Arrange brilliant flowers in vases, trying many colors together, then few colors.

Hang big shiny balls of brilliant colors on the Christmas tree so that the lights reflect in them. Try to copy the colors with paints or crayons.

Show children beautiful stained-glass windows in the churches.

Encourage them to paint pictures sometimes with colored India ink on white paper, putting a layer of green over the blue in some places and a layer of violet over the blue in other places.

Show children night scenes painted by artists. When the children look at buildings and city streets at night they will then see more color and more beauty. The artist will have opened their eyes.

Give the child the opportunity to paint a night scene. He may not achieve what he desires, but he will gain in appreciation because of the attempt.

From time to time purchase little colored reproductions of famous paintings. If John is interested in dogs, he can buy reproductions of famous pictures which have dogs in them. Mary is studying Holland in school; she can buy pictures by famous painters of Holland.

EVERY CHILD SHOULD HAVE A ROOM IN WHICH HE CAN PAINT

Prints may be had for a few cents from Art Extension Press, Westport, Connecticut; Brown Robertson, 8-10 East Forty-ninth Street, New York City; Colonial Art Company, 1336-1338 West First Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Help John and Mary to paste camera pictures so that the arrangement on each page is pleasing.

When the family has a few hours to spare in cities which have art museums, the children should visit the museum and take home with them several post-card reproductions of statues or pictures which they like.

Children like to arrange a tray and let their mother eat breakfast in bed. They like to make it look as beautiful as possible. In a tiny vase they may place one flower, with leaves enough to make a good design.

When children place cookies on a plate, the mother may say, "Let's try different ways of arranging the cookies to make them look pretty."

When making sandwiches for a picnic, the mother or maid may show the children how to make the sandwiches attractive.

She may show them how small pieces of cake often look more appetizing than large pieces.

When decorating the Christmas tree, they can try to arrange the ornaments so that all the biggest balls and brightest colors will not be on one side.

With very little money, an attractive lunch table can be arranged. One can buy at the ten-cent store simple candlesticks and candles good in color and design and a simple vase. Sometimes cheap ten-cent-store dishes can be bought.

Mother sometimes dresses in her very best clothes so that children can see her in them.

Girls eleven and twelve years of age like to cut paper dolls out of magazines and color the hats and dresses. The more talented children draw their paper dolls. The wise mother will encourage the girls to try all sorts of color schemes. Colored pencils are a good medium for this work.

Parental Encouragement

WHEN Mary puts on a plaid cap, striped socks, zigzag-designed scarf and dotted dress, the mother should suggest that she try a plain-colored cap and socks with the dress. If Mary likes the result better, her mother can tell her that many times plain spaces look well next to figured ones.

When the mother is planning the color of pillows for the window seat she can call Mary's attention to the fact that she followed the same principle when she placed one plain blue pillow and one plain tan pillow next to the figured ones.

A child is invited to a birthday party in the spring. He may wrap the present with a sheet of yellow paper laid inside of a sheet of green paper, so that the yellow seems like lining. This may be tied with yellow and green ribbon and a design of orange and yellow pasted on the package.

The child may make interesting designs to use as stickers on Christmas presents. These may be made by folding colored pieces of paper and cutting holes out of them. When pasted on a package wrapped in white tissue paper, the white paper shows through the holes in the colored paper and makes interesting designs.

When the child is giving a little party, seize the opportunity for handwork and let him make his favors—model clay candlesticks, paint them with water colors, and shellac them. Put a candle in each. Choose the color of candles to go with color of flowers used on the table—that is, fold little baskets and decorate them with colors which go well with the candles and flowers.

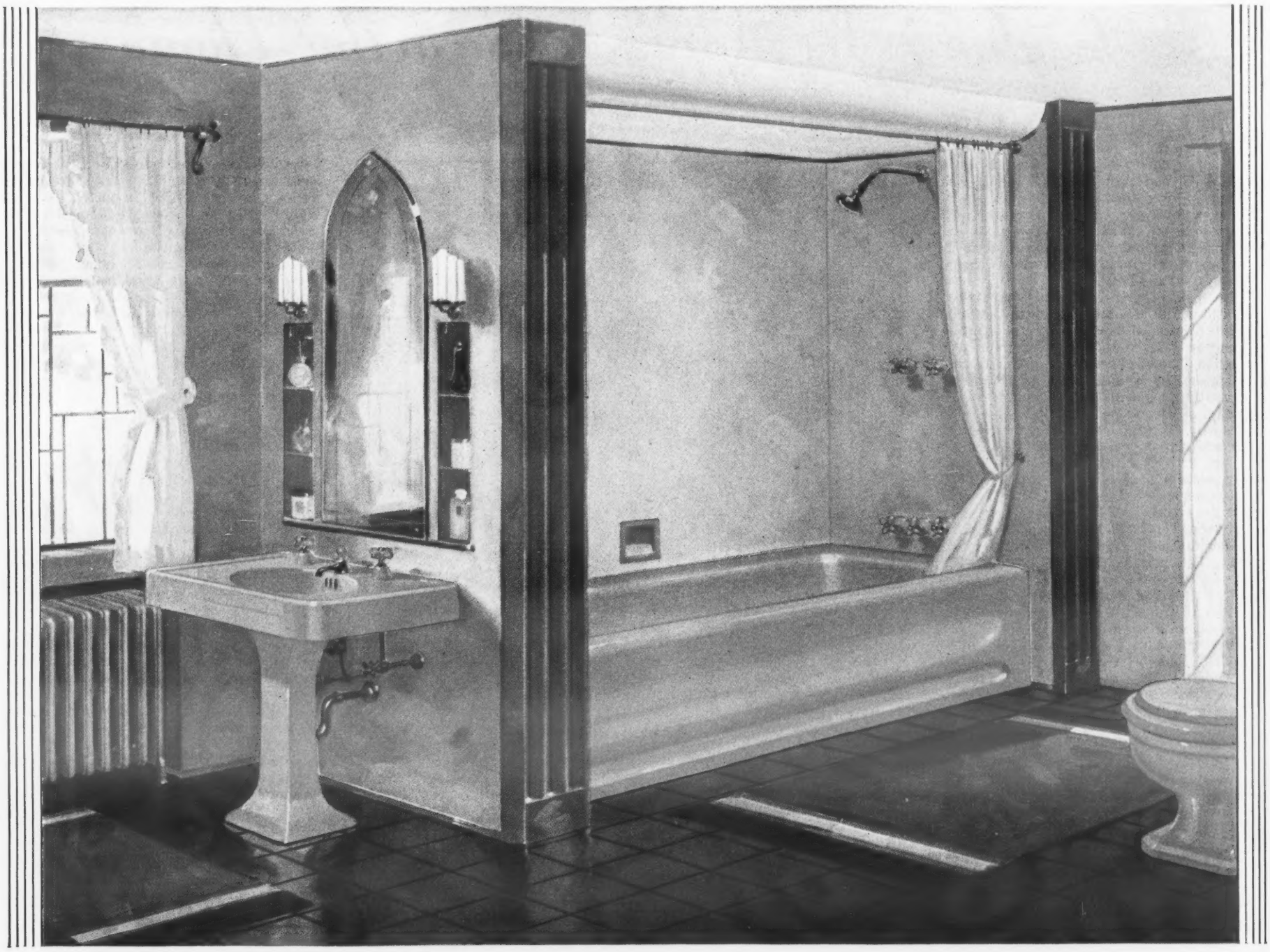
If it is necessary for the children to eat in the kitchen sometimes for convenience, the wise mother will see to it that often they eat in the dining room and use the best dishes and linen.

When pictures or curtains hang crooked the children should be asked to straighten them until it becomes a habit to straighten anything which is out of order.

When setting the table, Mary should be made conscious that she is aiming at an orderly arrangement.

Read aloud in the home the things which have perfection of pattern and which often call attention to beauty in common things.

Not all the things mentioned appeal to every child. Not all parents feel competent to help the children. If the home fails the school must assume the responsibility. The school, however, cannot do the work so well, for appreciation is taught under conditions more informal than those found in most schools.



Modernize the plumbing—hold your tenants!

Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Landlord, that paint, varnish and wall paper, while they can keep a house or apartment looking attractive, cannot hide old-fashioned, unsightly plumbing fixtures?

The bathroom is no longer the neglected room of the home. It receives as much consideration as an interior as the other rooms. And a great change has come in the design and construction of plumbing fixtures. "Standard" Lavatories and Baths have a new beauty of line and proportion. Water closets are more hygienic. Kitchen sinks are so made that they can be placed under the window in the direct light.

And now all "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are made not only in white but also in Ming Green, T'ang Red, Clair de Lune Blue, Royal Copenhagen Blue, St. Porchaire Brown, Ivoire de Medici, Orchid of Vincennes, Ionian Black and Rose du Barry. Good tenants are well informed about this new trend in bathroom furnishing and decoration. They are no longer satisfied with mere utility.

Are your houses or apartments hard to keep rented because the plumbing fixtures are not all they should be? Have you thought of replacing them? And has the lack of ready cash deterred you from doing so? Then you should visit a "Standard" Showroom or write at once for the details of the "Standard" Time Payment Plan.

This easy financing plan will enable you, as it has many home owners, to install at once the modern "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures which will do much to maintain the value of your property and the income you derive from it. Use the convenient coupon.

"Standard"
PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., PITTSBURGH

Please send me complete details of your Time Payment Plan and a copy of the book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, with a list of "Standard" Showrooms.

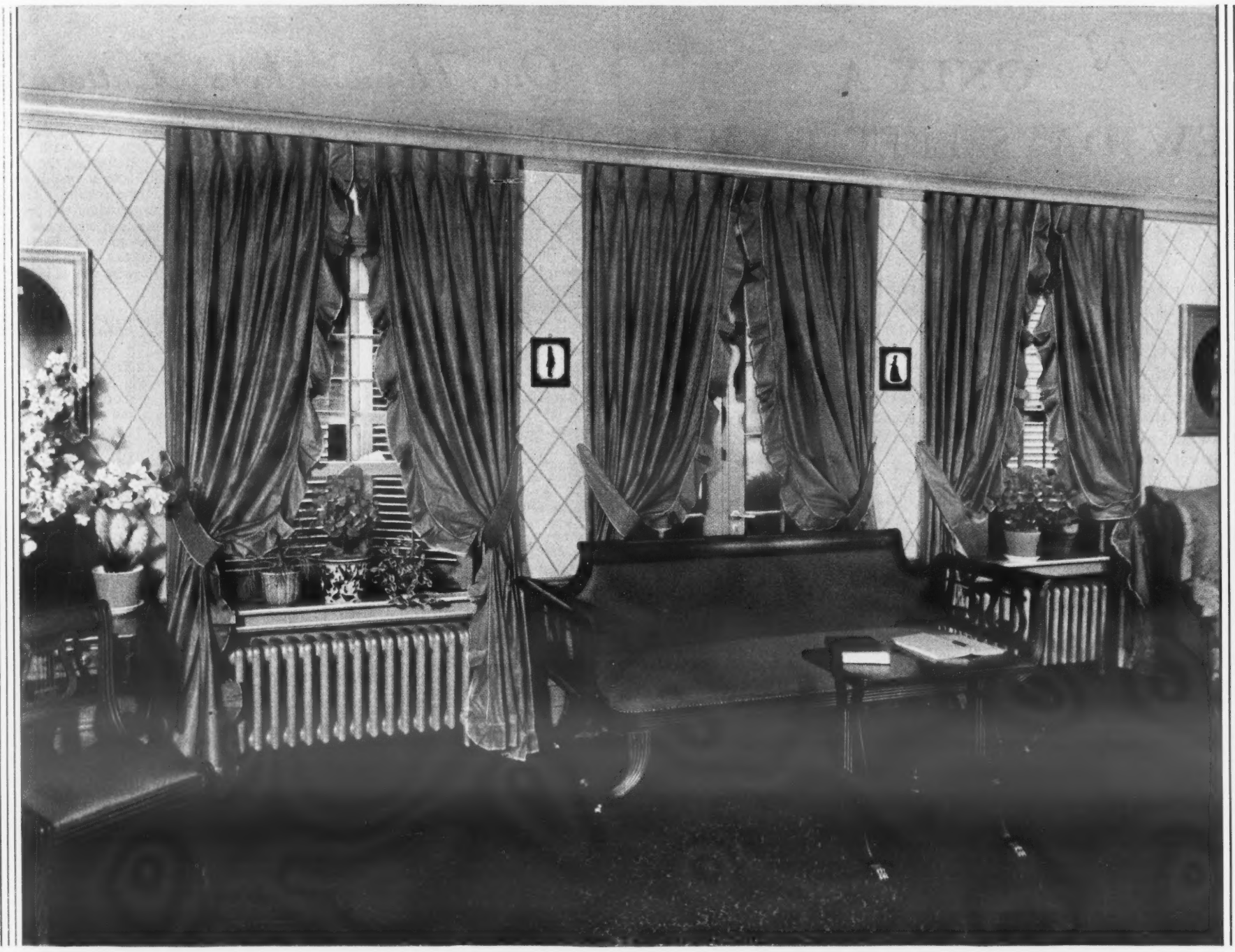
My name is.....

My address is.....

.....

LHJ—5-30

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
106 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION



Modernize your heating — this easy way

You can have all the time you need to pay for a heating plant that makes summer a year-round proposition ... a total cost that is relatively small—approximately $75 per radiator, including boiler, and completely installed—paying a little down and a little monthly ... Our own Heating and Plumbing Finance Corporation will take care of your requirements.

American Radiator heating is not a novelty for keeping warm, it is a necessity for keeping well ... it is a custodian of family health, a caretaker of property values and a contribution to the beauty of home.

American Corto Radiators in your rooms bring the welcome warmth and cheer that makes your guests like to stay ... and an "Ideal" Boiler downstairs puts even the cellar on a social footing ... showing what happens when you modernize your home with American Radiator Heating.

And now is the time to take care of the installation. Remember last winter's resolution and do not shiver through another winter with cold, drafty rooms. Call in a reliable heating dealer for an estimate and mail the coupon for descriptive literature. No obligation whatever.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION

AMERICAN & IDEAL
RADIATORS & BOILERS

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
40-42 WEST 40th STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Please send me catalog on Ideal Heating. The fuel I plan to use is Coal ☐ Coke ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐. Also send me particulars of your Time Payment Plan.

My name is.....

My address is.....

City.....State.....

LHJ—5-30

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT TO WIN $1000.00

Of course, this contest has proved tremendously popular. Yes, we've received lots of entries. Some days the mail has been pretty heavy, we'll admit. But there's almost a whole month left; you still have plenty of time; a letter is easy to write; you have a splendid chance of winning; sit down right now and write us that letter!

Read the rules printed below. Notice that you can enter all or any of the three divisions of the contest. Remember, too, that no special literary talent is required. The judges are plain, ordinary human beings just like the rest of us . . . talking our language . . . living on our street . . . thinking and acting just like millions of fine, splendid people all over this country. Simply imagine yourself in any of the situations given and put down what you would say.

You may win $10 . . . $20 . . . $150 . . . $250 . . . and if you're the grand prize winner, $750 extra! Judging will not begin until after the contest closes, May 31. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay $250; second best, $150; third best, $100; for the next five, $20 each; $10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of $750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of $1000 which this letter may win.

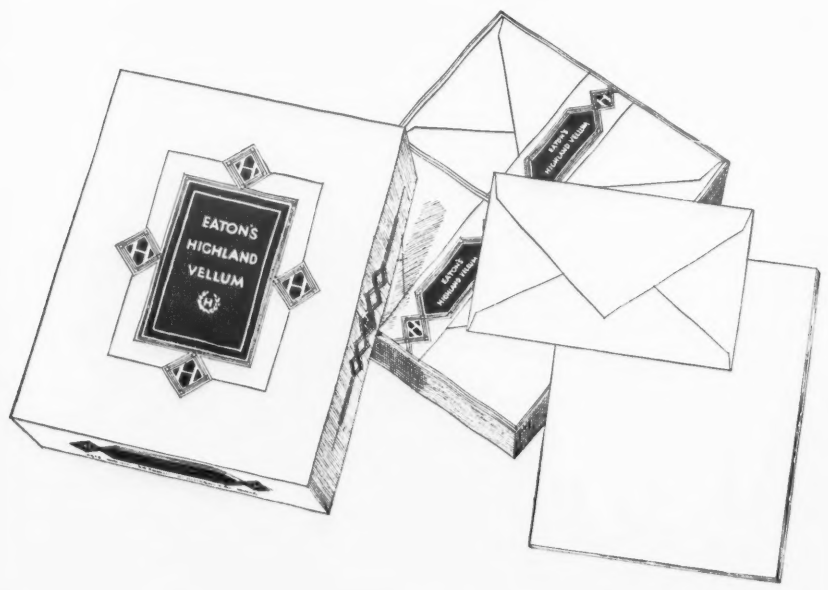
Types of letters: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread and butter" letter (a letter expressing appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter sent to some friend who is going away).

Closing date: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

Identification: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

Winners: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

Final judges: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine;* Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM *HIGHLAND LINEN*

Our Homemakers' Letters

THE accompanying letters were received in response to Miss Bane's request for comments on her article, What Next in Homemaking? which appeared in the March Journal. Will you send us your suggestions too? We want Our Homemakers' Letters to serve as a forum for discussing this important subject.

DEAR MISS BANE: In the progress of civilization, life has become one of varied and complicated activities to individuals in general. There are many outside interests and attractions which affect the home of today, bringing about great changes in modern home life. Yet through these adjustments the real values and standards in successful homemaking must not be abandoned.

There is a greater need for the home, serving as a balance for the many demands of modern living—a magnetic influence drawing one to the source of true existence.

Through the test of time the finer and nobler accomplishments of men have left their imprint on civilizations, and each generation has profited by the past. The ideal home has been and always should be the lasting influence for the higher values of life.

There are many factors necessary to accomplish successful homemaking in our day, such as proper food, health, living within one's financial bounds, sharing in civic life and realizing the responsibility of family life. The composite result rests on the attitude of each member of the family toward the other—as the husband to the wife or the parent to the child—thereby creating an understanding and harmonious atmosphere. Happiness and wholesome living can be the rightful heritage of all who, realizing the splendid opportunities and advantages of today, may strive for the better things of life. Things easily gained without effort do not always bring the greatest sense of satisfaction.

So there are problems to solve in homemaking as well as in all other professions of life. It remains to the individual to play his part well in the greatest center of human interest—the home—for through its influence throbs the great pulse of the nation. —B. A. J.

Homemaking a Glorious Calling

DEAR MISS BANE: Homemaking is the greatest of all careers for women, and we must develop a greater understanding and appreciation of the importance of that career. We do not marry successful homes. We make them.

The American home has been indicted from pulpit, platform and press, and in the light of statistics does it not seem that we have lost sight of our main perspective?

Since our homes are the cornerstone and bulwark of our civilization and a nation rises no higher than the level of its homes and the homes rise no higher than its womanhood, does it not challenge us to a definiteness in purpose, preparation and operation of our glorious calling?

Industrialism of today has outlawed the hard labor of fifty years ago, leaving us more time for the art of real living. Are we directing this art of living to the desired goal of true happiness which must come through family solidarity that has its roots implanted in love, comradeship, religion, education, health and efficiency? This calls for coöperation of the highest type from all members of the family. Home relationships become more successful as the number of shared interests increases. We can't fit ourselves into the home; we must make the home fit us.

The efficiency expert has developed to keep modern business in touch with new developments. In like manner the Ladies' Home Journal acts as one of our efficiency experts in homemaking. Give us more help in understanding the problems of social well-being in the home, as well as the whole category of practical aids in the household arts and efficiencies. Direct us, too, in the wise use of leisure time. —N. N. T.

The Employed Homemaker

DEAR MISS BANE: After reading your article in the March Ladies' Home Journal, I am bringing to you what I consider my three greatest problems as a homemaker who has an outside job along with the job of homemaking. These problems, I believe, are also the problems of a number of my friends.

The first problem is that of time, or the absence of it. I find myself planning to do things, and the time flies by leaving a goodly number of the tasks undone. How can I plan my time to do the things that must be done and yet give time for necessary recreation?

Another problem I should like help with is that of selecting furniture and equipment for my own home. In a few months I shall go into my own home, and I should like usable information as to approved and tested equipment. I know that I shall not have the time to check up on numbers of general points usually given to be looked for in selecting equipment. Why can't you give names and comparisons as to price?

Should I get the best furniture that I can afford, or should I buy some of it with the plan of replacing it? I know one woman who spends all her time in her home, rearranging and making over; her home is an awfully attractive place; another woman I know hasn't a really good piece of furniture in her house, not because she could not afford to remodel and refurnish her home, but because, as she says, there have always been other things that she had preferred to spend her money for. Both these are extremes. How can I find the in-between ground without waiting for years of experience? I want to get the most for my money, and to buy for the most and longest period of satisfaction.

Food information is surely needed. Cannot this information be given in the form of menus worked out for the woman who must consider the cost in time and money, and who has not always an unlimited supply to buy from? Too few menus and recipes are tested and worked out for the general run of homemakers.

Give us articles, news and information each month of the happenings, people, opinions, to help us "keep up." None of us want to feel that we are slowly but surely becoming back numbers. —M. J. D.

Studying Family Relationships

DEAR MISS BANE: How grateful we women are to the magazines for the recipes, the budgets, the studies of nutrition, and suggestions for household management and child welfare. To me the

(Continued on Page 139)

WOMEN DRIVERS DO NOT TAKE CHANCES

WOMEN DRIVERS ARE SAFE DRIVERS*

TEXACO
GASOLINE–MOTOR OIL

Careful of her own car, thoughtful of the safety of others, the woman driver of today has won an enviable reputation for safe driving. Through skill and unselfishness she has proven that the hazards of motoring can be practically eliminated and motor wear reduced to an unbelievably low minimum.

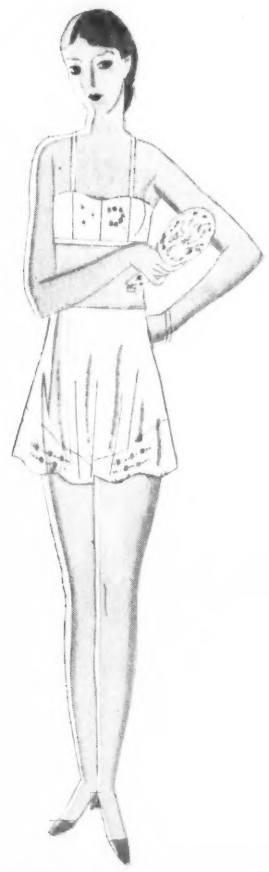
With the same care that she selects her household needs, she has singled out the most economical and most dependable motor products. This is the reason so many women stop only at Texaco Service Stations. They know that with Texaco Golden Motor Oil and Texaco Gasoline they will not only attain finer performance but a cleaner, more thoroughly protected engine—one that can be relied upon in every situation regardless of weather—an engine that will perform smoothly after many miles of travel and years of service.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

* ***Statistics indicate***—24% of licensed drivers in the U. S. A. are women. Yet they are involved in only 6% of all automobile accidents.

SPRING IN THE NEW YORK SHOPS

From Joseph comes a printed silk suit, embroidered in rayon. On a black background are small red and white flowers.



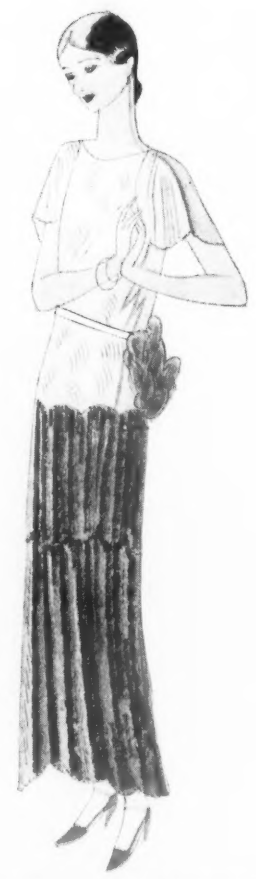
Light as a feather for spring and smoothly fitting are the flesh-colored, hand embroidered rayon brassiere and panties from Kayser.

THE shimmering richness of rayon, its gorgeous colors and supple draping qualities are ideally suited to the luxurious mode of 1930.

In the smart woman's wardrobe one sees evening gowns, wraps, suits, shoes and underwear of rayon, as often as in the older textiles. These new fabrics are sometimes all rayon, sometimes combinations of silk, wool or cotton, and rayon. Whether lace, satin, crêpe, or mixed weaves, all are chic.

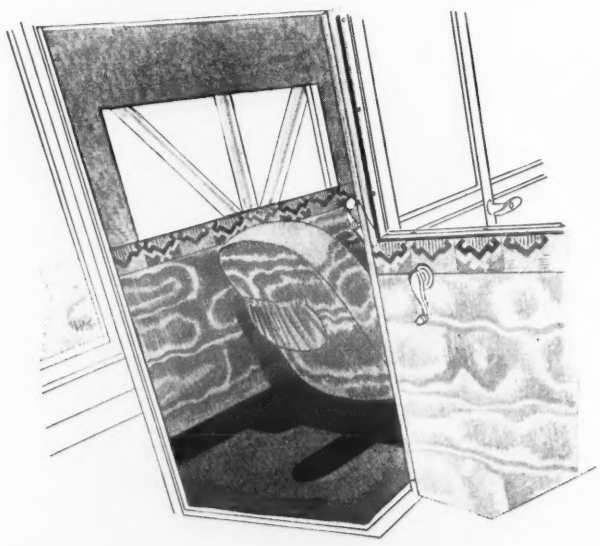
Not only the fashionable woman's clothes and accessories, but her home, her car, and her custom-made plane possess more lavish beauty because of the new man-made textile, rayon.

Beauty, dependability and economy—these have brought rayon into the limelight of the fashion world.



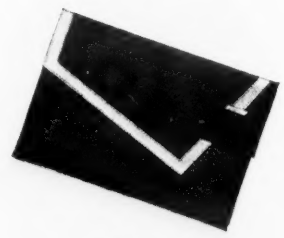
An evening dress of striking beauty is of rayon lace in a modern design. The bodice is white and the flounces that create the skirt are sapphire. From Kurzman.

AND IN THE AIR



The chic aviatrix chooses for the ceiling and upper part of the sides of her plane a beige rayon and cotton fabric; for the lower interior, a dark red rayon and cotton rep moiré. The braid trimming is beige and red. The outside is in three tones of red. Fabrics from Schumacher.

This new-size hat box, 14″ x 14″ x 9½″ high, is bass wood covered with cowhide. The top tray, and bottom are lined with rayon and silk. The partitions may be removed. The bottom holds four hats. Arthur Gilmore.



Nat Lewis sponsors the vogue for black and flesh in a bag of unusual chic, made of black rayon flat crêpe, with pale pink patent leather for trimming.

A variation of the court pump is created in ivory rayon brocade with a collar of gold kid. Ornamented at the side with a rhinestone buckle. From Delman. A beautiful evening sandal in white rayon brocade is trimmed with gold kid and a topaz buckle. From Delman.

RAYON

(Continued from Page 136)

need of mental hygiene is one of the most pressing for men and women, judged by my contacts, especially where women are in study groups in child welfare. You see I say men and women, knowing 'tis said women are too wise to try to write of what men are. But seriously just as many and perhaps more men than women are not making an effort toward human adjustment.

I feel that men and women need training in mental hygiene, so that they may have a better understanding of themselves and others. What are the things in history that made people what they were, and how many of those things are valuable today? How may we discard the useless things without resentment, that stumblingblock to happiness? We would like men and women to know something of the meaning of "original nature" of "conditioned and reconditioned" factors in behavior, of the origin and variety of "mental attitudes." How much more fruitful family relationships can be when both men and women discuss behavior scientifically.

As parents, we do not want "free love" or "trial marriages" for our boys and girls. We want them to comprehend the destructiveness of instability in human relationships and to strive for adjustments which are both individually and socially valuable. But in order to guide them successfully we must be able to judge adult behavior without prejudice or selfishness, and be free from resentment toward one another or those who have lived before us. It is a big job, but we feel the Modern Homemaker can help sweep away the mental cobwebs—gently of course, but definitely. —H. H. O.

The Home of the Future

DEAR MISS BANE: Never before has there been a keener need for home than there is now, and never before has the homemaker had the opportunity which she has now.

Of course our homes are different from those of our mothers. We can't compete with the baker, laundryman and delicatessen, and why should we try? For years we have wanted to delegate this work, and now that we have the opportunity, many worry that home will disintegrate or be replaced by institutions much like those attempted in Russia. But I think that so long as there is love and so long as there are children born that is impossible.

I do think, with Professor Ogburn, of Chicago, that mothers need to study psychology and personality adjustments, not only to make bonds of affection and understanding, but to train this side of their children's development. I also feel that this is only part of the problem. Even you seem to assume that women need to stay in their homes most of their lives. It is becoming more and more necessary that the mother be trained to a profession of her own, not only as a means of self-expression, but to serve as an outlet for energies which have been misdirected and have been the cause of so much unhappiness.

Many women today who had training before marriage have made partial adjustments of this kind. It isn't at all impossible for a consolidated school to have special teachers, mothers working a few hours a day and only two or three days a week; or for a wife to be a part-time secretary, or for a woman doctor to conduct a clinic, or a musician or artist to teach at home. Other professions will open their doors, too, as soon as efficiency and training present themselves, whether it be to the man or the woman. Therefore it is well to train both boy and girl to professions of their own, and both with an attitude of equal responsibility toward the home. Soon women will not have more responsibility to their routine of dishes and dusting than men now have for shoveling snow or sweeping the basement; the problem for both becomes one of management.

As women assume more and more their various professions, it may tend to lower the wage scale of men, but it should also shorten their hours. This need not be alarming to the homemaker, as it will give greater opportunity for family life and for leisure, which today is a real problem of the home.

Society also will need to adjust itself to this condition, as is seen in professions where women have entered to work side by side with men, for this change cannot come without rise of social and economic problems, since women are still willing to work for so much less than men. This must adjust itself, and the presence of these economic problems must give way to the more important issue of the modern home itself.

The income may be increased, for if mother and father both work from nine until four, and probably only five days a week, the family will have more money to spend for the added conveniences which they need and wish; personalities will have a chance to develop more fully, and more time will be left to enjoy together the things which make for better family life. —C. K.

Developing Family Members

DEAR MISS BANE: Your article What Next in Homemaking, in the March issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL interested me keenly because it encourages the question which every thoughtful homemaker is voicing today, namely: "Am I employing my time to best advantage?" In the past this question was scarcely pertinent, for the round of duties concerned with the physical care of family and home was so pressing that there was never an issue with regard to how this hour or that one should be spent. All mental and physical effort was directed toward providing food, clothing and a decent home in which to live. Today the situation is different, and homemakers have an opportunity to choose whether they will carry out a homemaking responsibility one of several ways.

This change which has come about leaves us with a less peaceful sense of *knowing* that we are charting the right course in home management but with a greater challenge to define our aims and establish our homemaking plans in terms of attaining these aims.

You ask how we would change the emphasis in homemaking. Should we not lay greater stress upon the main objective of every home, namely, *the development of family members?* When we decide whether we shall iron all the clothes or part of them, bake the cake or buy it ready prepared, sew or select clothing ready-made, clean the house or go for a picnic with the family, keep accounts and make budgets on paper or mentally, feed the children at the table with the grown-ups or by themselves, buy a dining-room rug or a cupboard in which the children can keep their toys, can we not feel that we are doing it most easily when we answer for ourselves the question: "Which will contribute most to the development of family members?" In the last analysis the measure of success of men and women as homemakers is the type of person that emerges from the home, and we need to keep our eyes on this goal in determining how the routine problems of the home shall be handled.

Do you agree with this point of view? —M. W. W.

Women who perspire least . . . *often need* ODORONO *most*

When the underarm is kept always dry with Odorono you are absolutely safe from offending—

By Ruth Miller

The doctors who work with me on perspiration problems have given me information that concerns every one of us very intimately.

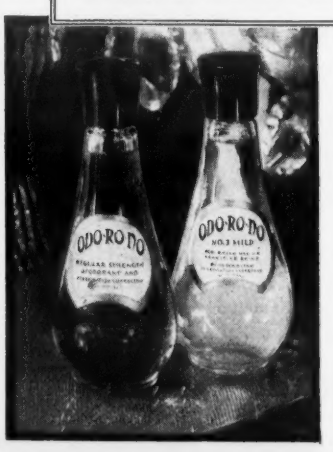
Doctors know perspiration odor can *precede* noticeable moisture—that actually the odor may be as great from a small amount of perspiration as from enough to stain a dress.

And yet so many women believe because their gowns show no traces they are free from odor! By using Odorono to divert perspiration from the underarm to areas where it will evaporate quickly you are absolutely safe from offending.

A Physician's Formula . . . Odorono was originally made by a physician for his own use. The familiar ruby colored Odorono, Regular Strength, is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono, Mild, is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—or in an emergency. At toilet-goods counters, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Just 3 simple gestures—and Odorono keeps you safe from worry . . .

1. **PAT ON . . . Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.**
2. **LET DRY . . . Let underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.**
3. **RINSE OFF . . . When Odorono is entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.**



ODO-RO-DO

ENDS PERSPIRATION ANNOYANCE AND ODOR

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono Regular Strength and Odorono Mild. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. 5-J-O
191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

_____

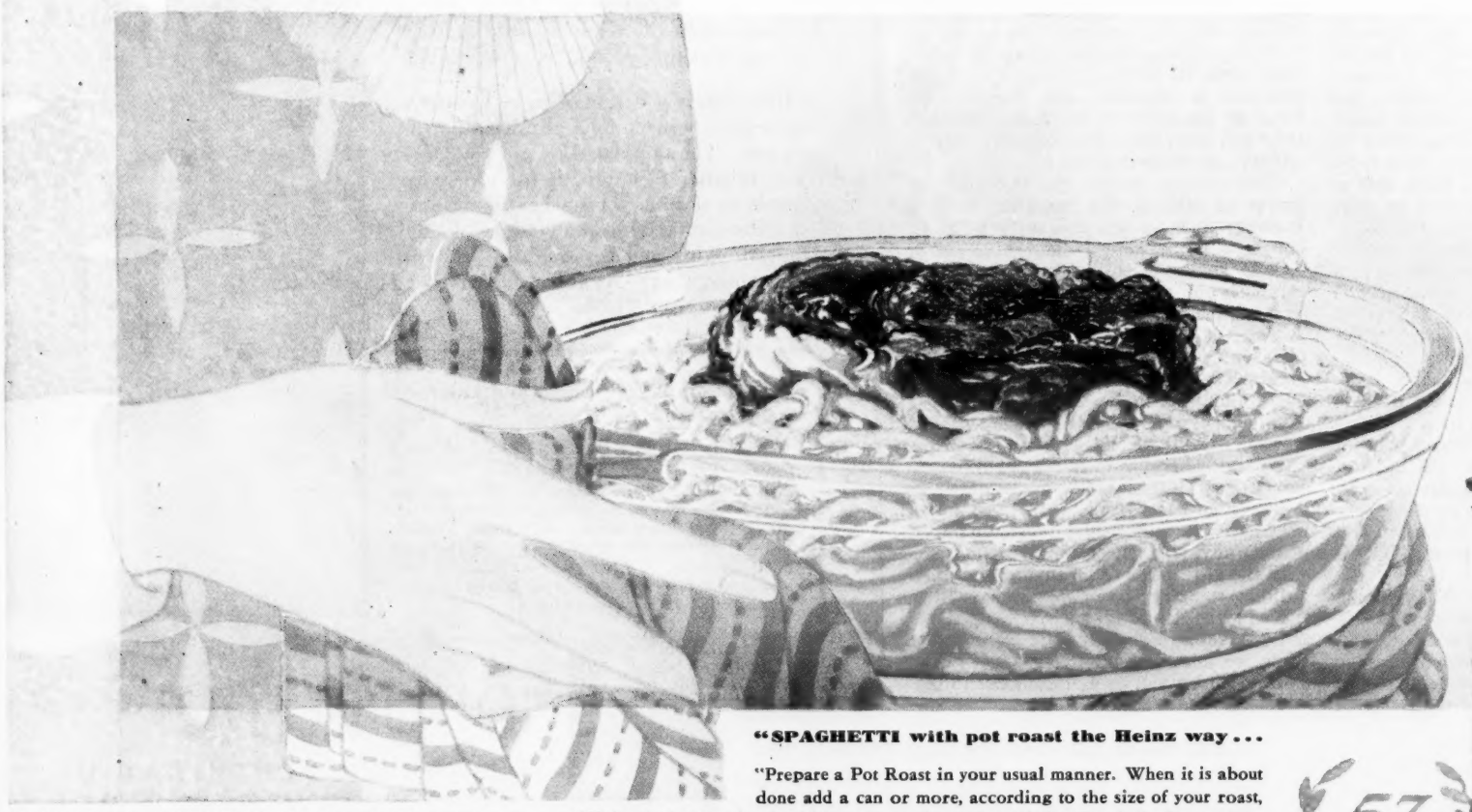
_____

"To turn an ordinary dinner into something quite appetizing and delicious"

"Don't think of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti as merely a luncheon or supper dish, even though it does fit in so beautifully in both these capacities," says Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company. "We've a way to serve it for dinner that capitalizes to the full its wonderful flavor and goodness.

"Just think! Heinz makes the dry spaghetti . . . of the finest wheat . . . and the very air in the drying room is washed. Heinz selected tomatoes are used to make the rich, red, piquant sauce. A special cheese is added for its tang and zest. Spices straight from the Orient—selected there by Heinz representatives—give their delicate flavors. Chefs who are masters of flavor superintend the cooking in Heinz spotless kitchens . . . Why, Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti couldn't be other than delightful!

"Below is the recipe that will turn an ordinary dinner into something quite delicious for you. And you'll find in this way that the Heinz Spaghetti has the happy faculty of passing on its unmatched flavor to the roast." • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, PITTSBURGH, PA.*



Enjoy these radio talks! • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Daylight Time, Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Co. stations.*

"SPAGHETTI with pot roast the Heinz way . . .

"Prepare a Pot Roast in your usual manner. When it is about done add a can or more, according to the size of your roast, of Heinz *Cooked* Spaghetti, which you have already heated. Let the whole simmer for a few minutes, adding water to replace the gravy absorbed by the spaghetti. In serving, place the meat in the center of the platter, and heap the spaghetti around it. This makes a dish that is not only delicious but highly nutritious as well. And, I might mention, you'll find Heinz Sweet Mustard Pickle a very tasty and fitting accompaniment."

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HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

Leisure to Live

(Continued from Page 30)

leisure. For leisure is not necessarily idleness. It may be filled to the brim with difficult tasks, tasks that make not only for personal development but for the betterment of society as a whole.

What are some of the possibilities?

You may be the Sportsman or the Athlete. Gun or fishing rod, racket or bow, saddle or tiller, surfboard or springboard, toboggan or ski—these may be the things that set you tingling. Follow them then.

You may be the Nature Lover or the Scientist. You may feel closest to the rhythm of life when you are walking in fall woods, topping a windy hill at sunset, stalking shy birds, lying on your stomach absorbed in the antics of an ant, or squinting down a microscope. Go to it; I am with you.

You may be the Farmer. To you there may be no smell like the smell of fresh-turned earth, no blush so becoming as the blush on a perfect tomato, no song so pleasant as the cluck of a hen, the low of a heifer, the undertone of a thousand honey-bees' wings, and no mystery story so full of thrills as a seed catalogue. Good. Many a man and woman has found balm for the soul—though seldom for the pocketbook—in spare-time farming. But it can also be done on a small scale in a back lot.

You may be the Artist or the Craftsman. If so you are lucky. To spend your free hours mastering an art or a craft is to satisfy a creative urge as old as the human race. When Winston Churchill found the strain of official duties too terrible during the war, he discovered that he could renew himself by going off alone and painting landscapes. There is a group of American surgeons and doctors who each year hold an exhibition of the work of their leisure hours in painting, sculpture and other arts and crafts.

You may be the Writer, the Musician, the Actor. All these are rich leisure pursuits.

You may be the Engineer or the Mechanic. In this modern world of electric motors, airplanes, automobiles, radio, motorboats and motorized home workshops, the possibilities are numberless.

You may be the Student. Today there is a superfluity of books to suit every taste and degree of scholarship, not to mention encyclopedias, outlines for directed reading, correspondence courses. The student today can be a happy dumpling bobbing around in a red-hot stew of mental adventure.

Or again you may—like me—have the kind of temperament that finds almost all these things fascinating. You may choose to follow not one but half a dozen pursuits in your leisure.

The Amateur Spirit

THIS does not by any means exhaust the list of possible leisure occupations. You may, for example, choose to have a finger in the making of the world, in which case you will spend your leisure as Politician, Reformer, Social Worker, Teacher; there are plenty of movements going on that are glad to get help. You may be primarily a Good Companion; I have known one man—there are very few—who deliberately studied and mastered the art of conversation, and in any group he was the yeast in the dough. Or you may be at heart just a Gypsy and a Hobo. The automobile beats Shanks' mare and Robert Louis Stevenson's donkey, and enables you to lay your camp fire in some different, far-away spot every week-end.

Whatever you do with your leisure, it is worth while to keep and cherish the amateur spirit. Do the thing for its own sake, for the joy you get out of it.

We suffer from the obsession today that everything must be turned to profit. Advertisements urge us to study writing, drawing, handicrafts and what not because these things mean Big Money; or to take this or that correspondence course because it leads to a job at $10,000 a year.

Why doesn't someone urge us to write or draw because these things can be a lot of fun—if you don't have to worry about whether the editor will accept what you offer? Why isn't there a correspondence course aimed to help us master the art of living, to understand the problems of marriage and parenthood, to thread a clear way through the intricacies of human relationships, to evaluate what is worth while and what leads to genuine happiness?

Another thing: To make the most of leisure, it is well to have some sort of plan; not a Plan with a capital P, but a small, shy, unassuming plan.

Adventures in Happiness

THE trouble with a plan is that it tends to become a slave driver. It is not a strait-jacket, meant to hold you rigid. It should be more like an old bath robe that you can wear when you like, leave off, or turn inside out—a thing more useful than handsome.

Happiness is a personal matter. The individual himself feels it. But practically no one can find happiness all by himself. In the home, the use of leisure is a coöperative matter in which the interests and needs of a man, a woman and children are tangled together like the fibers of a rope.

It is this sharing of leisure, this working and thinking together, that make for companionship, understanding, richness of life.

Most outdoor occupations—raising flowers, vegetables, fruit, landscaping, making a rock garden, keeping bees, breeding pigeons—can be shared. So can the handicrafts; there are interruptions and annoyances when you have a youngster working alongside you while you are carpentering or weaving, but also there are ample compensations in that young enthusiasm and accomplishment. Plants, insects, birds and rocks can be studied by two or more as well as by one. A youngster may not be able to give you a fast set of tennis, but you can develop skill together skiing, handling the paddle, shooting arrows, pitching horseshoes. There is a thrill, too, in just meeting a child on his own level and making believe you are all a band of reckless redskins, roving Robin Hoods, or bloodthirsty buccaneers.

Too simple, all this, to have anything to do with the Art of Living? It is surprising what simple things combined will do. My wife mixes up a few simple ingredients—*voilà*, a salad of the most exquisite sort. Beethoven combines some simple sounds and builds a ladder to heaven. The Oriental weaver blends a few simple colors and forms a rug of gorgeousness.

Make a composite of the right things, no matter how simple, and you find yourself suddenly in the middle of a life rich with satisfaction and adventure.

For women with very small children leisure may quite rightly spell mere escape—escape from all the little heterogeneous potterings that are apt to drive the day to a dead end of tangled thoughts and feelings.

But in the end, as the children grow older, there does come the time when she can make of leisure something vital, not a time of suspended animation between a task done and another to be done.

When that time comes, happiest will be that adventure in leisure which promises satisfactions not only for the present day but for the remote tomorrow of old age when leisure increases. And chosen is she among women who has as her comrade in adventure a fellow seeker of the good life, one who believes—somewhat uniquely—that his place, too, is in the home.

Of course you don't! Mother wouldn't feed her little girl the harmful chaff and dirt you find in ordinary bird seed . . ."Why pick on me?" the Canary chirps.

Guard your canary's health and song. Feed him French's Bird Seed—the nourishing, scientifically selected food that gets the same laboratory tests for purity and top quality as any good food for your own table.

And more than that . . . French's Bird Seed is *Air-Washed* to make doubly-sure that all impurities are removed.

Yet, with all this *extra* care, French's Bird Seed costs no more than ordinary bird seed.

Get it from dealers anywhere. Or, send 15¢ (the retail price everywhere) and your dealer's name and address for full-sized package. In every package of French's Bird Seed is a French's Bird Biscuit—FREE.

Tube "A" contains the choicest seed obtainable, just as it is imported. Tube "B" contains sticks, stones, and other foreign matter removed by many siftings. Here is where ordinary processes stop. Tube "C" contains chaff, dust, and fine grit removed by French's exclusive *air-washing* process. Tube "D" is French's Bird Seed—clean and wholesome.

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Know your canary. How to feed him—how to care for him. Get this valuable Canary Book FREE. 42 pages—illustrated. Yours for the asking.

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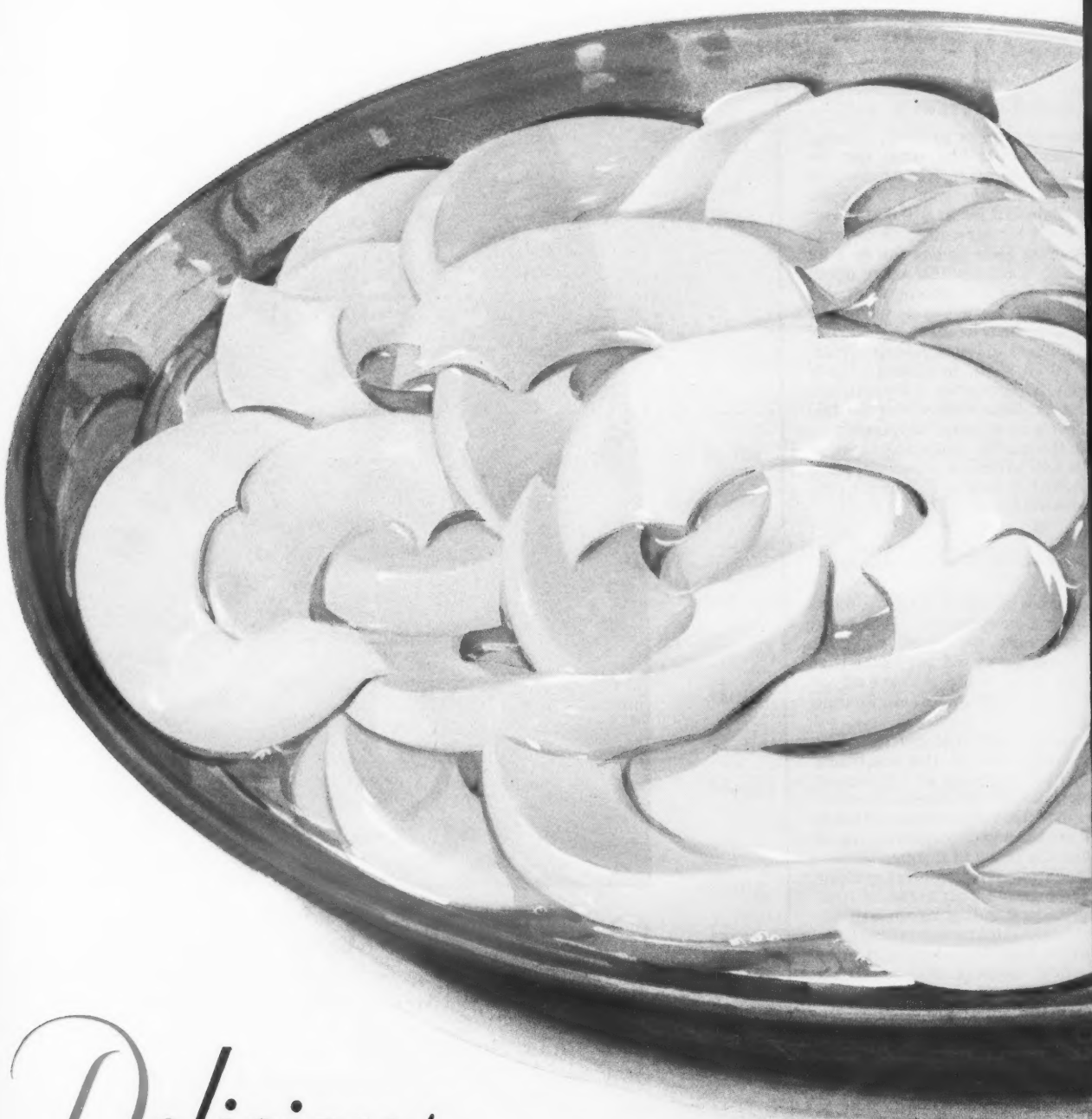

Delicious~

any way you serve them

~and so many ways to serve them, too!

Of course the *easiest* way to serve DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches is in their own rich syrup—just as they come from the DEL MONTE can.

But don't overlook their many other convenient uses. Don't forget the *new* distinction and flavor they add to so many everyday favorites—such as cereals, gelatines, puddings, pies, salads and shortcakes. All without a bit of extra work or bother!

Enjoy sliced peaches—often. But remember DEL MONTE—your promise of selected, tree-ripened fruit—the full, rich flavor of peaches at their best—no matter when or where you buy.

And right now, while you're thinking about it—send for the special DEL MONTE recipe books—describing the dishes shown here and many other simple treats. They're free. Just address Department 143, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Calif.

DEL MONTE *Sliced* PEACHES

The Modern Confessional

(Continued from Page 117)

Young John Wright married when just graduating from high school. He can't earn enough to make such a "swell" home as his Belinda wants and she is far from satisfied and will not help to save, and he wants to know how he can get on with her if she does not change and how he can make her change. He has no minister to turn to and the parents on both sides would say, "We told you so when you would marry so young and ignorant." So he writes to the lady columnist.

Serious Martha writes to know what shall a teacher do whose parents are old and will not leave the farm and insist she shall come back home and live with them and take care of them? She knows there is not a possible position anywhere near the homestead for one of her training and ability. She knows as well that the care of two aged and soon perhaps helpless people would leave no time or strength for other work, even if there were teaching near to do. What shall she do? Insist that they come to her and be taken care of where she can earn and make another home for them? Who will or would or could make them feel at home anywhere but at the farm? Why should she, the unmarried member of the family, be the only one all think should give up not only congenial work, well paid and honorable and with chance for saving for her own old age, when there are other members of the family to do some share of the sacrificial service? She asks the newspaper woman.

And parents, bewildered by the effect of new theories of "freedom" and oppressed with new demands from doctors and teachers for a form of child care more elaborate and expensive than was ever known before, feel the need of this modern and public "confessional."

Many magazines, able to secure expert contributors, lead in a fine sort of guidance in the difficult art of parental training.

To make an anonymous appeal to a stranger who seems to know the things one needs to learn, in a way that need never reveal one's identity or give cause for friends to learn one's secret, seems the most alluring form of getting help. And in consequence many situations, far more serious than any cited above, are given voice in the public press. In cases innumerable a tortured conscience burdened with actual crime—murder, cruelty, theft, long years of deceitful living or gross injustice—finds it necessary to confess. At last such will cry, "I had to tell somebody." They are to be commiserated if they cannot choose a confessor of sympathetic understanding, but must find poor relief in an official of the court, or a stranger in a public journal.

The New Day

THERE is, moreover, a whole range of many-sided group-confessional aids to the puzzled and the anxious, which have sprung up everywhere in our country. The great Parent-Teacher Association, with its programs, and its intimate conferences on how one can do what is decided by the teachers to be right when only one parent is convinced; and what relation has health to character; and how can people pretend to be happy when the marriage turns out a disappointment, in such ways that the children's lives may not be sacrificed; and the whole range of questions that make life so much a puzzle to so many—these societies and agencies are doing in mass conference and intimate group discussions what used to be more privately attempted, if at all.

The child-guidance clinics match on to these volunteer efforts to find the right way of life as they examine the children from the juvenile courts and try to help the anxious parents of the "problem children" still at home. The vocational-guidance teachers in schools, and in societies carrying on that work, as does the Association for Personality Training, and other like group efforts, aim at solving the difficulties connected with the inescapable obligation to earn one's living. The family consultation services of clubs and schools and churches, and the wide range of psychiatric and mental hygiene provision in our large cities; the school nurses and school doctors and visiting teachers, and numerous organizations aiming to help in child care—all show that the modern systems which take the place of the old family and church disciplines are working hard and fast to give aid to those in need.

The churches are now being urged to include in the training of religious ministers actual preparation for this task of personal and family guidance. In the old days the wise minister could help because he knew so intimately the persons and the conditions faced. In this new day the minister must learn many things about personality in general, and the social conditions to which so many individuals are newly exposed. So that we are at last at the point where the modern confessional must be officered and led by a new sort of helper in a new kind of social world, and in this the church must not forget its ancient calling of the cure of souls.

Perfecting the Home

TODAY all is centered upon the child. Many agencies for personal guidance begin in aid to parental success. Many agencies for counsel and help end their mission at the age of eighteen years, when the adolescent begins to be an adult. It is as if no one thought of seeking or offering life guidance until becoming a parent. It is as if the well-being of the on-coming generation was all that is demanding serious consideration. The ringing summons of our President to a White House conference on child health and welfare embodies this focus of attention upon the on-coming generation. Known the world over as a friend and helper of children, President Hoover declares in the initiation of this important movement: "The greatest asset of a race is its children, that their bodily strength and development should prepare them to receive the heritage which each generation must bequeath to the next."

True, but it is a sure instinct that is now leading in academic and nonacademic fields of effort to heroic efforts to fit the generation now coming of age and now undertaking marriage, homemaking and parenthood, to be the fit and competent link between the past and the future life of the race. It may be that the several commissions on education which Secretary Wilbur has appointed at suggestion of President Hoover may yet include such leadership in adult education as may give needed guidance to the men and women, younger or older, who must make the race inheritance to which the children of today will fall heir. We cannot save the children unless we save and perfect the home. We cannot make marriage and the family successful unless those in charge of the children as parents and teachers lead the way. Hence the race culture of the child must include the social guidance of the adult. There is the greatest need for a consultation service, free to all, alluring to the most lonely stranger, having at command the medical doctor, the psychologist, the psychiatric specialist, the mental and social hygiene expert, the teacher, the social worker, the home economist and the minister of religion whose parish is the world, and that such consultation service may be well known in every center of population. This would offer the adequate modern confessional.

"Please tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S
Column on Hair Beauty

No dandruff allowed—says this soap from the pine woods.

Dear Miss Carroll: I have quite a bit of dandruff and lately the hair seems to be coming out more than it should. I used to wash my hair every week or ten days, but this summer a very good friend told me that even oily hair shouldn't be washed oftener than every three weeks. But my hair looks dreadful before the three weeks are up, and my hair seems to come out more than ever. It used to seem better after my shampoos.—J. K. K., Green, Maine.

I can't imagine where that "every-three-weeks" rule started, but it's wrong. And it's especially terrible for anybody with a bad case of dandruff to follow that old superstition. Dandruff is a *germ* disease, and the best weapon against it is immaculate cleanliness.

I'm going to suggest a very radical change. But it is approved by doctors who specialize in the care of the hair.

Here it is—Tonight shampoo your hair with Packer's Tar Soap. Massage the good piney lather well into your scalp until you feel a little tingle. Wash your brush and comb. Repeat this tomorrow night and the next night. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos, until you are washing your hair once a week again.

Packer's Tar Soap has been advised by doctors for years in cases of dandruff. It is gently antiseptic—to conquer those stubborn germs—and the rich pine tar is wonderful for the scalp. In case this treatment sounds like a lot of trouble (it isn't much trouble, really), I'm going to give you a statistic to impress you . . . Doctors say that dandruff is responsible for about 79% of the cases of thinning hair.

If you have any questions to ask me, won't you write me again?

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Jean Carroll: I have always had fine, soft hair, but lately it has been very thin and seems inclined to be rather dry and split on the ends. I'd like to have it thicker, and more glossy and lustrous.—Miss H. M., Brundage, Texas.

To quote a very eminent dermatologist, over-dryness is "a condition which should not be allowed to persist." This famous doctor is chiefly interested in the preservation of people's hair—I must confess that I'm interested in the *looks*, too. So I'm glad to say that there is a special shampoo for dry hair which is *good* for your hair, and which also makes it *look nicer*.

This special shampoo is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo made by the makers of the famous Packer's Tar Soap. This lovely liquid shampoo is a pure vegetable oil soap, and it feels as gentle on the scalp as a nice fluffy cloud would. It contains soothing, softening glycerine that leaves your hair much softer and shinier than usual.

In addition to this special shampoo, I suggest that you get out your hair brush and brush and brush, to wake up those lazy oil glands. I'm sure you'll find that your hair will be healthier, and you'll get that lustre you're asking for.

What shall I do for oily hair?

Dear Miss Carroll: My hair has an over-abundance of natural oil, and to keep it looking half way decent, I have to shampoo it once a week. Most people insist that I shampoo it too often. What is your opinion? —A. J. B., Joliet, Illinois.

A shampoo once a week is not too often for oily hair. And will you forgive me if I say that this idea belongs back in the days when people thought baths were harmful?

You can shampoo oily hair oftener than once a week, if you want to. I'd only suggest that you use a shampoo especially made for oily hair—you'll find it a great help. Such a shampoo is Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. It has an astringent quality which tends to coax the over-active oil glands back to normal.

This special "oily-hair shampoo" is also a marvelous cleanser. It leaves your hair so extra-specially clean that all the little natural lights show up.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m., Eastern Standard Time (11:45 a. m., Eastern Daylight Time), over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

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Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3).

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

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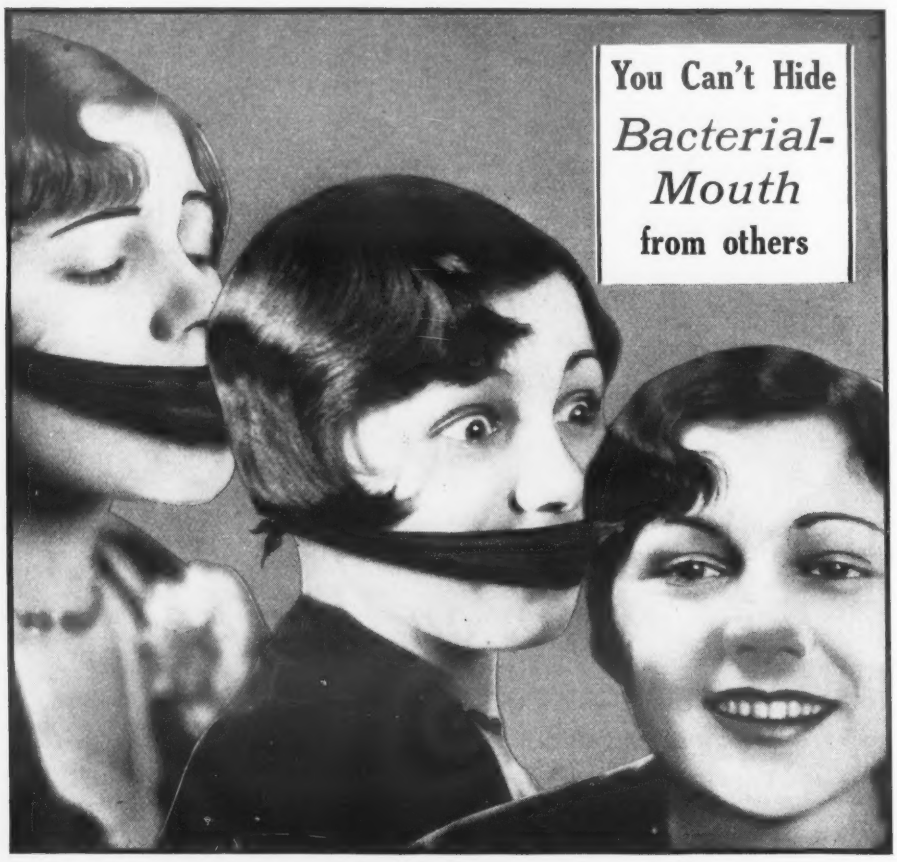
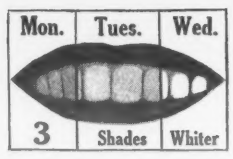


Teeth Whiter



3 shades in 3 days

when this ugly condition is removed

EVEN the most unobservant people notice Bacterial-Mouth and the most forgetful always remember its presence. For there's nothing more offensive to the eye than unwholesome gums and teeth that are stained an ugly cloudy yellow, marred by decay. This condition is due to germs that sweep into the mouth and defy the ordinary toothpaste. They attack teeth and gums. Kolynos kills these germs and so removes Bacterial-Mouth with remarkable result.

Use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique for 3 days—a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, morning and night. Then look at your teeth—fully 3 shades whiter.

In 10 days the improvement will be so marked you will never again say that white teeth are a gift received only by a fortunate few.

Dentists have long advocated the Dry-Brush Technique as the one way to use a dental cream full strength and keep brush bristles stiff enough to clean every tooth surface and massage gums properly. Kolynos permits this approved technique.

This highly concentrated, double-strength dental cream is unique in action. When it enters the mouth it becomes a surging, antiseptic foam that makes wetting the toothbrush unnecessary.

You can feel Kolynos work. It foams into the mouth and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice.

Germs that cause Bacterial-Mouth and lead to stain, decay and gum diseases are instantly killed. They vanish and the entire mouth is purified. *Kolynos kills 190 million germs in 10 seconds, 424 million in 60 seconds.*

This amazing Kolynos Foam removes food particles that ferment and cause decay . . . neutralizes acids . . . washes away tartar and the unsightly mucoid coating that clouds teeth.

Easily and quickly, it cleans and polishes teeth down to the naked white enamel—without injury. And for 3 hours after each brushing this cleansing, purifying process continues.

So long as you use the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique, teeth will remain gleaming white and sound, gums will be firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail this coupon for a generous trial tube, *sent free.*

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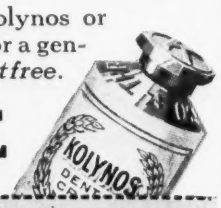

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The following leaflets, also by Dr. S. Josephine Baker, included in Postnatal Letters, may be had separately:

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SUB-DEB BOOKLETS

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, see page 89.

PATTERNS

Authentic Paris Patterns may be obtained from stores, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, French Building, 261 Fifth Ave., New York City. All patterns, 65 cents each.

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Children's	25
Lingerie	25
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Order the following booklets directly from the JOURNAL Fashion Bureau:

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42,819† Dentists have written for THE BITE TEST

†audited figures as of Feb. 2, 1930

FREE Bite Test prescribes the type of brush which fits your dental curve

UNLESS you know whether your dental curve is **U**, **U**, or **V**, you can expect trouble with your molars (back-teeth).

Fifty per cent of all dental distress starts there. Because the very brush, which cleans straight front-teeth perfectly, may only half-reach and half-clean the curved back-teeth. To insure healthy molars, you must have the correct-type brush, scientifically designed for your individual dental curve.

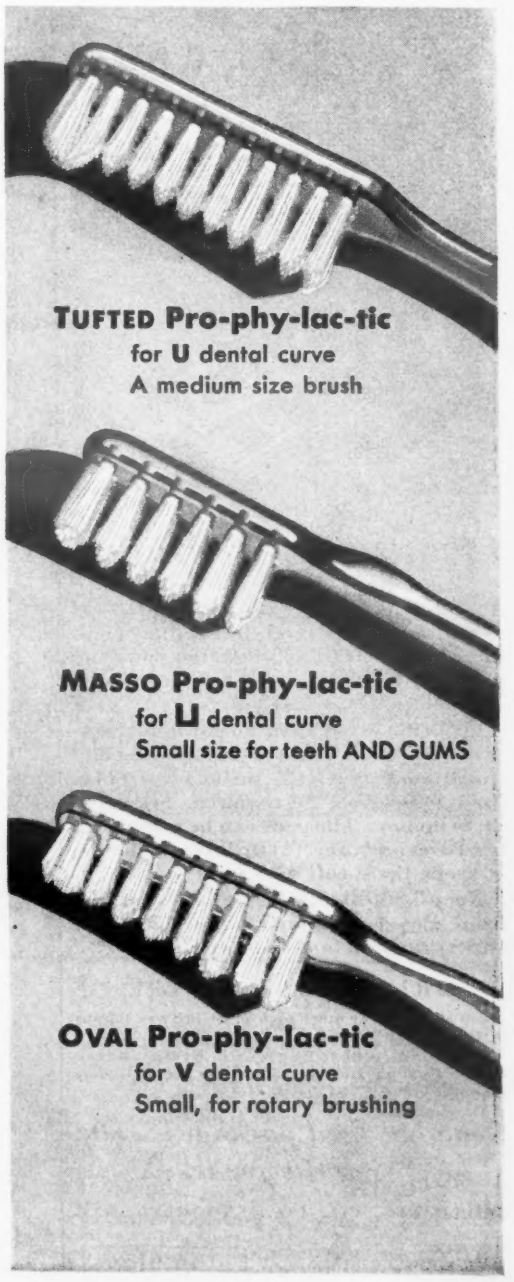
Now, without the bother and cost of molds and plaster casts, there is a 30-second way to find out which curve is yours. A scientific way developed by Pro-phy-lac-tic, tooth brush authorities for forty-two years. It is the new way approved by dentists; 42,819 of them have written us for it.

Step into the store of any modern-minded druggist, who realizes that *one* shape of brush cannot possibly fit *three* different dental curves, and you will see the green Pro-phy-lac-tic display cabinet. Take from it one of the free folders. Bite into the sanitary dental wax. Or send the coupon below for enough Bite Tests for your family, and take the test at home.

Scientifically, you determine your dental curve. Automatically, it selects for you the correct shape of tooth brush to reach and clean thoroughly every surface of every tooth.

All three types of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes are today's finest productions of the brush maker's art. The fruit of forty-two years' experience is apparent in the shape, spacing, and unusual resilience of the quality bristle; in the gleaming handles, in the ever-anchored tufts.

Each brush is sterilized, and reaches you untouched by hands, in the clean yellow carton. In all colors and hardnesses, 50c. Youth's brush, 35c. Baby size, 25c. Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.



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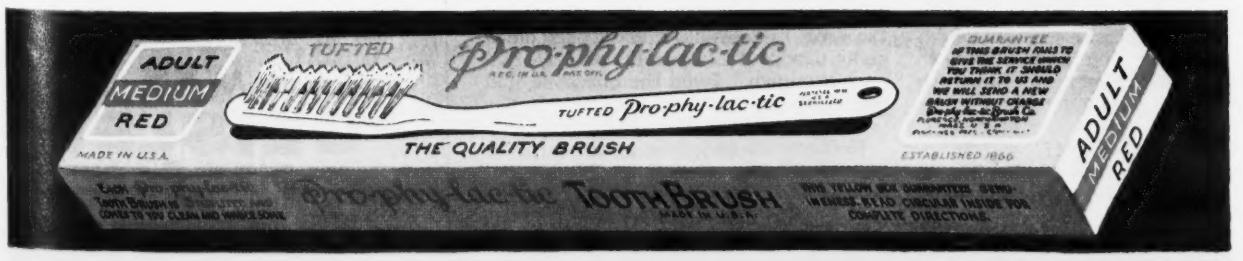

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Cleans as if by Magic!

As if by magic, Brillo cleans ALUMINUM—agate—glass—wood—linoleum . . . In fact, these soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap clean practically everything in the kitchen.

(1) Brillo saves time. No powders! Simply pass Brillo over dirty surfaces and dirt vanishes at once. (2) Brillo saves work. No "elbow grease" is required. (3) Brillo saves money. The pads can be rinsed and used over and over. (4) Brillo saves hands. It keeps them soft and dainty.

Keep Brillo handy. Use it for everything from glasses to iron-wear. Millions of thrifty modern housewives do!

BRILLO GUARANTEE

A new aluminum or other cooking utensil free for any BRILLO fails to clean.

BRILLO is sold at Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10¢ and 25¢ stores; and at leading grocery, hardware and department stores.

Generous trial package . . . 10¢ . . . write for it!

BRILLO MFG. CO., INC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

IT'S NEW—the Brillo rubber pad-holder. In separate package with Brillo Pad and Brillo Soap. Send for it—10¢.

4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap **10¢** L.H.J.-5-30

The Shorn Lamb

(Continued from Page 5)

queue of a theater pit, while he played the ukulele. He was rather good on the ukulele. Unfortunately he had pawned his instrument a month ago in New York.

"Have you ever pawned anything, Atherton?"

Atherton flashed him a queer glance and, instead of answering the ironical question, asked him if he would have a drink. The things were set out on a table.

"Will you help yourself?"

Buddy crossed the room. "And you?"

"NOT for me. I've had my allowance for tonight, a glass of port, at the club. Doctor's orders you know."

Buddy came back with his drink.

"What's the matter? Same old heart?"

"Same old heart. Much worse, though."

"I'm sorry, old man," said Buddy sincerely. "It's awful rough luck. You with all your success, and—and the world at your feet ——"

Atherton's fingers drummed nervously on the arm of his chair.

"Yes. Yes. But there's no need to talk about me. You want money? How much?"

"If you could lend me a hundred pounds ——"

"I can do that," said Atherton.

He went over to his writing table and, taking his check book from a drawer which he unlocked by a key attached to a chain-hung bunch, made out the check and tore it from the stub. The book he relocked in the drawer. The check he left on the table.

"That," said he, rising, "ought to keep you from present starvation and give you a fresh start. Make the most of it, for it's the last you'll ever get from me."

"If that's your line, you can keep your money," said Buddy, with a flash of anger.

"What line did you expect me to take with you?"

"I thought perhaps bygones might be bygones. God knows they were tragic enough." Buddy paused, and met his brother's eyes fixed on him in cold hatred. He went on: "I thought perhaps you might have—well, not forgotten—but forgiven. I know I treated you badly—damnably—but I couldn't help it. Neither could she. You didn't love her. How the devil could a cold fish like you love anybody? She didn't love you. When we bolted you suffered in your vanity. Yes, I know, it was a nasty jar. You looked an utter perfect fool. I know what you felt. It was awful, I admit. But, as I say, you suffered in your vanity. When she died I suffered in my soul. Suffering you can't conceive. At any rate, as far as that's concerned, we're quits."

ATHERTON passed his hand over his thinning brown hair in a manner so like Buddy's habitual gesture, that the latter was startled.

"You'd better take the check and go. Perhaps you'll get what you want with it and come and see me tomorrow afternoon. Will you?"

"Of course," said Buddy.

"My servants are out tonight. But I ought to warn you—Bronson is still with me. Do you remember Bronson?"

Buddy repeated the telephone conversation.

"He took my voice for yours," he said.

He turned to the side table and helped himself to another drink.

"You'd better give it up," said Atherton, "if you can't exercise self-control."

Buddy laughed. "You haven't changed. You still talk like Ernest in The Swiss Family Robinson. I wonder what you've got out of life."

"And what have you got?"

"As much fun as I could find money to pay for. Lord, if I had your money and my experience ——"

He laughed again, rather loudly; then suddenly checked himself. Atherton had risen from his chair, and was confronting him, with suspicion and hate in his eyes.

"My money—so that's what you've come for, is it? You heard I was a crock and thought you'd be in at the death ——"

"You're crazy, man," cried Buddy.

"A minute or so ago I was fool enough to weaken—to begin to wonder whether after all I was wrong. But I'm not. You're the same wastrel you've always been. I was ass enough to think I might change my will—oh, yes, I've made my will. And not a penny for you. Damn you. Coming here like a vulture ——"

Buddy caught him by the shoulder.

"Stop, you fool," he shouted. "I wouldn't touch your money. Here's your beastly check."

He threw it on the ground, and made for the door. His hand was on the knob, when he heard a thud behind him and swerving round, saw his brother a huddled heap on the floor, the check within an inch of the fingers of an outstretched hand.

After a few moments Buddy rose from his knees. Heart and pulse had stopped beating. Atherton was dead. He had learned enough during the far off four years of war to know when a man was dead or alive. Atherton was dead.

He drew the body into a seemly posture, and fetched a cushion for the head. He stood, staring down.

WHAT should he do? The servants were out. A doctor? He had not been in London for ten years and knew not the whereabouts of any doctor. He must go out to the landing and summon the lift man.

He bent down again. There was no doubt. Atherton was dead. The lift man was the only ready help.

Atherton's body lay on the edge of the hearth rug, between the back of the writing table and the fire. Over the mantelpiece was a mirror. By chance Buddy caught sight of his own face, as pale and drawn as that of the man who lay on the floor, and shudderingly identical with it. Why, he himself might be lying there—dead.

The flash of a wild idea stunned him for a moment, like an electric current of high voltage. He stood gaping down at the dead man—his own image. The two were indistinguishable one from the other, alike in build, feature, voice . . . even in the thinning brown hair. Recovering from the shock of the idea, he wrestled with the fantastic temptation. Why not? He had nothing to lose. All to gain. It would be the maddest adventure even in his absurd life of a thousand chances. Wealth and ease could be his in a few minutes, and to retain them only a matter of luck and mother wit.

He had done his best to make peace with Atherton. Atherton would have none of it; he had turned the twin-brotherly bond into a tie of hatred. There was no sacrilegious betrayal of affection in that which he was tempted to do.

IT WAS done with an agonized exhilaration of speed. At any moment the servants might return. And he was aware of the supreme legal importance of the exact hour of sudden death.

At last, after desperate physical exertion, the new Sir Atherton Drake wiped the sweat from his brow, and looked down on his dead and disreputable self. He had been thorough. Even the check he had placed in the old letter case now in the breast pocket of the man on the floor.

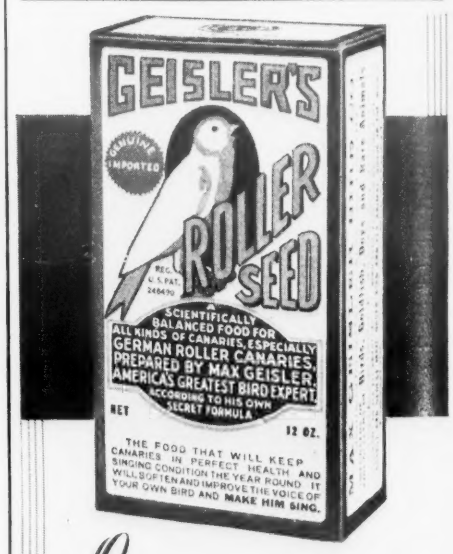
He went out and, crossing the carpeted strip of landing, pressed the lift button.

(Continued on Page 149)

"MEAT — MERE COOKING CAN'T GIVE YOU FLAVOR LIKE THIS . . .

"No, you're not such an appetizing morsel, Mr. Meat, just from the roasting or broiling. It takes more than heat alone to give you the taste that we men hanker for. It's this sprinkle of A-1 Sauce that does the trick—that makes you a downright delicious mouthful. For A-1 is the sauce that's made for meats . . . and fish, too . . . a rich, thick, savory table sauce that's made for you—and made for me."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 35, Hartford, Connecticut.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SCIENTIFICALLY BALANCED FOOD FOR ALL KINDS OF CANARIES, ESPECIALLY GERMAN ROLLER CANARIES. PREPARED BY MAX GEISLER, AMERICA'S GREATEST BIRD EXPERT ACCORDING TO HIS OWN SECRET FORMULA
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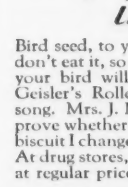
THE FOOD THAT WILL KEEP CANARIES IN PERFECT HEALTH AND SINGING CONDITION THE YEAR ROUND. IT WILL SOFTEN AND IMPROVE THE VOICE OF YOUR OWN BIRD AND MAKE HIM SING.

Let your Canary tell you the Difference in Seed

Bird seed, to you or anyone, looks alike. You don't eat it, so you can't tell the difference. But your bird will quickly voice his approval of Geisler's Roller Seed, in sweet, full-throated song. Mrs. J. Mealy, Popular, Wis., says: "To prove whether it was your roller seed and bird biscuit I changed, and my bird stopped singing." At drug stores, department stores and pet shops at regular prices.



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ESTABLISHED IN 1888

To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

Remove film twice every day

Film that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE . . . a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

It will cost you nothing for 10 days' supply of this special film-removing tooth paste. Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

HAVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of pyorrhea? — spongy, pale, soft gums, frequent bleeding. Or aches and sensitiveness to hot and cold drinks that usually spell decay? If you have, it is time to see your dentist.

It is also time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay results from germs—pyorrhea from germs and tartar. Now germs can be effectively combated by a special method that removes from teeth the cloudy film in which they breed. To show you what happens when germ-laden film is removed regularly, please accept a free supply of the scientific tooth paste, Pepsodent.

80% of common dental ills now laid to germs

Certain germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; still another kind in trench mouth. Authorities believe that 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

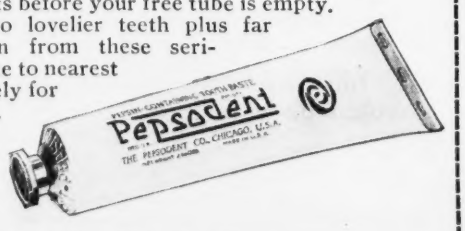
Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

When shall we send your supply?

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.



Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program

AMOS 'n' ANDY

Have Become America's Favorite Radio Entertainers

Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Children will enjoy them too. Tune in every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.

7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
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FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

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Dept. 115, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

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Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,
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Only one tube to a family 3381

She has made a home *bigger than the shadow of her house*

"WOMAN'S place is in the home"—so they often say. But a *home* is bigger than a house! Whether it be a cottage or a castle, shelter-walls no longer mark the boundary of a woman's sphere. The modern wife and mother refuses to let monotony of housekeeping interfere with the art of home-making.

Mrs. A. W. Thomas,
author of home economics essay winning national award in 1928, writes:

"I am a happy wife. I am a happy mother. I send my washing to the laundry. The laundry saves time, saves health, saves money, saves clothes. These reasons should be sufficient to convince the housewife that her laundry is a community blessing."

For home-making *is* an art—an art to which the modern woman is happily devoting her talents and her time. She is her husband's confidant and companion. She is her children's playmate. She is "up" on the latest topics—music, pictures, books, the theatre. Her conversation is as sparkling as her radiant personality. And all this is possible because she *has* resolved never to let out-of-date drudgery drown her dreams.

This modern home manager has banished old fashioned washday. For she knows full well that washday is still the greatest of all those burdens that take a woman's time and sap her strength. It consumes one whole day each week; and often takes the best part of a second morning.

Imagine what *you* could do with those precious hours wasted in a washtub! Suppose we plan now some of those interesting, stimulating, youth bringing pleasures and pastimes that you may enjoy in that extra day each week. Just think, fifty-two of these days every year—more than seven full weeks to spend for pleasure and profit.

The modern laundry offers you leisure—leisure to make these dreams come true. A telephone call will bring a laundry routeman to explain the various services. Begin *this week* to enjoy freedom from old-fashioned washday.

LET THE **Laundry** DO IT

SPONSORED BY THE LAUNDRYOWNERS NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA

(Continued from Page 146)

Immediately afterward the jangling vibration told him of the lift's ascent. The gates swung open. The lift man, seeing him bareheaded, in evening dress, queried: "Yes, Sir Atherton?"

Buddy beckoned him across the landing to the open door of the flat.

"My brother—you brought him up I think, about an hour ago. . . . Bronson and his wife are out. He's dead. A heart attack, I think. I don't quite know what to do."

The lift man followed Buddy into the library and saw lying on the floor the dead body of the remembered brother of Sir Atherton Drake.

"Have you rung up the doctor, Sir Atherton?"

"Not yet," said Buddy, sinking in a chair. "I sent for you first. It has been a great shock. I wish you'd do it for me, like a good fellow."

"Doctor Selous, isn't it, sir?"

"Of course," said Buddy.

Selous. He must remember the name.

THE lift man turned up the doctor's number in the telephone book and called for it through the instrument on the writing table.

"Hello. . . . Doctor Selous? Is the doctor in?" He turned to Buddy—"Yes, Sir Atherton?"

"I'll come to the telephone," said Buddy.

He conversed with the doctor. Told his simple story. His voice was unquestioned. Doctor Selous would come round at once.

"I'm afraid I must go and attend to the lift," said the lift man.

Buddy nodded and thanked him, and when he had left, his eyes scanned the open page of the telephone book. There was the reference: "Charles Selous, M.D., 219 Harley Street." A taxi would bring him to Park Lane in five or ten minutes. These must be employed in exploring the flat.

He found the arrangements much as he expected. There was a little sitting room which in a married household would have been the library, and the present library a drawing-room. There was a large and pleasant dining room. There was a large bedroom, obviously Atherton's, with adjacent bathroom. Across a passage were a couple of bedrooms furnished with perfunctory formality, and obviously seldom or never used, with a bathroom between. Beyond were the kitchen and servants' quarters. In the master's domain there was no sign of feminine intrusion. In regaining the library he became conscious that the note struck in the room was one of unimaginative bodily comfort.

The door of a cabinet next the fireplace stood ajar. It contained an orderly mass of printed papers, and one little medicine vial. This he examined: "The Drops. Three in a wineglassful of water, when needed." Evidently kept there, ready to hand, in case of a heart attack. As he held it, his glance fell on a wineglass set beside the decanters on the silver tray.

A SUDDEN thought flashed through his brain. He himself, Buddy Drake, in the eyes of the doctor and his servants, would be a sufferer from some heart trouble, something ending in cardiis; he who was as tough and sound as any Marathon runner. He stood aghast at the idea. The part he had set himself to play was beginning to present unforeseen difficulties. Yet, perforce, he must play it.

He had just poured a drop of the red liquid into the wineglass and squirted into it a dash of soda water, when the doorbell rang.

He admitted a fresh-faced, kindly man who beamed at him through gold-rimmed spectacles.

"My dear fellow, this is a dreadful thing," said he, taking off his overcoat. "Tell me all about it."

"There's nothing much to tell," replied Buddy nervously, feeling as though he were speaking his opening lines before an uncertain audience. "It's my twin brother whom I hadn't seen or heard of for ten years. He came unexpectedly, dead-broke and ill and asked me for assistance. I did what I could, and then suddenly he fell down"—he snapped his fingers—"just like that. You can't do anything, of course. The poor fellow is dead—but I had to send for you."

HE OPENED the door for the doctor, who strode in and uncovered the face of the dead man.

"My God!" he cried, leaping back.

"Yes," said Buddy, "there was a strange resemblance between us."

"Resemblance—you were almost identical."

The doctor bent down and made his examination. Yes. The family trouble. His father, Sir Michael, had died of it.

"You had no knowledge of it, Drake?"

"None. He seemed strong enough when I saw him last. But, as I say, that was years ago."

They went over the ground, as men will, for a few minutes.

"There's really nothing to be done—from my point of view," said Doctor Selous, "except the sad, dreary formalities. Of course I'll help you through them as far as I can."

"You were always the kindest of men," said Buddy.

"It's you that I'm concerned about. This must have been a horrible shock. How are you feeling?"

"I was upset. That goes without saying. But I came through it better than I should have thought possible."

The doctor's eye fell on the vial and the wineglass with its pink residue of dose, and he waved a hand toward them.

"Quite right in the circumstances, but don't overdo it."

Buddy gave him the necessary assurance. He wasn't going to stimulate a perfectly sound heart.

They talked for a while and then the door opened and a middle-aged man appeared, clad in the dark-gray tweed out-of-doors suit of the well-to-do serving man. He stood in the doorway.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Atherton. I thought ——"

"Come in, Bronson," said Buddy, "I am glad you are here. I want you."

III.

THE early nightmare was over. Doctor Selous had long since gone. Bronson's wife, a woman, apparently, of all the efficiencies, had taken charge of reverential rites. Sir Atherton Drake, sixth baronet, to all the world henceforward Brotherton Drake, lay in everlasting peace, on the bed in one of the calm and cold spare rooms. Everything had been done in decency and order. And Brotherton, alias Buddy Drake, to all the world henceforward, Sir Atherton Drake, sixth baronet, sat before the library fire, half stupefied by the happenings of the past few hours.

It was three o'clock in the morning.

He had gone alone into the room and gazed down on the inscrutably serene features of his counterpart, seeking in them he scarce knew what. By all the traditions, by nearly all precedents, he and the dead man should have been knit together in the closest bonds of sympathy and affection. Yet all their lives they had lived apart, almost labeled "The Good Twin" and "The Bad Twin"; and the ways of each had been incomprehensible to the other. He had shivered in the room bare as a sepulcher.

His conscience pricked him now and then. In assuming Atherton's personality was he doing him a second great wrong? In what way? Was he robbing Atherton's heirs? Impossible. Atherton had neither chick nor child. Would he be injuring his good name? With the chance provided him, Buddy could live as clean and honorable a

INA CLAIRE, *brilliant Pathé comedienne, acknowledged the smartest dressed woman on Stage and Screen*

The same hosiery styles worn by Screen Stars and shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York stores — are available at Allen-A dealers the country over. Priced from $1.25 to $2.50 the pair. The same hosiery styles are made and sold in Canada.

New Beauty of Leg

comes with this notably improved hosiery

HAVE you tried this newly developed hosiery which Screen Stars have found glorifies even their perfectly proportioned legs? A revelation awaits you . . . Improved in three unique ways (illustrated below), newfound perfection in shapeliness is attained. The knee becomes rounder. The leg more symmetrical. The ankle slenderer. No other hosiery even remotely approaches the lovely effect . . . Allen-A is now presenting this improved hosiery in the new "4000" series. Including an extra-fine gauge, all-silk chiffon with Panelcurve Heel; and a glorious Service Sheer with Panelcurve Heel. All with double Picot Tops in two-toned effect and smartest Parisian-sponsored shades. $1.95 the pair.

Other Allen-A styles $1.25 to $2.50. THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, *Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.*

Allen-A HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

1—*Fashioning of the knee eliminates ugly "bagging."*

2—*Special fashioning enhances the curve noticeably.*

3—*Made smaller at the ankle, a slenderizing effect is gained.*

Famous
long-wearing
Allen-A
Children's
Hosiery
New Spring styles
25c to 75c

HERE, mother, are charming, new Allen-A hosiery styles for your child—equal to marbles, roller skating and other games that raise havoc with most hosiery.

In silk and rayon, lisle and rayon—three-quarter length, five-eighth length and ankle socks—you will find just the right style for the little tot, boy or girl.

Allen-A dealers are displaying this famous hosiery in a wealth of patterns—plain and fancy. From 25c to 75c the pair. Try them now—and save much darning. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

Allen-A Underwear for big Boys is made exactly like Allen-A Underwear for Men. Athletic Suits and Shirts and Shorts. Also waist suits for little Boys.

life as any man. Was he posing before society as a man of bogus title?

It was only at this point of his reflection that the grotesque humor of the situation occurred to him.

In spite of all the solemnities he had to break into half-hysterical laughter. By his brother's death the baronetcy devolved automatically on himself. Until he died he would be indubitably Sir Brotherton Drake, seventh baronet.

He was stealing no title.

Eventually he fell asleep in an armchair before the fire.

The servants awakened him at dawn and brought him tea. Bronson prepared a bath, and set clothes for the day, a dark suit and a black tie. At eight he breakfasted. Later came a discreet man, with necessary papers to be filled up, and a notebook for the entering of instructions. There was a family vault in a Hampshire churchyard, where with many other departed Drakes his father and mother lay. Atherton should lie with his fathers, said Buddy.

Presently Doctor Selous ran in, on an anxious flying visit.

"You must clear out," said he. "Staying here will get on your nerves. It can't do any good, and your nerves will do your heart a devil of a lot of harm. Go down to Newstead for a day or two, and take the car over from there to Hillthorpe for the funeral."

NOW Newstead was Atherton's little country place—somewhere in Hampshire. What it was like, what set of servants ran it, Buddy didn't know.

He put aside the suggestion. Newstead was too far. Look at the November rain. No.

"Perhaps as well," said the doctor. "By the way, how's the neuritis?"

He touched Buddy's arm and Buddy replied vaguely; "About the same."

"Anyhow, don't sleep here," said the doctor. "Take a room at a hotel—Claridge's—or the club."

"That's a much better idea," cried Buddy. "I'll sleep out."

Atherton Drake was one of those men who chain themselves to a bunch of keys. Buddy who couldn't chain himself to anything had always regarded keys as forces malignantly inimical. No sooner had they turned locks than they either broke the mechanism or they vanished. For years Buddy had not possessed a key. He believed in the simplification of life. But now he had been chained by Bronson to Atherton's bunch; and what they opened he knew not.

One thing, however, must be opened, and that was the drawers of the writing table. They must contain information essential to the understanding of Atherton's affairs. As yet he knew nothing about them. Suddenly confronted by this blank wall of ignorance he stood aghast. For a few moments he cursed his act of insanity, now practically irremediable. He was floundering into a misty morass, with pitfalls at every step. What did he know of the Elijah whose mantle he had so crazily usurped? Little more than nothing. Yet that little was accurate, since it comprised the facts originally drafted by Atherton himself, and edited by him, edition after edition, in Who's Who. Buddy had copied it in New York and the sheet of paper was in his old letter case.

ATHERTON had retired from politics, having been beaten in the last General Election, up to which time he had held minor office in Coalition and Conservative Governments. He had published three or four scholarly books: The Sociology of Periclean Athens, Longinus and His Epoch. Buddy's comments on this bibliography were modern, succinct and profane. Who was Longinus?

This, after all, was by the way. Until he opened those drawers the essential problem would remain unsolved: How did Atherton earn his living? How, with a patrimony equal to his own, had he managed to lead a life of luxury, keeping up this flat in Park Lane, and a place in the country—"Newstead Park, Newstead, Hampshire," so please you—according to Who's Who? The salaries of Parliamentary Secretaries are modest; the stipend, honorarium, or whatever it is called, of four hundred a year as Member of Parliament, is frittered away, in a constituency, on appeals for funds by every conceivable charity—The Broken-winded New Forest Trombone Players' Benevolent Society; the Hampshire Unexpectant Mothers' League—Buddy thought he knew all about it. . . . Anyhow, there was no money to be made out of English politics. Also books about ancient Greek epochs couldn't possibly be best sellers.

WELL, there was a bunch of keys, and there was a set of half a dozen locked drawers.

It was just after lunch. He rang for Bronson and gave his orders. To personal callers, telephone callers, he was out. Bronson might receive messages and deliver them when summoned. His privacy for the rest of the afternoon must be inviolate.

"Yes, Sir Atherton—but, pardon me, sir, if Mrs. Flower should ring up?"

"I don't care whether it's the Queen of Rumania or Joan of Arc," cried Buddy, "I'm not in."

"Yes, Sir Atherton," said Bronson in a flat voice.

He went out, but the flatness of the tone struck Buddy's sensitive ear. He had made a mistake. The correct Atherton wouldn't have dragged in Joan of Arc. And who, in the name of the fantastic, was Mrs. Flower? That didn't matter. The immediate future offered him a surfeit of food for speculation.

He found the key and opened the drawer from which Atherton had taken the check book on the previous evening. It contained also a bank pass book, a set of passed checks held together by a rubber band, and neatly docketed bundles of correspondence. The pass book showed a credit balance of more than five thousand pounds. The entries on the credit side were mainly that of dividends on investments. Here and there as he turned over the pages appeared cash entries of large sums. The debit side also showed payments of large amounts. On reference to the canceled checks, he found that the payments were made to Messrs. Burton, Thane & Company, of Throgmorton Street, and a casual glance at a set of docketed letters informed him that the latter were Atherton's stockbrokers.

He opened the other drawers and found many interesting documents. One dated a few weeks back was an autograph list of investments with the current market price attached. The total value was £198,000.

Buddy blinked at the figures.

HE WENT through tidy masses of correspondence. Some of it related to the upkeep of Newstead Park; some of it to financial transactions in which his vagabond mind groped blindly; some of it was couched in equally unintelligible legal phraseology.

The most startling find was a four-fold parchment document, heavily engraved in black ink, which purported to be the Last Will and Testament of Sir Atherton Drake, Baronet. It was dated about a year before. Buddy opened it with shaky fingers. Atherton was dead. His estate belonged to his beneficiaries. Buddy felt physically sick. It hadn't occurred to him that he was committing fraud on a colossal scale.

Disentangled from legal verbiage the following testamentary dispositions grew clear to his astounded mind:

Three hundred a year for life to his manservant, Augustus Bronson.

Newstead Park and a capital sustentation fund of £50,000 to be administered

(Continued on Page 152)

Try PARSONS' in Your Bath, Too!

You'll be surprised to see how just a little PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA in your bath softens the water, and makes you feel so thoroughly clean, immaculate and refreshed. And then you'll realize *why* PARSONS' will help you clean everything in your home so easily, quickly and safely.

PARSONS' cuts grease, loosens dirt, makes laundry snowy white. Use it for cleaning all fabrics, surfaces and utensils—such as . . .

dishes rugs painted walls
floors windows bathtubs
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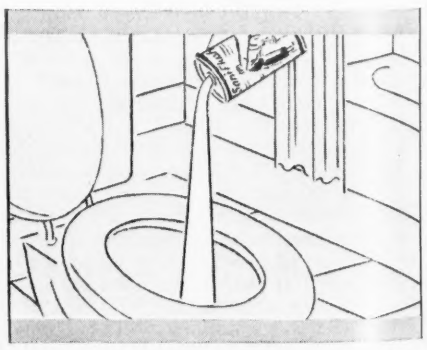
At all Grocers and 4 sizes *Department Stores from 15c up*

PARSONS' HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Use it wherever you use soap and water

All germs...all dirt...swiftly FLUSHED away

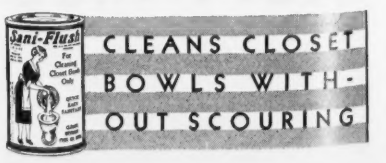


NO LONGER need the modern housewife perform that most unpleasant of all tasks—scrubbing an unclean toilet bowl.

Such a thing is old-fashioned now. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush and watch the toilet grow spotless before your eyes—snow-white. And you have the satisfaction of knowing that this simple operation provides perfect sanitation, killing all germs, eliminating all odors and reaching even to the hidden trap which no brush can touch.

Free yourself from household drudgery. Sani-Flush is sold by grocery, drug and hardware stores in convenient punch-top cans, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELO—*a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

THERE ARE MANY delightful ways of celebrating a birthday, and giving a party for a group of friends is one of the most popular. The party which Mr. George Eastman and his Company are planning for the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Kodak is unique, and the guest list is to be made up of boys and girls who attain the age of twelve during the year in which it reaches the half-century mark.

Instead of coming together to play games and eat ice cream and cake to appease the appetite, each guest is to receive a Golden Anniversary camera and film by means of which he will be able to satisfy and develop his appreciation of the beautiful things of nature and make lasting records. Thus, he will be a guest at that delightful sort of party which never ends; and as the years pass he will be united with the other guests in a common interest, and with his parents continue to wish his hosts many happy returns of the birthday through the pleasure which they have so freely and thoughtfully given their young friends.

Grace Coolidge

FOR PARTICULARS OF THE EASTMAN ANNIVERSARY GIFT, TURN TO THE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE

FROCKS PAJAMAS ENSEMBLES

—achieve the utmost in smartness and distinction in Skinner's Silks.

Soft pastel shades . . . brilliant evening tones . . . woven to interpret the long, graceful lines of the mode . . . and each carrying the assurance of something everyone is proud to possess . . . the *famed Skinner quality*. Sixty-four shades.

FLAT CREPES
FAILLE CREPES
SATIN CREPES
GEORGETTES
and CHIFFONS.
Smart shops are showing Skinner fabrics in ready-to-wear garments.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS
Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

Skinner's
Crepes

(Continued from Page 150)

by trustees nominated by Trinity College, Cambridge, for the maintenance of an Academia of Scholars devoted to the study of Platonic philosophy.

To Miss Cora Blenkinsop, of 34 Turtle Road, Ealing, £7000.

To Edgar Fry, his sole executor, £2000.

The entire residue of his estate to the funds of the Conservative Party.

This precious document had been drawn up by Messrs. Fry, Bilson & Fry, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Atherton's solicitors, as Buddy had gathered from other correspondence.

HE PENCILED the salient points on a bit of paper, after reading the thing through several times. Then, when he had finally grasped its significance—for, as he had muttered: "There must be some ghastly catch in it, somewhere"—he broke into the foolish, hysterical laughter of reaction.

The funds of the Conservative Party. What did he care about the Conservative Party? The Newstead Park Academia? Plato? Buddy had dim memories of fifty-form school days—certainly not from war-interrupted Cambridge days—of the Academy of Florence and Lorenzo de Medici and the fugitive Greeks from Byzantium and groves of Platonic philosophy, whatever groves and Platonic philosophy might mean. Newstead Park—a kind of sanatorium for brainy ebriates who should pass their lives in futile study of the mildewed theories of thousands of years ago—Buddy had no scholar's appreciation of a millennium or two—the idea was insane!

Bronson—he himself could make things right with Bronson—to say nothing of his wife whom Atherton seemed to have forgotten.

Two thousand pounds to Fry. He passed it over for the time being.

There remained the seven thousand to Cora Blenkinsop. She was an enigma. Certainly she had nothing to do with the family. And she lived in Turtle Road, Ealing—a far cry from the Platonic Academia of Newstead Park.

"Good Lord," said Buddy, "I wonder if the poor old chap was human after all."

He considered the question soberly. He owed this woman, whoever she was, £7000. Thus, as far as he could see, his liabilities as the usurper of Sir Atherton Drake's fortune amounted to nine thousand pounds plus three hundred a year to Bronson.

He lay back in his leather-covered library chair, his thumbs in waistcoat armholes in a satisfied contemplation of the universe. A sentence whose origin is lost in the mists of Renaissance theologians occurred to his mind: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

BUDDY rose and stared into the great library fire. There was something in the saying, something blessedly profound and true. If ever there had been a shorn lamb, he was one. He had been on the point of perishing from the icy blasts of a beastly world, when, all of a sudden, owing to a providential turn round a God-established corner, the wind was tempered, and here he was, a comfortably warm lamb, luxuriously sheltered.

The next discovery was of solid value—some hundred and fifty pounds in notes in a discreetly hidden drawer, which had its own special key. That would enable him to carry on for a while, until he could find a solution to the greatest of all practical problems. For the first time in his life of unreflection it occurred to him that wealth in this modern world was guarded not by strong rooms and bolts and bars, but by that individual scrawl on a bit of paper, which is a man's signature. Except for this lucky find he could not extract a penny from his usurped estate without writing on a bit of paper the words "Atherton Drake," in the late Atherton Drake's handwriting.

Suddenly he remembered Selous' query that morning: "How was the neuritis?" It suggested all kinds of possibilities. He would cultivate that neuritis for all it was worth. How could a man write properly with his fingers all stiffened into sticks? To the shorn lamb there was the breath of summer in the wind.

Atherton's car—*his* car—took him later to the dreadful hotel where he had engaged his room the day before. The dingy proprietor showed no astonishment at his spruce transformation. He paid his bill, the Boots put his old suitcase into the car, and he drove away. He drove to Claridge's, where the hall staff greeted him by name, and expressed pleasure at seeing him once more. The contrast in the two hostelries was grotesque in its vastness. He laughed all the way up in the lift.

In his comfortable suite he found the attendant Bronson.

He would dine early, downstairs, he said.

He dined in the great, shaded room, discreetly filled, at that early hour, only with theater parties. A girl from a distant table caught his eye, and smiled recognition. He acknowledged her sign. She was one of Atherton's friends. One of his friends. Who she was he didn't know. It didn't matter. He had magically reëntered the charmed circle in which such women have their being.

He fingered the stiff white-piqué bow of his tie. How wonderful.

YET, supposing he had met the girl face to face and she had spoken to him? How would he have answered her? He realized that his joy was a fearful one and must be taken very seriously.

After dinner he went to a theater—a gay revue—and again his heart was full of gladness.

That night he slept like a tired dog.

Bronson woke him the next morning, bringing with him a bundle of letters. Buddy sat up in bed and opened them nervously—a couple of bills, a couple of receipts; a letter from Atherton's stockbrokers suggesting a change of investments; a card of invitation to the annual dinner of the Royal Philological Society, with a request from the Hon. Secretary that he would respond to the toast of "The Guests"; a note from one Kate Rowlands asking him down for the week-end after next to Friary Court, and addressed from Cadogan Gardens; an estimate from his "respectfully, John Smithers," for projected repairs at Newstead Park; and finally a penciled missive which made Buddy scratch a puzzled head. This last ran:

Dearest: I must see you. Let me know where and when. It's awfully urgent. M.

It was the flyleaf of a sheet of notepaper without an address on it.

Buddy confided to himself the fact that he was damned. How could he communicate with "M," without knowing her name or address?

The envelope bore the Brighton postmark. The paper was thick and expensive, the handwriting cultivated. "M" was a lady of some quality. But why was she?

He was half turning over in his mind the possibility of retiring with the least possible disgrace from an intolerable position, when his eye fell on the Times.

The undertaker, yesterday morning, had suggested relieving him from the labor of making the customary announcement. What he now read he himself had dictated. There it was:

DRAKE. On November 7th, suddenly, in London, Brotherton Drake, younger son of the late Sir Michael Drake, Bt.

He was dead. The Times said so.

There was no question of retiring. He must see it through. Yet, he felt afraid.

IV.

THE uncanny nervous strain had relaxed. Atherton Drake laid to rest with his fathers, and Buddy, master of his possessions, reigned in his stead. It was a

(Continued on Page 155)

"I never heard it knock like that before!"

She always just asked for "oil"

The wrong oil won't cause trouble at once. You cannot see its harmful effects on your motor as, for example, you can see the effects of a strong soap powder on a printed chiffon frock.

But suddenly one day the engine starts knocking. Or you may notice that your car takes the hills less easily. Or the car goes to the garage more frequently to have valves ground or carbon removed . . . These are some of the troubles you risk when you buy just "any oil."

But how do you choose the *right* oil?

It is true that oil is something which you must, to a certain extent, buy on trust. Isn't it wise, then, to look first for an oil which has won widespread confidence? Here one oil stands above all others—Mobiloil. It is the oil which Colonel Lindbergh and Amelia Earhart used in their thrilling flights across the Atlantic. If you yourself should travel around the world, you would find that Mobiloil is the leading motor oil on every continent.

Then you can consult the opinions of unprejudiced authorities . . . car manufacturers, for example—they are as anxious as you are to have their cars run smoothly, free from troubles . . . Here again Mobiloil leads. *No other oil comes even a close second to Mobiloil in the recommendations of car manufacturers.*

And then your important *personal* question—"Is Mobiloil right for my car?"

Mobiloil engineers furnish an answer to this question in the Mobiloil chart. These engineers have studied every type of automobile engine ever made. As a result, the Mobiloil chart is the most *widely approved* guide to the correct oil which any woman can find.

You can check your car on this chart at your dealer's. A glance shows you the specific grade of Mobiloil for your particular engine. And with this information you can buy correct lubrication as accurately as though you were a skilled engineer.

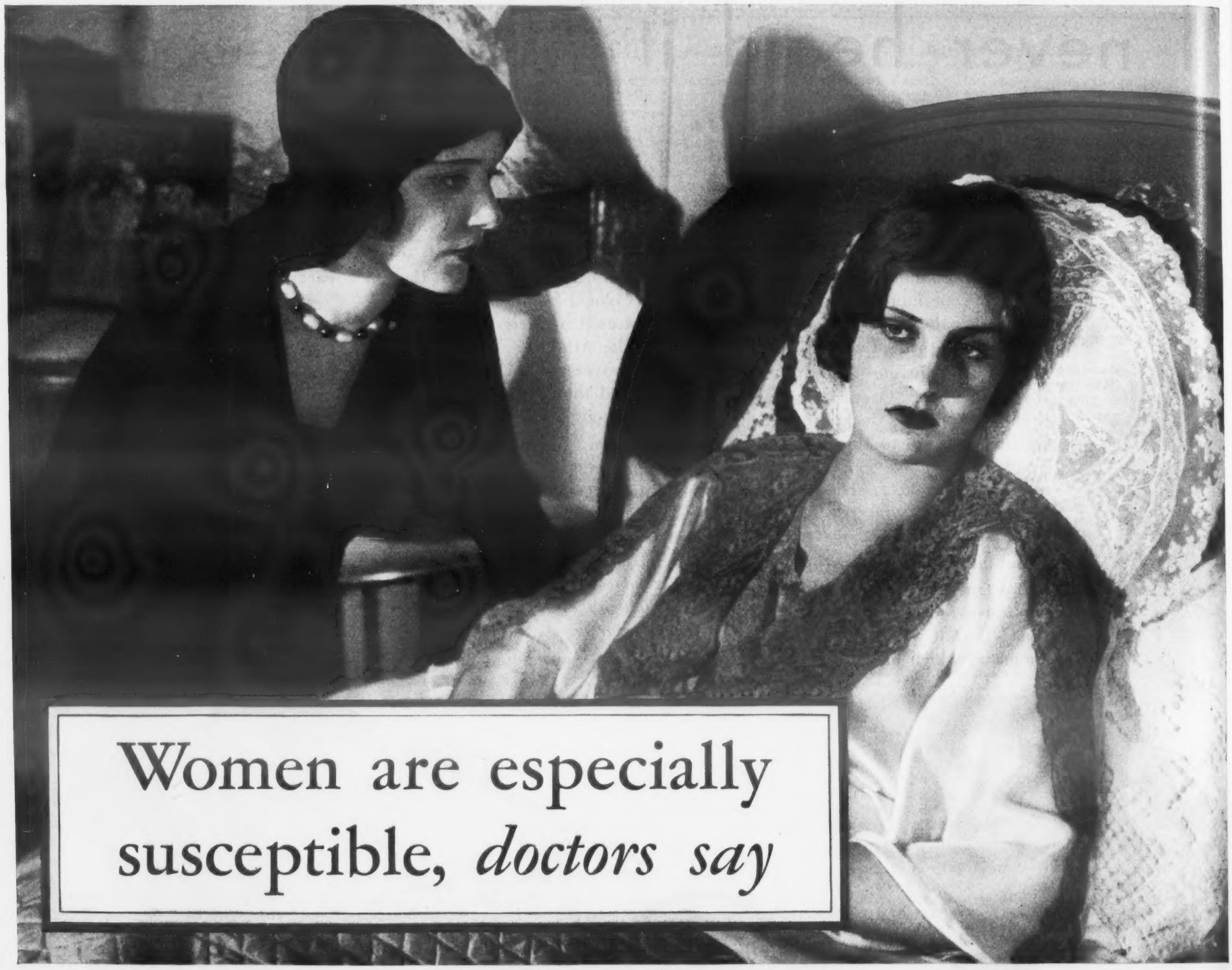
VACUUM OIL COMPANY

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

NOW she will ask for

Mobiloil

Ask here for GARGOYLE Mobiloil



Women are especially susceptible, *doctors say*

At least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue, warns a prominent New York hospital specialist. Adults are especially susceptible, but even among children these troubles are common.

THERE IS NO FORM of human illness quite so humiliating as rectal trouble.

Yet in millions of homes women are exposing themselves and their families daily to ailments of this nature.

For much of the toilet tissue sold to housewives today is utterly unfit for bathroom use. It may be sharp-edged. Chemically impure. Or harsh-surfaced . . . even covered with microscopic slivers.

Today more and more housewives are realizing the health importance of toilet tissue. And millions of women are insisting upon the tissues that physicians and hospitals have thoroughly approved—ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf.

These three health-protecting tissues are made from specially processed fibres . . . "thirsty fibres."

Crumple a sheet in your hand. Feel its unusual softness . . . its linen-like texture. No sharp edges . . . no danger of inciting serious inflammation as ordinary glazed tissue may do.

Thirsty fibres are extremely absorbent—yet tough and strong. Without this absorbent quality, thorough hygiene is impossible.

Scott Tissues are chemically pure—neither acid nor alkaline in reaction. And only the finest fresh materials go into Scott Tissues—no reclaimed waste materials.

It doesn't pay to be careless in this bathroom essential. Be sure of safety. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Rolls fit standard built-in fixtures

Prices for U. S. only

Scott Tissues

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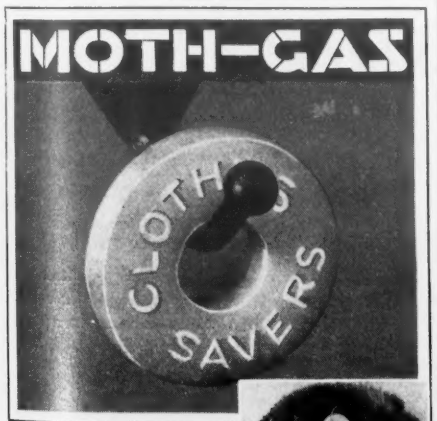
NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous *thirsty fibre* qualities.

Never let a blister from a rubbing shoe go without applying Unguentine . . . . .

For Unguentine not only stops the pain quickly, but guards against the dangerous infection which so often results from a broken blister. Keep Unguentine in the house always. Your druggist has it. Only 50c for a tube that will heal every cut, bruise and burn for months to come.

(See page 100)

MOTH-GAS



This Successful Discovery KILLS Moths

Millions Used! A more convenient, economical method of killing moths, eggs and larvae. Just hang on closet hooks, clothes hangers, garment bags, or place wherever rugs, clothes or furs are stored. "Moth-gas" vaporizes quickly and immediately envelopes material in blanket of gas. Odor readily vanishes. Full strength! Its effectiveness is not reduced by devices that *retard* evaporation.

"A Blanket of GAS"

Get *sure* Protection

Clothes Savers are only 10c at drug, housefurnishing and department stores. Economy size (6 Clothes Savers in metal container) 50c. Slightly higher in Canada.

Avoid substitutes. Insist on genuine Clothes Savers' proven effectiveness

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Established 1887
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MOTH-GAS
CLOTHES SAVERS
-KILLS-
MOTHS · · EGGS · · LARVAE

(Continued from Page 152)

week since he had landed at Southampton with six pounds eight shillings and sevenpence and a gold watch and chain for all his fortune. Now he found himself a man of ample means, with the wide world spread before him for his enjoyment. If only he could enjoy it. For he walked with fear, and slept with fear which of nights awakened him to shivers of clammy sweat. So far all had gone well. How long would it last? He brought all the armory of his mercurial nature and love of life to face the fear.

The wind, however, continued to be tempered by a kindly Providence. Sudden bereavement and notorious ill-health accounted for immediate retirement from social life. Severe neuritis excused the use of a typewriter in polite correspondence, and accounted for any possible variation of signature. As in physical appearance and in voice, so in handwriting the brothers were strangely alike. The main differences lay in the scrawling habit of the one and the neat precision of the other. Buddy found this out after many hours' sinful practice in the dead of night, when Bronson had gone to bed, and there was a bright fire in the library in which sheets of signatures could be destroyed. He passed a minute of sweating terror when first he stood at the bank counter and passed across a check to self for fifty pounds, all filled up, save for the signature, in typescript.

"How would you like to have it, Sir Atherton?" asked the cashier.

HIS knees sagged beneath him, and he broke into a hysterical giggle. It was not even worth while telling the cashier about his neuritis.

Encouraged in this experiment in taking bulls by horns, he made a telephone appointment with Mr. Edgar Fry, of Messrs. Fry, Bilson & Fry, who were Atherton's solicitors.

Mr. Fry, senior partner, elderly, bald, clean-shaven, rubicund and genial, received him heartily.

"So glad to see you, Drake. Do take off your overcoat if you find it too warm here. I'm a chilly soul and it's a beast of a day outside. I saw the announcement of Brotherton's death. I thought of writing to you, but—well, you know. . . ."

"Yes, yes," said Buddy.

"After all, perhaps—nobody's enemy but his own. *De mortuis*, et cetera."

"Quite so," said Buddy.

The lawyer sighed in acquiescence. Then: "What can I do for you, my dear fellow?"

Buddy came straight to his point.

"I find I can't live in this confounded climate any longer."

"I know I wouldn't if I could help it," said the lawyer. "Where are you thinking of going?"

Buddy was vague. He had thought of the south of France, South America, Sumatra—and other sunny places where Atherton's cronies and acquaintances would be unlikely to congregate.

"I'm thinking of giving up England, anyhow for some years," said he. "But there's that country place of mine, Newstead Park—in my absence what's the good of it?"

"You might let it."

"Or sell it."

"Quite so," said Fry.

BUDDY felt relieved. His confidential lawyer regarded the sale of Newstead Park as a normal proposition. It was on this business he had come.

"Do you think you could find a purchaser?"

"I could put it into the hands of agents who doubtless could do so."

"I wish you would," Buddy said fervently. "To tell you a secret, I hate the place."

The lawyer laughed discreetly. "I thought you would when you bought it. But you said something about dimly foreseen eventualities ——"

"They haven't eventualized," said Buddy at random.

The lawyer nodded and said he was glad to hear it. What the devil did he mean by that? thought Buddy. Had Atherton at any time been contemplating marriage?

A few minutes later he rose. "That's about all," said he.

"By the way," said Fry, with a detaining gesture, "what about the will?"

"Oh, yes, the will. Well ——"

Buddy was there to receive, not to give, information.

"The death of Miss—Miss Blenkinsop, wasn't it?"

Buddy nodded. "Yes, Cora Blenkinsop."

HE LISTENED to the ensuing explanation almost in a dream. The mysterious lady of Turtle Road was dead. Atherton had asked the firm to send him the will, usually in their custody, so that he could look it over in view of necessary changes.

He no longer owed the lady of Turtle Road £7000. The mere question of the money was neither here nor there. It was the method of paying the debt of honor that had worried him. Now the poor thing was dead. The Lord once more had tempered the wind to his shorn lamb's conscience.

Again he rose. "I'll have to think over the will again. I'm not at all satisfied with it as it stands. It'll need radical alterations."

He parted from Mr. Edgar Fry with what he conceived to be Athertonian cordiality, drove home in the car, and put the absurd will in the fire.

But on his way, his mind being still concerned with his moral responsibilities under the will, his eye caught the sign on a building which announced it the home of a great insurance company. He stopped the car and entered. No business under the sun could have been more simply transacted.

After luncheon, he spoke to Bronson.

"I've come to the conclusion," said he, "that I can't live in England any longer. I'm selling Newstead."

"I can't say I'm sorry to hear it, Sir Atherton."

Buddy glowed. As both Fry and Bronson commended his intention, he gathered Newstead Park must be a beast of a place.

"How old are you, Bronson?" he asked.

Bronson looked surprised at the question. His age? Fifty-five.

"How long have you been with the family?"

"Over thirty years, Sir Atherton."

"I KNOW. I know, my old friend. Such loyal services as yours are hard to repay; in fact, there can't be any question of repayment. There can only be a question of your share in the family fortunes."

"I don't quite understand you, Sir Atherton," said Bronson with a puzzled knitting of the brow.

Buddy waved a slightly despairing hand.

"The time has come, Bronson, when we must part. You know what my life is. I may live another few years, or I may go out at any moment like my poor brother. I have you to consider. I've been thinking of leaving you an annuity under my will."

Bronson murmured his thanks.

"But I think it would be better if I settled it on you now. I'm giving up Newstead and this flat, and I'm going abroad—to travel all over the world and see what I can before I die. I shall take with me a strong male nurse—a retired R. A. M. C. man—who will also act as my valet and secretary." A darn useful sort of fellow, thought Buddy, to whom this imaginary paragon suddenly leaped into the light of a practical possibility. "And so you see,

(Continued on Page 157)

This Little "FIRST AMERICAN" *lives near Santa Fé, New Mexico, in the very heart of the colorful Indian-detour country . . . Be sure to stop there on your summer vacation tour to*

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The New
DEVIL'S FOOD LOAF
20¢ in most cities
AT YOUR GROCER'S

HAVING A PARTY *means more pleasure* and less work for Dorothy now

By ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

Dorothy had just settled into her seat at the movies when she discovered two familiar heads in front of her. She was about to lean over with a greeting when something held her back . . . they were speaking of *her!* Afterward she was really glad she had overheard that comment.

"You know, it's sweet of Dorothy to have the crowd over, but baking and frosting cake takes her hours, and she's so hot and flustered by the time we get there that she can't settle down and talk and enjoy herself. You've noticed it, I know.

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Mail the coupon at the right for my little booklet called "Fifty Quick Desserts."

Alice Adams Proctor

Overheard gossip has its helpful side. Sometimes it opens our eyes to better ways of doing things.

YO-HO! YO-HO! Tune in on the Happy Wonder Bakers, at their *new hour,* every Tuesday evening over WEAF and the N. B. C. Coast-to-Coast Chain.

Hostess Cake

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Please send me FREE my copy of "Fifty Quick Desserts."
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(Continued from Page 155)

Bronson, there would be no place for Mrs. Bronson and yourself in my life."

"I needn't say, Sir Atherton, that what you tell me is a great shock to me."

"It's a wrench to me, Bronson, I admit," said Buddy, "but life is full of these jolts. You and I, hitherto, have been singularly free from them. But they are bound to come. . . . Now, under my will, I was about to leave you £300 a year for the rest of your life."

Bronson gave a little gasp. "That's more than generous of you, sir. Of course I have a few savings and Mrs. Bronson and I ——"

"Yes, yes, naturally. But that's not the point. The point is that I'm going out into space far away from you, so I'm practically dead as far as you are concerned. So I propose either to buy you your annuity now from the insurance company, or give you in cash what they call the present value of it."

HE DREW from his pocket the papers he had brought from the insurance company, and ran his finger down the tabulated figures.

"You see—age fifty-five. Annuity of £300 a year. Cost about £4000. Take the papers, my dear Bronson, and talk it over with your wife and any business friend, and let me know in a day or two."

He thanked God that he had rid himself honorably of Bronson, a perpetual danger. And yet he had twinges of conscience . . .

That evening, when he came home from a theater, he found among his practically unanswerable correspondence, a letter in the same handwriting as the penciled scrawl he had received from Brighton. It was from Paris. It bore the heading of the Hotel Plaza-Athénée. It was as vague and disturbing as the other, which he had all but forgotten.

Dearest: I can't understand why I've not heard from you. It can only be illness. Of course I realize the dreadful shock of your brother's death. I saw from the newspapers that you had attended his funeral ——

"Damn the newspapers!" said Buddy.

—— and I hope to goodness the effort wasn't too much for you. Still you might have asked Bronson to telephone ——

Buddy proceeded to damn Bronson.

If you can't write, do tell him to let me know how you are. It's so unlike you, Atherton, to leave me in the air like this.

I had to come to Paris, I simply couldn't face it. He got to know, I don't know how, that I was at Brighton, and said that he was coming to have it all out with me. So I took the next boat from Newhaven. A ghastly three hours crossing in a gale. And apart from all this I'm feeling rotten in myself. If I don't get a word from you soon, dearest, I'll go mad.

Diana is with me. We went last night to Athalie at the Comédie Française—just because you always said I ought to see it. I liked it in a way, but, darling, did it never strike you, as Diana puts it, how singularly unfunny it is?

BUDDY, with perplexed brows, but suddenly smiling lips, murmured, "I find the woman beginning to be sympathetic." Or was it the Diana whom she quoted? The letter went on:

All the same, dear, I love you. If you were fit I should ask you to come over at once and see me, as there are perfectly silly complications about which I don't want to worry you by letter. But if you can't come just send a message to calm the dreadful anxiety of

Your own devoted M.

Buddy read the letter several times. The writer was a woman of position. Otherwise she would not have been staying at the Hotel Plaza-Athénée. She wrote a flowing, cultivated hand. Her loose style denoted breeding. Instinctively he realized that she could not be classed with the late Cora Blenkinsop, of Turtle Road, Ealing. Between Turtle Roads and Palace Hotels stretch impassable social abysses.

But who the devil was she? Obviously she knew her Atherton. Her knowledge was proved by her delicate gibe at his recommendation of the giddy merriment of Racine. It was a serious affair. She loved Atherton and took it for granted that he loved her. . . . And who was He, the Terror, before whom she fled, ill as she was, from Newhaven to Dieppe, in a gale? Father, brother, husband? It could only be a husband, thought Buddy.

What was Atherton doing, anyhow, with another man's wife? Atherton a gay dog? The incongruity of the terms made him laugh. He almost heard his father cry out, "That melancholy pup?"

WHO was "M."? With all a kindly gentleman's desire in the world to save a lady from undue anxiety, how could he write, wire or telephone to her as "M.," Hotel Plaza-Athénée, Paris? Impossible.

Still more impossible to summon Bronson in aid. Bronson, from the letter's internal evidence, knew all about it. But how could he, even in his most debonair fashion—to say nothing of the fact that the debonair had been omitted from the category of Atherton's social graces—how could he ask Bronson to convey to a lady called "M." any message whatever by any means of communication? Men, in giving orders to their menservants don't allude to ladies of their acquaintance by the initials of their Christian names.

What was it all about? Again Fear shook him. This time Fear in a different guise. In his folly he had not realized how in the lives of most men, even in the life of so remote and unhuman a man as Atherton, other people's lives are inexplicably involved. His folly which at first he had regarded only as a technical crime, by which no one was injured, began to grow before him into a crime that might bring hurt and misery into the lives of unknown men and women.

Buddy reviewed his position and found it untenable. After a second he reasoned with himself. After a third he decided to see Edgar Fry in the morning, give him full power of attorney, and book a passage to Japan by the first available boat.

V.

HAUNTED by the apparently derelict and mysterious lady, Buddy slept little that night. The more he thought of running away to the other side of the earth and leaving her disconsolate, the more did it seem a scurvy project. If he carried it out he would never look himself gallantly in the face again. He must play the game; though what kind of game it was to be he could but vaguely conjecture.

The only way of meeting the lady forthwith that he could devise was to go to Paris and sit about the lounge of the Hôtel Plaza-Athénée, until she should meet him.

"Atherton!" she would cry, coming forward.

"My dear!" he would say, springing to his feet.

Nothing more natural. Then he could trust to luck.

At five o'clock in the morning the scheme dawned on him as a dim idea. At six it was a firm resolve. At seven he rang for Bronson, who soon appeared with morning tea.

"I forgot to tell you yesterday that I must go to Paris for a few days. I'm taking the eleven o'clock train."

"Yes, Sir Atherton. And I'll wire at once to the Hotel Crillon as usual."

"I hate the Crillon," said Buddy who had never set foot in that eminently respectable hostelry. "Wire to the Plaza-Athénée."

"We've never stayed there before, Sir Atherton," said Bronson.

"You won't have the opportunity Bronson, because you won't be there," said Buddy. "I'm going alone." Then, irritated by the astonishment in the man's face, he added petulantly: "I'm sick of being treated as a dangerous invalid.

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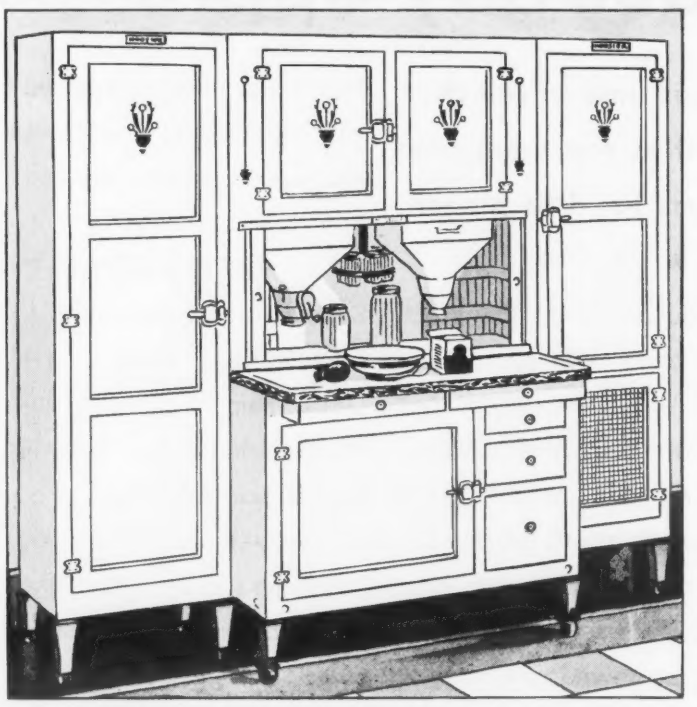

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BLOUSES . . . SHIRTS . . . SUITS

All of you—you, Doctor Selous, and everybody are quite wrong. I'm as strong as a horse. I can get on quite well by myself. And I'm going to Paris on very special business."

"In a way, I quite understand, Sir Atherton," said Bronson with the resigned air of an undertaker requested not to attend the funeral.

IT WAS only when the train started from Victoria that Buddy, comfortably seated in the Pullman, to which Bronson had mournfully attended him, felt at last a free man; free from piles of unanswered bewildering correspondence; free from embarrassing encounters in public places; free from Doctor Selous to divert whose mania for hourly auscultation of his heart seemed a life's work of ingenuity; free from Bronson whose leechlike devotion was bound sooner or later to suck the blood of his secret; free, for a few hours, from the new Fear.

On arriving at the hotel he broke away from the young official who dangled the keys of the suite ordered by Bronson, and looked around the long lounge still filled with belated tea and cocktail parties; but as his appearance attracted no especial feminine interest, he followed his guide to the lift, feeling half-foolish and half-disappointed. If only he had managed to surprise Bronson with a betrayal of the woman's surname . . .

Some three-quarters of an hour later he entered the lounge again, this time trim, fresh-shaven, dinner-suited, and sat down at a table near the door to await the probable event of recognition, with an evening paper for company. The muffled sound of the dismal melody of Sonny Boy came from the *salle-à-manger* beyond. The room was sparsely filled, it being the hour when theater-goers were finishing their dinner, and nontheater-goers, the sedate and elderly who dine in the comparative quiet of their own hotel rather than in the more giddifying restaurants, were just beginning. But he could not read. He was shaken by the struggle between the Fear and his will. He was waiting before gates that must open to unknown, perhaps terrifying adventure. And, in any event he must comport himself like Atherton—be dull, dry, dignified, unemotional. Also, whatever might be the adventure, there was a woman's heart at stake.

THEN the more or less expected happened. A sudden swirl of motion, a curious noiseless vibration of the air, through the near lounge door and a voice at his side.

"Well, here you are at last."

According to his imaginary stage directions he leaped to his feet. He smiled.

"Yes, here I am. I had to come."

"About time, too," said the lady meaningly.

She was a singularly attractive lady wearing a little casquelike hat and a costume of a deep shade of red. She was dark, of the clear olive complexion that shows the flush of the blood; pretty—more than pretty, with regular features and fine dark eyes that were rather angry; graceful, rather tall. He judged her age—rightly—at about twenty-five.

"Why on earth you didn't let us know you were coming I can't imagine. And when you did come you left no word at the desk. Here have I been ringing up your room, and of course no reply. So I had to come all the way down again and find you."

All that Buddy could gather from this incoherence was the impression that the lady didn't like him.

"I'm dreadfully sorry," he said, thinking of the excuses that Atherton might possibly have made in the circumstances. "But you know how worried I've been, and of course my health ——"

"I never saw you look so fit in my life," said the lady. "Look here"—she suddenly swept the evening paper from the chair on which he had laid it—"we can't talk standing up like this. I'm dead beat." She sat down.

Buddy caught a waiter's eye.

"You make me tired, Atherton. You've not even asked . . . well, anyhow, you had no means of knowing . . . my wire reached the flat after you had left. Bronson opened it and wired in reply that you were on your way here. I only got his telegram when I got back, ten minutes ago, from the nursing home."

"Nursing home—Good Lord!" cried Buddy.

What else could a kindly and puzzled man say?

"Yes. Operation this morning."

"How is ——" he stopped short, not knowing whether he, she or it had been operated upon. "Successful I hope?"

"She's getting on as well as can be expected."

"She" must be the Diana of the letter; it did not occur to him his companion was other than the mysterious "M."

"Poor child!" said he.

"I think you are the most cold-blooded fish I ever met," she exclaimed with a flash of her eyes. "I never stop wondering how Muriel can put up with you."

"Oh," said Buddy. "Oh ——"

HIS brain whirled for a moment and suddenly came to a stop. M. for Muriel. Muriel was in the nursing home. This—then—was Diana, eying him like a scornful Artemis. On the other hand it might be another intimate friend . . . still, he must risk it.

"My dear Diana," said he, touching her hand on the table. "Tell me all about it. I'm dreadfully anxious."

She seemed to relent, not drawing her hand away; also she answered to the name of Diana.

"You know how silly she is. She was in awful pain all last week and wouldn't let you know. Didn't want to worry you. There were enough complications already. She didn't tell me much. This morning I had to send for a doctor who diagnosed acute appendicitis and carted her off at once."

She went into such details as were right that the lover of an unhappy lady should know.

"I'm about famished," she said at the end of her story.

Buddy waved a hand to the *salle-à-manger*.

"Let us dine."

"In there? Among all those English and American dowagers in bare flesh and pearls? Looking like a scarlet little cocotte in company with the notoriously respectable Sir Atherton Drake, Bart? No fear. And I'm too hungry to change. Let's go to Fouquet's."

"Anywhere you like so long as it's amusing," laughed Buddy, forgetful of impersonation.

She arched her fine eyebrows.

"Since when have you developed the idea of eating amusingly?"

"IT'S a natural reaction, I suppose, my dear Diana," replied Buddy, in the Athertonian manner, "against all the very great worries that have lately beset me."

"*Allons-y.*" She rose from the table. He helped her into discarded furs. Then he had an inspiration.

"First, let us telephone to the nursing home. You can do it from my sitting room, I've got to go up and get my hat and coat."

Diana agreed to the soundness of the idea, appearing to regard the suggestion as perfectly natural. They mounted in the lift. They entered the sitting room furnished in blue silk and imitation satinwood.

"You'd better ring up, if you don't mind. You know all about it."

When he saw her sitting in telephonic communication with the nursing home, he

(Continued on Page 160)

Tempt lagging appetites with DEL MAIZ CORN

Del Maiz Stuffed Tomatoes

Cut off the tops of 8 tomatoes. Scoop out the centers. Sprinkle a few cracker crumbs inside the tomatoes. Mix ½ cup chopped green pepper, a little salt, paprika, and 2 tablespoons melted butter with a can of Del Maiz Corn. Fill tomatoes with the mixture. Replace the pieces cut from the tops of tomatoes. Bake in oven until the tomatoes are softened. Serve garnished with parsley.

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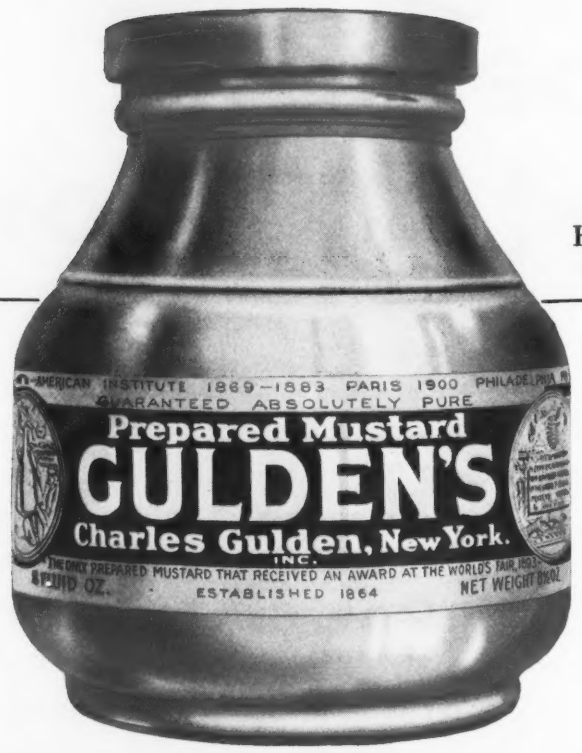
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(Continued from Page 158)

prided himself on the craft of a modern Ulysses. He learned from her guileless lips much that he yearned to know. She spoke in French—French as clear and as crisp as you would hear it at the Odéon.

"The nursing home? I'm inquiring about Madame Flower. . . . Yes, Flower. Operated for appendicitis . . . ah—it's you, mademoiselle . . . I'm her sister, Mademoiselle Merrow, speaking. . . . Madame Flower's sister . . . yes, yes . . . of course . . . only an hour ago I left . . . yes, yes, that's famous . . . listen, mademoiselle, will you tell her, when she is able to receive news, that Sir Atherton Drake is with me in Paris," and so on.

She turned. "She's getting on all right."

"Splendid," said Buddy.

But he couldn't let her know how really splendid it was. Now he had the names. Mrs. Muriel Flower, Miss Diana Merrow—Flower? The sound echoed through his mind. Yes. Some days ago Bronson had said in a flat voice: "Mrs. Flower rang up." He had answered with harebrained flippancy, coupling her with the Queen of Sheba or some such far-away personage. Now Mrs. Flower was M. M. was Muriel. And Diana was Muriel's sister.

"Well, well, Diana," said he cheerily. "That's that. All's going well, thank God. *Allons diner.*"

HE THREW on hat and coat and opened the door for her to pass out. She looked over her shoulder with a smile.

"Now and then you show recognizable flashes of the human."

They drove the short distance to Fouquet's on the Avenue des Champs-Elysées and found a table against the wall and sat down side by side on the *banquette*. It was long since Buddy had dined with a pretty woman amid cheerful surroundings. He resolved to make the most of his opportunity, bearing in mind, however, that he must not allow too many flashes of the human to develop into a blaze.

They put earnest heads together over the *carte du jour*. He noted that Diana was a young woman both of character and experience. She waved away the maître d'hôtel's customary futile and thought-saving suggestions—*filets de sole, poulet en casserole*—and compelled him to the attitude of maîtres d'hôtel before the foreigner of gastronomic rank. Oysters—which would he recommend on that particular evening, Marennes or Belons? The Marennes.

"I'm glad," said Diana, in English, "the bottle-green will tone in so beautifully with my shade of red."

Petite marmite. Was it really good and strong? If not, she would send it away. Then. *Pâte dé foie gras* of Strasbourg. Fresh? *En croûte?* It arrived that morning. "*Bon!*" said Diana. And, after that, *canard sauvage au sang*—done in their presence. *Salade de saison* not overpoisoned with vinegar.

"It may play the devil with your digestion, Atherton, but I'm thinking of your soul's good."

BUDDY smiled amusedly. She left him the responsibility of choice, but chose all the same.

"That's over," she said, when the final orders had been given. "I'm sorry. It's a very pleasant part of dinner. I don't suppose you understand it, you're so prosaic. If you'd only live in your imagination a little more, Muriel would have a better time."

He repressed an impulse of impatience. He didn't want to talk of the unknown Muriel. But he must. He frowned and stared at his fingers that were playing with his bread.

"How do you think I fail in my—er—duty toward Muriel?"

"Don't you suppose Muriel really prefers a go-as-you-please friendly sort of place like this to the decorum of Ritzes and Carltons and Plazas?"

"She would only have to tell me what she wanted," said Buddy.

"But she won't. It's what you want all the time. If you had any imagination you'd see it for yourself."

"Knowing my unfortunate tastes," said Buddy, "why did you bring me here tonight?"

She laughed and squeezed lemon over the oysters which the waiter had just set down before her.

"Because you're not my little tin god, Atherton. I don't care a hang about your respectabilities and your prejudices. I know what I want and I'm in the habit of seeing that I get it."

EVIDENTLY the relations between this very-much-alive young woman and himself were at the best those of an armed neutrality. So he turned on her.

"Why are you always down on me? All kinds of circumstances have been against me all my life—repressions, necessary ambitions, life impulses that have been strangled. Do you suppose I didn't want to play cricket, row, dance, play the fool when I was young? Do you suppose I really thanked God I was safe in a Government Office when other fellows were being killed in the war? Do you think I've enjoyed being a physical slacker all my life? Do you suppose I enjoy being a rotten dry stick of an invalid? Being repressed and repressed and repressed for six and thirty years? If I hadn't some red blood in my body how could what has happened between Muriel and me ever have happened? Damn it all, my dear child, I'm a male, not epicene."

He brought his hand down with a bang on the table. Diana regarded him with humorous amazement.

"Why on earth haven't you shown this cave-man side of you before?"

"Do you like it?" asked Buddy.

"I don't quite know," said Diana coldly.

He felt a tiny thrill of exultation. He had set her on a new track, at all events.

They went on with dinner for some time in silence broken only by casual references to the excellence of food or the peculiarities of fellow guests in the restaurant. He had evidently given her something to think about. Presently he said:

"All this time you haven't told me about yourself. What have you been doing since we last met?"

"THE same old thing. Running the shop more or less—chiefly less. Those altar candlesticks you couldn't make up your mind about, by the way, are sold."

"I really had no place in the flat to put them," said Buddy.

"I thought they were for Newstead."

A great idea flashed through Buddy's brain.

"I'm sick of the place," said he.

"Since when?"

"I never really liked it. It's dismal and damp. I shan't live there any more."

"I'm glad of that. I always thought it was a hole; but you seemed to like it."

"Repressions again," said Buddy. "I've been thinking about myself a lot lately—don't say that's nothing so unusual—I've been thinking in quite a different way—I've been living under a mask too long. I want to throw it off and be real."

"I certainly am having an interesting dinner," said Diana.

"You may laugh," said he with a shrug, "but it's true. What else have you been doing besides keeping shop?"

"Chiefly minding Muriel."

She said it with an air of resentment against him, as though the necessity for the minding of Muriel were his fault. The more he heard of Muriel the less attractive did she seem. Everyone must come to her aid. Atherton must leave his

(Continued on Page 162)

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Velveeta, the delicious new cheese food, is a product built up as the result of scientific research. This research was carried out in the laboratories of Rutgers University, Newark, New Jersey, in the College of Pharmacy, under the direction of Dr. L. K. Riggs, Ph. D., Director of Research, in association with F. H. Clickner, M. Sc., Nutritional Research Professor.

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WE are coming right to the school season now when children do worry most. Some of them are worrying about catching up in this or that subject, others about getting farther ahead.

And those worries are real. Don't make any mistake about that. And they are terrible, because children do not have the understanding to fall back upon. They don't tell you and they pretend not to mind, but such things leave their marks.

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We have a big, free, Sample Pictured Section waiting for you when you mail this coupon. Compton's is already in over 400,000 homes and 50,000 schools. So it ought to be worthy of the attention of any thoughtful-minded parents.

Just mail this coupon, and you will see for yourself what it is. And we will also show you how you can have it in your home, without delay, for a first payment of as little as $3.50 down.

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☐ Pre School ☐ Grade School ☐ High School

(Continued from Page 160)

affairs in London and run to Brighton or Paris or anywhere, at her call. He couldn't imagine Diana, mocking and efficient, requiring someone to mind her.

In his new character of Atherton in revolt, he raised his glass and said:

"Although you don't like me, Diana, you're the finest woman I know."

She laughed outright at him.

"My dear boy, if you are going to make love to me, I shan't wait for the duck."

They grew more companionable. Diana ceased to twit him, and talked lightly of things with which he was supposed to be familiar. He remained as silent as tact and discretion allowed and learned many useful facts, the most important of which was that he had been involved for the past two years in a very serious intrigue with the wife of one Horatio Flower, an evil, hard-drinking, stag-hunting squire who in his intervals of leisure collected postage stamps and bred chimpanzees. He also threw plates and boots at Muriel's head until, fearing for her life, she had left him, and lived, *sur la branche*, as happily as she could. Buddy gathered that she had a comfortable fortune of her own, that her husband's place was just within the borders of the New Forest, that his grounds marched with those of Newstead Park, and that the visiting terms on which their acquaintance had been founded had gradually developed into terms more intimate. It was he who had advised the cutting of Muriel adrift from the impossible Horatio, and had since constituted himself her silent, discreet and most constant lover. And at the present moment, Horatio was worrying her to death, writing her letters in which he now implored her to return to him, and now threatened her with idiot invocations of the law if she didn't.

"She believes he's having her watched," said Diana.

"What for?" asked Buddy.

"Grounds for divorce, you ostrich. We've talked about it often enough."

"Oh, yes. Of course. Of course.

"It would be the best way out," she said. "Everybody knows what an impossible ass he is. No sensible creature would think the worse of the two of you."

A taxi took them to the hotel. While waiting for the lift, he said prudently:

"We'd better ring up the home together and save worrying them with two calls."

"I don't like it," she said, when the telephone interview was over. "She really hasn't got much stamina."

"If only she were like you," said Buddy, conscious of the superb strength of her youth, "I should be happier."

He accompanied her to the lift. They parted with valedictory waves of the hand. Darkness encompassed him as the smiling mocking face beneath the red hat disappeared in the ascending lift.

He regained his sitting room like a man in a dream and stood there helpless.

If there was one woman in the world to whose rescue, by all the laws of honor and decency, he was bound to struggle, it was Muriel Flower. If there was one woman in the world toward whom his heart leaped, it was Diana Merrow, her sister.

He floundered, with Fear grinning over his shoulder, all night long.

(To be Continued)

Blood of Our Blood

(Continued from Page 9)

would not be a city man with great trade and landlord interests. As far as Abraham knew he would be a sheik of the desert, a prince whose kingdom lay wherever his flocks should feed and his followers pitch their tents, a sojourner in foreign lands. Isaac needed to be a hunter, a soldier and a manager of herds. But most of all he must be fitted to take on his shoulders the peculiar task of carrying on the revelation. He must be God's priest, keeping the clan firm in its adherence to the great conception. But no more than priest. An invisible, unknowable God must be the clan's sole king.

But how could Abraham bind the clan irrevocably to his God? How could Abraham find some final act of at-one-ment which would merge himself and his people forever with God?

According to the tradition which Zillah had written into Abraham's ritual, there could be but one answer. He must sacrifice to Him the most sacred victim obtainable. The most sacred victim was a child in whom the blood of kin flowed thickest.

Isaac!

Could this be good in God's sight? Isaac, predestined to carry on the revelation? No! Not that!

Isaac! It would be the perfect proof to God, the perfect act of at-one-ment. He tore his hair and sobbed; an old man tortured by his sense of responsibility for the souls of unborn generations. And suddenly the gentle voice spoke to him: "Why did God send Isaac to you, only to destroy him? Does your God change His mind?"

"That's blasphemy! Be quiet!" shouted Abraham.

The voice was stronger than it had been for Ishmael. "Ask Sarah about this. What will she say?"

"Sarah cannot come between me and my God," muttered Abraham.

"You know well Sarah would not let you lay a finger on Isaac," insisted the voice. "God will speak through Sarah on this, for mother love is God's love."

"Lightning will blast me if I listen to such thoughts," groaned Abraham.

"You cannot sacrifice him," cried the voice. "Flesh of your flesh, bone of your bone, blood of your blood, the hope of the Hebrews."

"It is the one perfect act of at-one-ment," sobbed Abraham, "and God commands it."

All night he lay on the mountainside in prayer, and finally the voice was stilled. Then he went to the tent and without rousing Sarah wakened Isaac. He saddled an ass, cut wood and made up a pack for a journey of several days. Then he set off for the land of Moriah, where he and his son could be alone with God.

During the morning of the third day, Mount Moriah rose to the north. When they had reached its foot Abraham told Isaac to take the firewood while he himself carried the fire pot with its coals and his great sacrificial knife.

Isaac moistened his lips. "Here are fire and the wood, my father, but where is the lamb for the sacrifice?"

"God will provide a lamb, Isaac!"

The boy took a long stride and looked into his father's face. It was drenched with tears. Then Isaac knew.

He gazed about him wildly. But he could not go. He stood half fainting, while his father piled stones for the altar and laid the fire. Nor did he stir while Abraham bound him and placed him on the dreadful bed and raised the knife aloft.

Abraham's eyes were agonized. And yet for the moment he was not seeing his son on the altar. For the first time since he had left Ur he was seeing that first beloved friend of his boyhood writhing in the hands of the priests of the moon god. And he heard again that boyish treble: "No! No! Don't sacrifice me! No, I don't want to give my blood to be drunk by the gods! I'd rather live! Oh, let me live! Let me live!" So real was the voice that Abraham paused to listen and to gaze.

And as he gazed another voice that was like the gentle voice of old, except that it was as loud as thunder, louder than

(Continued on Page 165)

Keep Hats ★ Looking New

A FEW MINUTES' time each week and a little Energine keeps your hats always looking like new.

First, brush the hat to remove loose dirt. Next, remove all spots with a clean cloth moistened with Energine. Then, lightly wipe entire surface of hat with an Energine-moistened cloth. You'll be surprised how easily the colors brighten—how quickly the original appearance is restored. And there's no odor, for Energine dries instantly.

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You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

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"STRANGERS STOP NOW TO ADMIRE MY LITTLE GIRL

Yet Only a Few Weeks Ago She Was Nervous, Pale and Underweight"

A Swiss Discovery That's Working Wonders For Nervous, Underweight Children

DISCOVERIES have been made in Switzerland that throw a new light on the underweight, nervous child.

The result of those discoveries—*an utterly NEW TYPE and supremely delicious food-drink*—has spread over some 54 different nations of the world, largely through medical influence.

New to America, it is virtually a national beverage in most of Europe. Over 20,000 doctors are already advising it.

The two examples of its results, pictured on this page, are typical of thousands of others coming from mothers in practically every part of the world.

It may do much or it may do little for your child. But, in light of what it has done for others, we think you will agree that trying it is well worth while.

So that you may first test it, before purchasing a larger quantity, a special 3-day supply coupon is printed below.

What It Is

It is a food-drink called Ovaltine—that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. Enticing beyond words to the childish palate. A scientific food-concentrate; not remotely to be confused with powdered cocoa, chocolate, malt or sugar mixtures offered as substitutes.

Ovaltine may make your child over—try it.

Developed 38 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, virtually every vital food element necessary to life, including, of course, the Sunshine *Vitamin D.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight. Others develop nerve poise; for, as weight increases, nervousness perceptibly decreases.

Other elements foster richer blood. And thus combat conditions of anemia. All are supplied in scientific ratio to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight, in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(Note): *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.

"He's Gained 5 Pounds in 4½ Weeks"

After my little boy had had his tonsils removed I found it impossible to build up either his nerves or his weight. He was much underweight and so fretful that I thought I might have to take him to the Mountains for his health. My husband and I decided to give Ovaltine a trial—giving it to our boy regularly twice a day. Yesterday we weighed him and do you know what we found?

He had gained 5 pounds in 4½ weeks! These results were so surprising that I weighed him twice to make sure that I was right. Really, I can't be thankful enough for Ovaltine.

Mrs. M. W. C.
2640 N. Charles St.
Baltimore, Md.

"Strangers stop now to admire my little girl, yet only a few weeks ago she was nervous, pale and underweight"

Only a few weeks ago my little daughter was nervous, pale and underweight. Her appetite was poor, she even refused her milk and her sleep was fretful and restless. People used to look at her and remark that a city is no place in which one could raise a healthy child. Naturally, this made me decidedly unhappy.

Finally, I took the child to the doctor who advised Ovaltine. A short time after she began drinking it we noticed results that are almost unbelievable. She has rosy cheeks, a gay, happy manner, an excellent appetite and is gaining in weight.

Strangers stop now to admire my little girl. And I no longer hear remarks about the city being no place in which to raise a child.

Mrs. A. D. H., Jr., 12 East 8th Street, New York City

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

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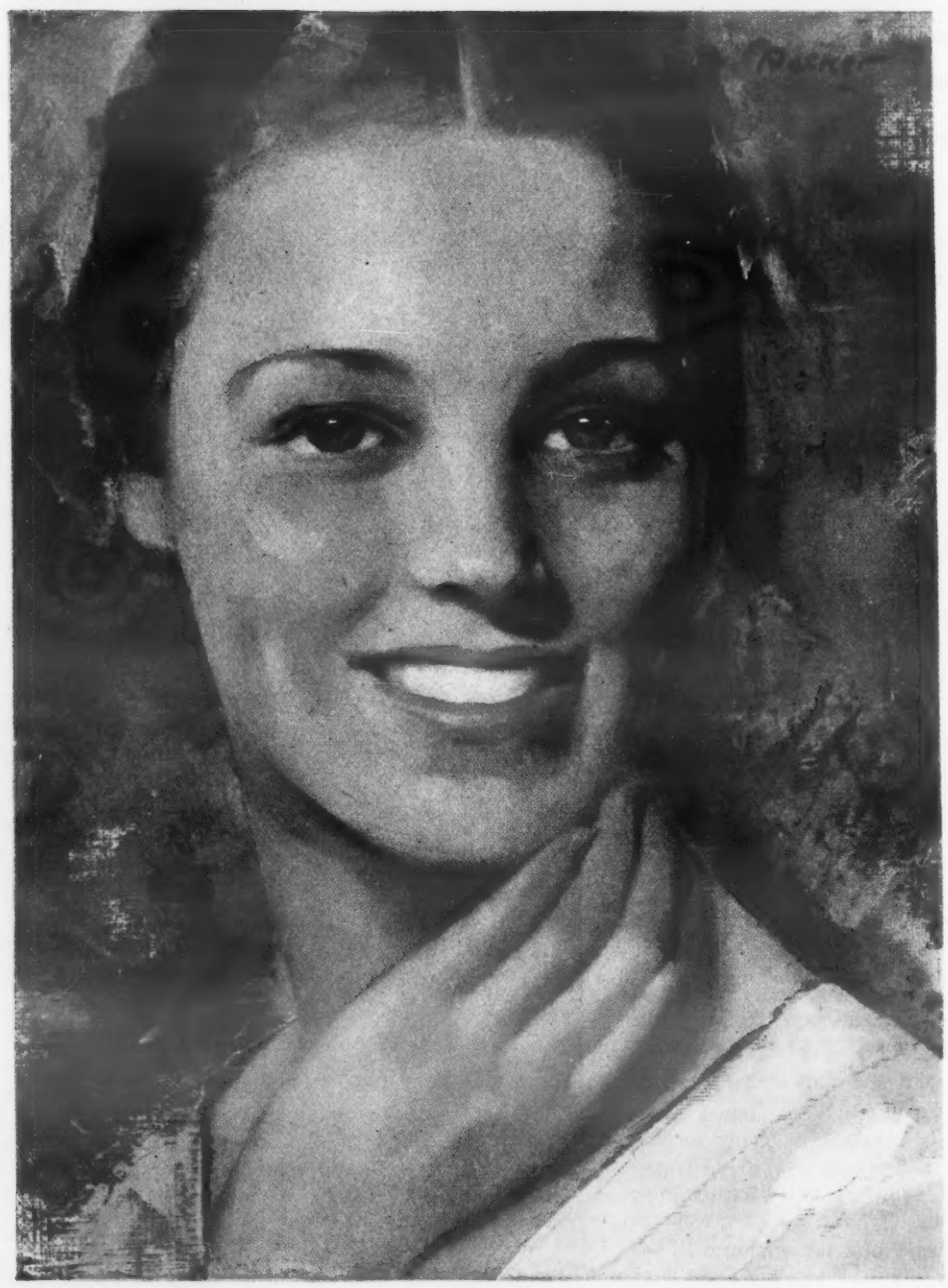


TO PROTECT THE MOUTH OF YOUTH

. . . a dentist tells how every tube of FORHAN'S *must be made*

YOU probably know that Forhan's occupies a place distinctive among dentifrices, and for very good reasons.

A dentist first devised it. A dentist's critical standards have ever since watched over its preparation. With the scrupulous care he would use in safeguarding the teeth of his patients, R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., developed the formula of this dentifrice which bears his name.

He made it mild. He made it safe. He chose only those ingredients for cleansing the teeth which the most critical member of his profession would approve. He demanded continual vigilance in every step of manufacturing—watchfulness over the purity of every tube bearing his name. It was indeed a "dentists' dentifrice."

More than this, he added something found in no other dentifrice—the benefit of a preparation he had developed in his practice—an aid for the gums, based upon a preparation widely known and used by dentists in the care of pyorrhea.

The result was a dentifrice remarkable for the mouth of youth, and for those who wish to keep the mouth young. Used as recommended, with massage at the time of brushing, Forhan's not only cleans the teeth, but helps to give healthy gums the tingling stimulation which they need.

We, who make this finer dentifrice, know of no other toothpaste made with such exacting care and patient precision. The high standards of purity prescribed for each ingredient are constantly and watchfully checked.

As a matter of precaution, anyone who values firm, gleaming teeth and healthy gums will want to adopt Forhan's as his dentifrice, or hers.

Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan Company, Inc., New York.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5

Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

(Continued from Page 162)

tradition, louder than superstition, louder than fear:

"*Abraham! Abraham!* Lay not thy hand upon the lad!"

He stood rigid, eyes now on the burning heavens.

"You cannot kill your own son! You cannot think that God would drink a child's blood!" The voice went on: "You love Isaac as your soul. Father love is God's love and I am the Father of your people. Look, Abraham, yonder in the thicket!"

Abraham looked and beheld a ram, caught by its horns in a bush.

And then Abraham knew that his God's voice and the gentle voice were one, knew that his God did not desire child sacrifice, knew that he must cleanse child sacrifice from the ritual.

He stooped and kissed his swooning son and removed the bonds. Then he seized on the ram and spilled its blood where Isaac's was to have flowed, and together father and son made their prayer.

II.

THE rescue of Isaac is the first recorded sacrifice in which man substituted an animal for a child and satisfied his deity. Abraham established the ethics of living sacrifice for all time, not only for his descendants but for the Caucasian world. And yet so strong was the influence of the tribes that surrounded Abraham's posterity that they returned again and again to the hideous practice not only of child sacrifice but of infanticide and of selling their children into slavery.

And while the prophets, with fierce and beautiful invective, fought for Abraham's God, a new people came into prominence in the west. The Greeks were rising out of the mists of antiquity, bringing with them ideals of beauty and a power of sheer intellect such as no nation since has equaled. But their attitude toward parenthood was one of cold-blooded selfishness. Plato, four centuries before Christ, described a perfect city state, putting the population at exactly 5040 citizens. He said this level could be maintained by a strict regulation of unions and by abortion and infanticide.

The Athenian practice was to bring up one child or none. Throughout Greece the custom of the upper classes was to get rid of their offspring ceremoniously and publicly. The ordinary method of disposing of a baby was to expose it on the highway.

Plato's was perhaps the greatest mind the world ever was to know. It led him to believe in a Supreme Mind that ruled the universe and in man's soul as a part of that Mind. But neither he nor any other Greek ever discovered the true importance of the life of a baby. They handed on to Rome, practically intact, their cold-blooded attitude, along with their customs of wholesale abortion and of infanticide by exposure in public places.

ROME throughout her history was to retain child exposure as one of the most common of all social customs. This, in spite of the fact that from the time of Romulus she made sporadic efforts to eliminate it. But her efforts were to be completely futile until a great Roman found the God of Abraham and made Him his own.

To Romulus are attributed the first Roman laws. One of these decreed that no healthy male child could be exposed, and that each family must keep at least one female child. All children must be permitted to live until three years of age. At that age extra females and cripples or monstrosities of either sex could be exposed if five relatives of the child approved. This is the first recorded decree against exposure. The Romans never took it seriously. Abortion, infanticide and exposure were as common and as decimating as war throughout Roman history.

For long centuries the chief industry of Rome was war. Slaves and the addition of conquered provinces increased its population while the Romans themselves practiced infanticide wholesale. The poor got rid of their children because of misery, the rich because they were selfish and lazy.

In spite of conquest, however, by the time of the later emperors population in the empire was at a standstill and the rulers tried to bring about an increase by legislation. Augustus passed a law that unmarried persons could not inherit and married persons who were childless could take only half of what was left them by will. He gave preference to those candidates for office who had children. To Romans who had three children and to provincials who had five, he gave exemption from taxes. He offered a reward of about forty dollars to anyone who would save and bring up an exposed child.

The emperor Nerva offered state aid to the support of children. An old list of five thousand children whose parents received this aid shows that girls were so little thought of that ten boys were helped to one girl. And still exposure increased.

The emperor Hadrian took direct note of this fact by passing a law taking the right of exposure from Roman fathers.

Hadrian's gesture did not save the babies. But during the time of Hadrian the faith that was to come to their rescue was maturing rapidly. It was a faith based on the life and teachings of one of Abraham's descendants, Who interpreted the Supreme God as a Father of infinite compassion. That successive Roman emperors loathed this faith and crucified its disciples only added to its stubborn vitality and growth. By the time Constantine I took over the Western Roman Empire, Christianity was huge in numbers and finely organized. Men had a great hunger for a God of compassion.

CONSTANTINE took over a war-weary world, a world edging rapidly toward bankruptcy of body and soul. And although he was a Platonist, not a Christian, he saw in this new religious organization an invaluable aid to stemming the empire's moral bankruptcy. He never permitted himself to be baptized into the church until on his deathbed. But he was, in fact, an ardent, even a passionate, supporter of the Christian doctrines all during his reign. Yet he found it all but impossible to live up to the code of tenderness taught by the Man of Nazareth. He tried his utmost to do so. His struggle lasted for twenty years. And the story of that struggle is the story of the establishment of child exposure as a crime in the laws of the western world.

In his private life he was tender and devoted. It had gone very hard with him when, at thirty, his father had forced him to leave his beloved concubine, Minervarena, and marry Fausta, daughter of the then emperor of the Western Empire. Minervarena had been made to give up their son Crispus, about nine years old.

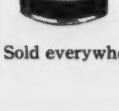
Even at nine, the boy Crispus showed extraordinary intellectual promise—a rare quality among rulers. His grandmother, Helena, persuaded his father to bring Crispus up as a Christian. Accordingly the boy was placed in the hands of Lactantius, a noted historian and a writer on the new faith.

LACTANTIUS, a lean, brown, quiet man who loved children, obtained great influence over the charming young Crispus and he put ideas into the lad's head that no embryonic emperor ever before had entertained. His method was concrete. Strolling with the boy through the streets of Rome, he would interpret for him the common sights in the light of Christian thought. Certainly one of the commonest sights in the teeming city was the exposed baby. Crispus knew a good deal about exposed babies. He had rescued one himself, one from whose tragic little life was to come Constantine's first great measures for the prevention of child murder.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles by Mrs. Morrow telling the story of the child's struggle for existence. The third will appear in the June Journal.

Breakfast

Appetizing fruit drink, mildly laxative, quickly digested, ready in a second—just pour and serve. Many people blend it with one third water.



Dinner

For a fragrant tangy appetizer, serve Welch's, iced, as a cocktail. For a light, appetizing dinner drink, serve Welch's with one third water. Makes food taste better.

Entertaining

A refreshing, satisfying social drink that everyone appreciates, even dieters. Delicious with ginger ale.

Children

Welch's is a nutritious tissue, bone and teeth builder, and children love it. Invaluable in malnutrition and anemia cases.

Sleep

A soothing, delicious "night-cap" that lets you sleep like a baby. Often prevents insomnia. Doctors prescribe it.

Sold everywhere

"Here's how I keep my weight down"

Smart women are rejoicing in a simple little book of weight-control menus—by a nationally known cooking school

At last, here is the healthful way of holding down weight without sacrificing delicious foods, healthy color, or becoming "pep."

The Forecast School of Cookery, one of America's foremost cooking schools, shows how Welch's grape juice, in a sensible, pleasant diet, gives sufficient nonfattening nourishment to keep up health and good looks.

Welch's is just the pure juice of fresh, luscious Concords, sweetened and flavored by Nature. It gives you the energizing "sweet" your body must have, without adding to your weight. And it gives you a wealth of body-building minerals—Nature's supply of iron to keep your complexion lovely—magnesium to give your hair luxuriance and beauty.

These weight-control menus are wonderfully practical for busy women. Just the every-day foods that everyone must have, without a lot of fussy preparation. The grape juice gives you quick energy in such deliciously appetizing form that the taste is satisfied. Especially if you choose to go on a reducing diet, be very careful to keep up strength with Welch's.

Every woman owes it to herself and her loved ones to keep off the unlovely pounds that time and food seem determined to force upon her. Here is, we believe, the simplest, happiest way to do it. The Forecast School of Cookery's authoritative recipe book is yours free, without obligation of any kind. You will find it invaluable. Just mail the coupon at once, before our supply is exhausted.

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6 servings in each pint—5c a glass

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Journal House Patterns Only $1

Build Your Home This Summer

RINDGE & RINDGE
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FRANK B. WINEGAR, JR.
Delineator

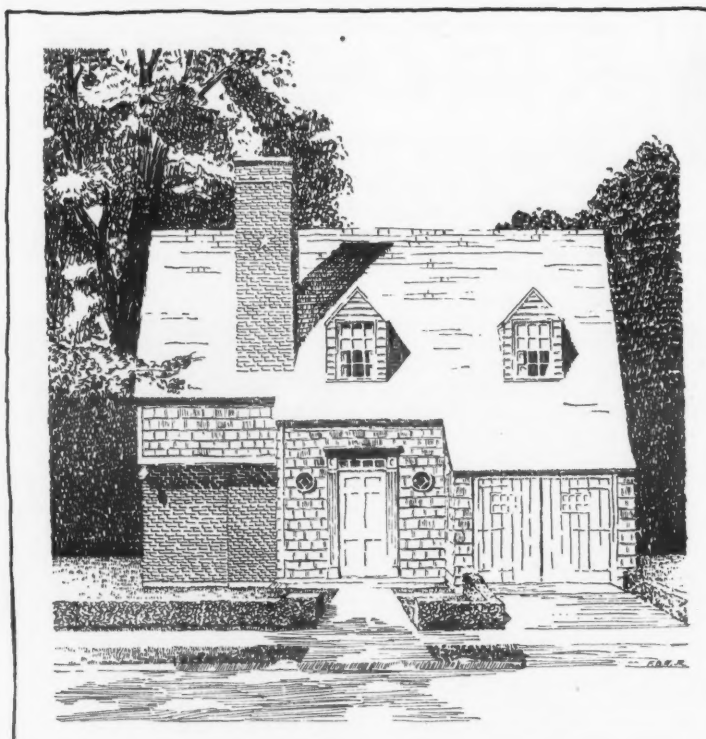
NOW is the time to build. The JOURNAL offers this month three attractive small houses for your selection. House Patterns (trade-mark) are available for all three houses.

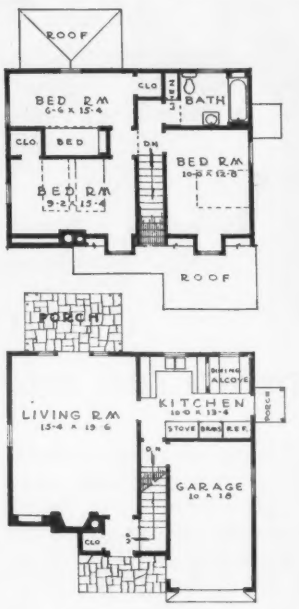
What is a House Pattern (trade-mark)?

A House Pattern (trade-mark) is a complete set of plans for a house. There are three sheets in each pattern; each sheet of paper is twenty-two inches by thirty-four inches in size. The paper is thin, tough and white. This is so that as many sets of regular blue prints as may be desired can be printed right from the pattern. You, the owner, keep the House Pattern (trade-mark) as your original. The contractors and workmen who build your house use the blue prints to work from. Blue prints cost about three cents a square foot of blue-print paper used. There are, of course, specifications for material and workmanship which assure you of a good home. And, in addition, you will find pen-and-ink drawings on the patterns showing interior views of the house.

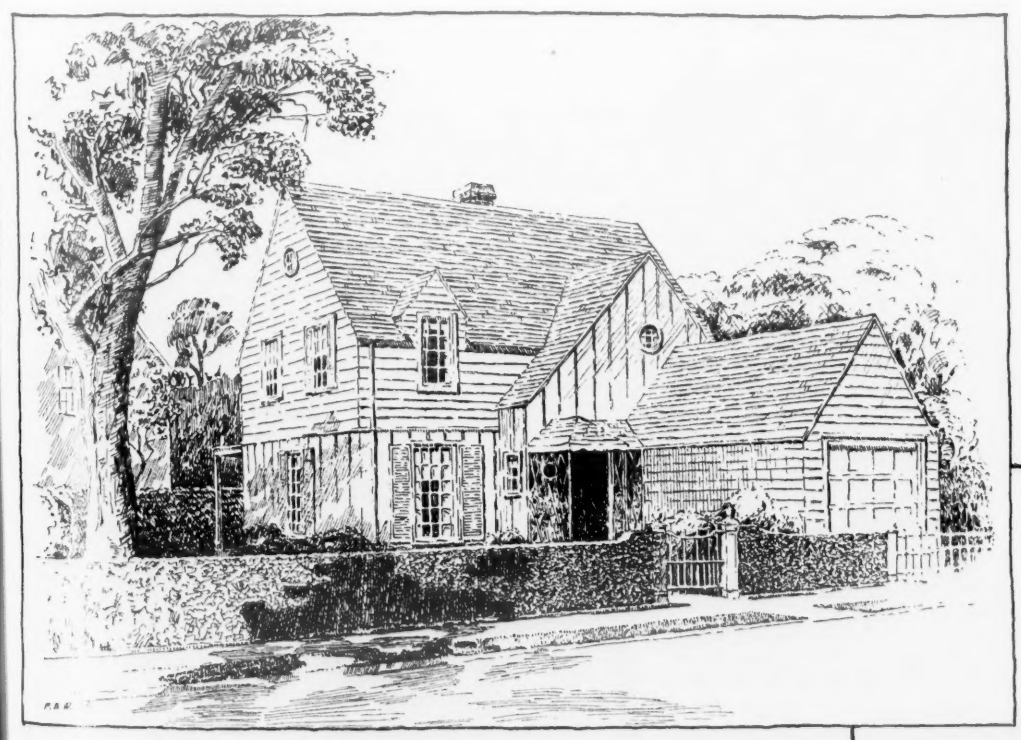
The three houses pictured on this page range in building costs between $6000 and $8000, the exact amount depending upon labor and material prices in your locality. A fifty-foot lot will accommodate any one of the houses and still leave five or more feet of open space on each side of the house. The choice of materials for exterior walls is varied, as can be seen by glancing at the sketches.

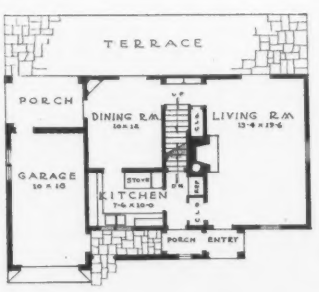
Address Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

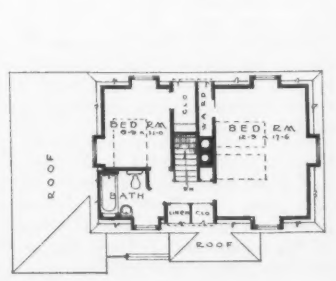




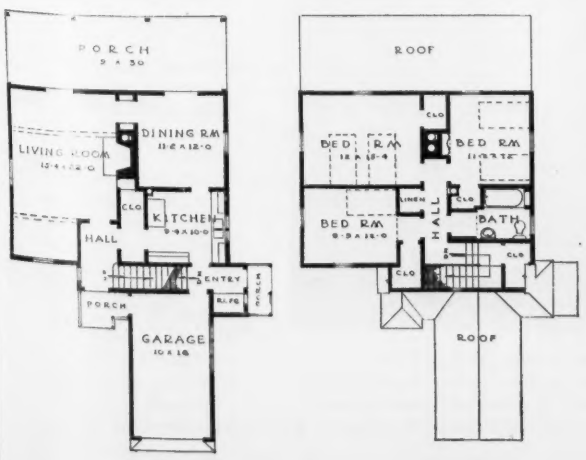
House No. 3015. Unpretentious in size and appearance, yet boasting three bedrooms.







Below—House No. 3016. There is a French atmosphere about this house that is emphasized by the dormers and full-length shutters. It is an ideal garden home for the small family. There are plenty of closets, and good-sized rooms.



House No. 3014. Three bedrooms and bath, living room, dining room and kitchen, with attached garage, make up the floor plans of this American home. A deft handling of materials creates an appealing exterior. House Patterns (trade-mark) are available for all three of these houses at $1.00 each.

Yes fellow darners

here are two solutions

I mean, of course, solutions to our everlasting darning and mending problem. No, there aren't any *darnless* stockings or socks for children. And there probably never will be. But American Baby Hose come nearer to that mark than any *I've* ever used in sizes from 4 to 8½.

What's more, these two colorful new spring styles I'm holding are the *darlingest* things. I just wish you could see the cunning little patterns of this new five-eighth stocking and this cute little anklet in their actual colors. In fact, there are 18 different color combinations to choose from in these two styles alone. Also, there are more than 30 other styles of American Baby Hose.

Sizes 4 to 8½, did I say? Yes, and *half sizes*, too. Not stretched from full sizes, but *knit and shaped* on their own account. For the makers of American Baby Hose know the vital importance of correct stocking sizes for the tender, sensitive little feet of babies and younger children. In fact, that's why all American Baby Hose are finished as perfectly inside as outside, and always non-acid dyed and peroxide bleached. Also, they're *permanently* elastic, which means that the children can easily put them on alone, yet they never lose their shape.

Best of all, too, the new spring styles are not only moderately priced, but, like all American Baby Hose, as hard to wear out as they are easy to wear. So, you see, fellow darners and fellow budgeteers, it actually *pays* us to insist on American Baby Hose in sizes from 4 to 8½.

★

J. H. BLAETZ
Mascher and Allegheny
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Baby Hose

for Babies and Younger Children

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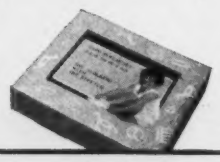

Paneled Walls

By ELIZABETH MACY KAUFFMAN

ALONG with the many other lovely things which have come to us out of the past are wood-paneled walls, and it is quite the vogue to have one or more rooms in the house so paneled.

When we delve into history we find that logs were selected by the first settlers of this country to build their cabins, and that plain, wide boards were chosen to panel their rooms, beam the ceilings and cover the floors, thus keeping out cold and dampness.

Real old houses with original paneled walls, if they have survived the advance of civilization, are prized possessions of their owners, and continual search reveals that the day of finding many such houses with rare old paneling is past. Yet the desire for paneled walls has increased rather than diminished. But the question remains, where to find old boards with that same soft, mellow color and satiny, aged appearance? After considerable study and research on the part of lumber manufacturers, architects and scientists, new lumber is now being cut, installed, stained and finished to look like old wood, and the entire effect is as lovely as anything ever produced by passing years. Wooden walls no longer are just for a limited few, but for anyone who desires to have interesting and restful surfaces for backgrounds for either antique furniture, the lovely reproductions which are being made today, for modern furniture, or for a blending of both old and new.

Of all the rooms in a house the living room, no doubt, clamors first for the distinction of paneled walls. For what is lovelier than a living room whose walls are paneled with colorful yet restful boards? Such walls are just as appropriate for the formal living room as for the informal living room, and for the town house as for the country or seaside home. If the living room is informal in character and furnished with simple Early American furniture, wide boards either plain or feather-edged make an interesting background for pine and maple furniture, hooked or braided rugs, gay chintz window hangings and slip covers, pewter, brass, wrought-iron hinges, and bright book bindings.

How to Use

FOR such a room boards with solid knots in them are much to be preferred to the clear stock, as the knots give character and interest to the walls, breaking up many otherwise plain surfaces. The entire living room may be sheathed with boards, the ceiling heavily beamed with hand-hewn beams as realistic as any cut years ago from virgin timber, and the floor covered with wide boards and pegged down with hand-made wooden pegs. Or just the fireplace side of the room may be boarded. When the latter treatment is followed the other walls are usually covered with white or cream-colored plaster. This was the custom followed by the early colonists.

Although wood paneling had its beginning in the kitchen—for in olden days kitchen and dining room were one and the same—it nevertheless kept pace with prosperity. As the colonists increased in wealth they continued to cover their walls with boards. Their paneled walls became carved and ornamented, forming beautiful and lovely brocades for the formal Georgian furniture. So today paneled walls with carved and ornamented pilasters and cornices, carved dadoes and moldings, make appropriate backgrounds for stately mahogany furniture and for silks, velvets and brocades. Newly installed paneling may be stained to any one of the lovely antique stains, which range all the way from a golden yellow to a reddish brown or a silver gray, and then waxed and polished to a satiny finish with a result that is as pleasing as any patina added by the passing of time.

Even the hallway may be paneled. When a house is furnished throughout in the Colonial spirit such a hall sets the keynote, as it were, for the rest of the house; in fact, there is scarcely a room in any house which is not suited to paneled walls.

Paneled walls and cupboards, a harmonious combination.

The oldest room in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City is a wood-paneled bedroom from Hampton, New Hampshire, and in this extremely simple yet exquisite room even the ceiling is made of boards.

When paneling is used in a room there may be many cupboards concealed behind the panels and there may be shelves for books, trophies or art objects. If the windows are recessed, cupboards may be cleverly concealed in the deep casings on both sides. Perhaps no quainter or more restful background can be created for a dining room than mellow wood walls, and quite effective in such a setting is simple pine or maple furniture of antique design, stately mahogany, or a painted dining-room set. Wood panels permit cupboards to be built right into the wall, and they may be so designed that they are not dissimilar to a Welsh or old pine dresser with interesting scalloped shelves, or they may be in the form of a pair of corner cupboards. These can be stained and finished to match the paneling exactly. On such open shelves pewter, colorful glass and china may be fittingly displayed. When the dining room is furnished with Early American furniture, such as a trestle table, Windsor or ladder-back chairs, a pine cupboard, a tavern serving table, and wrought-iron hinges and sconces, the walls should have a simple form of treatment—just plain wood sheathing slightly beveled or feathered on the edges. But when the lovelier Georgian furniture is used, then the walls, just as in the living room, may be constructed of more elaborate panels, and if there is a fireplace its pilasters may be reeded and the dado, cornices and moldings carved.

The simple, open-faced Colonial corner cupboard adapts itself to wood paneling, either ceiling-high or just to the chair rail.

Wood paneling is such a friendly, informal yet substantial medium that it appeals to all, and especially to men. For this reason men are using it for the walls of a study or for a recreation room in cellar or attic. The ease of securing and handling boards permits a whole room to be quickly and easily paneled in these places.

A house does not need to be a new house to have the charm of paneled walls. Paneling may be added to any house at any time and with little confusion or trouble. We find that in olden days as families prospered they often beautified a room by the addition of lovely wood paneling, and a ship's carpenter was sometimes employed to do the fine work. Paneling may be applied right over existing walls, and a heretofore drab, uninteresting room may be converted into one that fairly sings out comfort, restfulness and friendliness.

A none-too-attractive Victorian room with its high ceiling can easily be converted into a cozy, homelike room through the use of paneling. The walls should be paneled with interesting boards, and the ceiling as well, which then becomes a second or false ceiling somewhat lower than the original one.

Finishing

AFTER wood paneling has been applied to the walls of a room it should be finished to give the appearance of age and livableness. A light wood filler should first be used, and then one of the antique stains applied by rubbing it on and off a little at a time until just the finish sought for is obtained. Then the boards should be waxed and polished by hand.

Although walls may be beautifully paneled and ceilings heavily beamed with apparently hand-hewn beams, it is often true that the boards are veneer and the beams hollow shells. Yet this lessens none of the beauty, but increases the ease of handling and applying the wood, and lessens the cost. In fact, veneered panels are superior to solid panels for two very good reasons. A veneered panel will not crack, and it is possible to obtain more interesting and beautiful grain effects in veneer than in solid wood.

Let us rejoice then that wood paneling resplendent with as much romance, tranquillity and beauty as any ever found in old houses is now available and being used on walls to form interesting and beautiful backgrounds for our everyday living.

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an entirely new method that keeps floors clean, polished, protected — without scrubbing and without slipperiness

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A woman wrote a letter to an editor saying that the varnish on her floors was showing wear in certain places. Could it be prevented? The editor printed an article on the subject.

Other women wrote and said that scrubbing linoleum was taking the life out of it. Yet they couldn't keep it clean otherwise. What did the Institute think about that?

Other women observed that oil on floors made them sticky. After a few oilings, dirt and dust settled into the film and could only be removed by scrubbing. Could the Institute suggest a remedy?

the remedy—

"Don't scrub your floors," the Household Institutes say (—and who wants to?). "It damages them. Wherever they are soiled, use Liquid Wax as a cleaner. Wipe over it with a few clean rags and you'll pick up the dirt without leaving a sticky film for dust to cling to."

If you want to prevent wear on varnish and linoleum, see that your cleaning cabinet contains an Electric Polisher. If you don't want to buy one right away, at least rent one at slight cost from one of the stores in your neighborhood and give your floors a protective wax polishing. It's no effort to run—the machine runs itself—and once a month is plenty.

Remember—you are doing this as a remedy for certain "troubles." BUT—after your first waxing, you will also notice an amazing transformation. The floor apparently comes to life. Almost better than new—because the effect of wax is to mellow and enrich anything it touches.

You will discover a new depth to your floors, as though you were seeing deep into the grain of the wood and the pattern of your fine linoleum. Not just one dimension, but two.

here's the way to try it—

If it sounds new to *you*, don't give it up for that reason! Try it. Millions of women are using this method and they know—as you will—that their floors were never so beautiful or so simple to take care of.

Beautiful floors. Yes, really. Just send the coupon at the opposite side for a free 25c can of Johnson's Wax, and have them—in your home—now.

The new Improved Johnson Household Polisher —and Johnson's Wax in paste and liquid form.

three steps

This treatment applies to all floors—wood, linoleum, composition, tile, etc., varnished, painted, lacquered or shellaced.

1 Where floor is soiled, apply Liquid Wax freely as a cleaner. No scrubbing.

2 Wipe up liquid solution with clean rags. All dirt and dust come with it.

3 Apply thin coat of wax (paste or liquid) over entire floor and when dry, burnish with electric polisher to clear mellow lustre. This treatment at intervals of a month or two will keep floors in perfect condition.

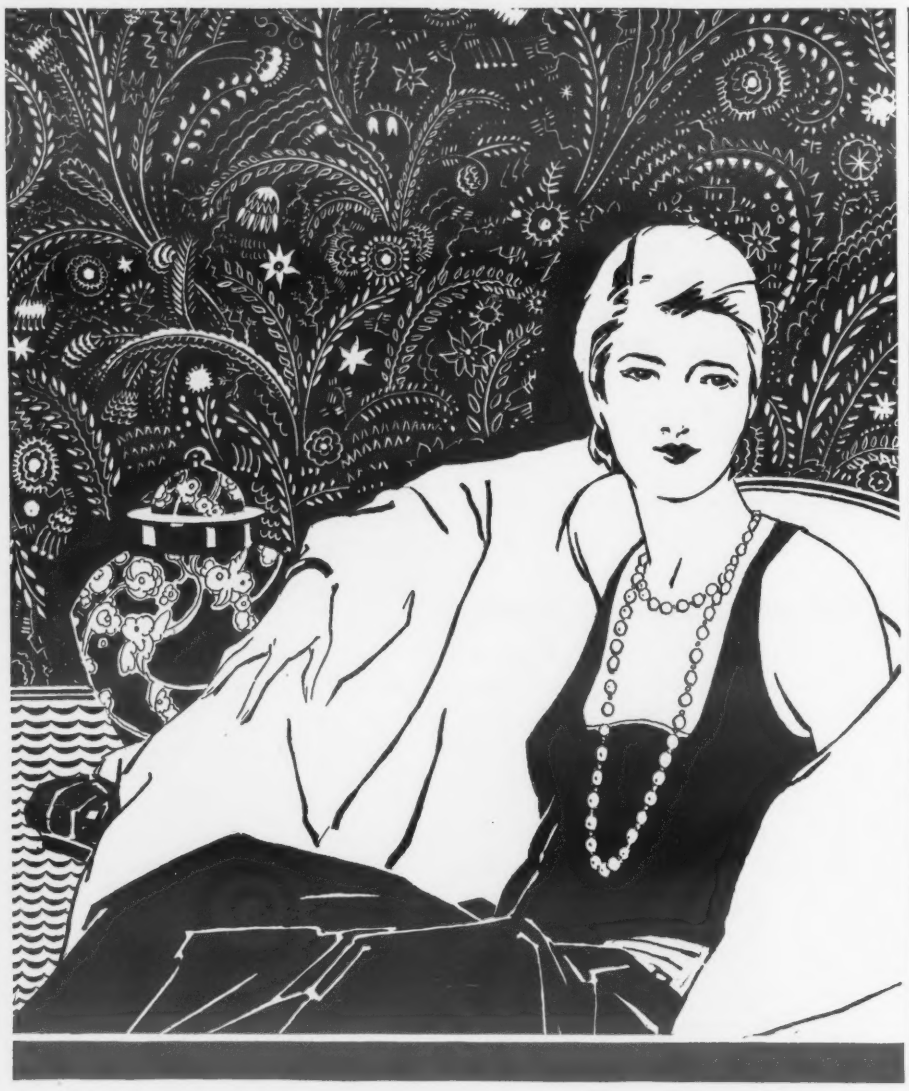
free 25 cent can

S. C. Johnson & Son, Dept. L J 5
Racine, Wisconsin.

Gentlemen: Please send free 25c can (not a sample) of Johnson's Wax Polish ( ) paste or ( ) liquid (check one) and illustrated booklet "Reducing the care of floors and furniture."

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____



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WALLPAPERS were never as smart, as lovely, as varied as they are today. . . But how can you be sure you're choosing the ones best suited to your house, your rooms, your furniture?

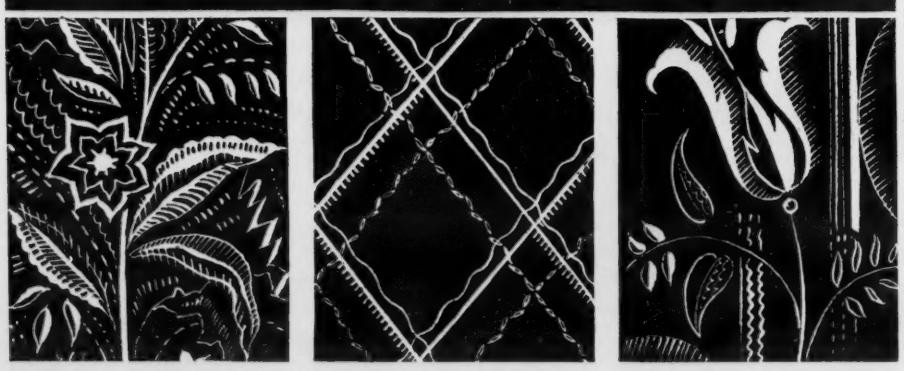
To help you, The Wallpaper Association is announcing another service—a Consulting Decorators' Bureau, established to bring expert advice to bear on your personal problems.

Two booklets have been prepared: "How to Modernize Your Home," all about modernistic papers and their use, and "Which Wallpaper and Why," considering the subject from the angle of those who have more conservative tastes. Both of these and 50 large-sized samples of actual wallpapers come to you for 25 cents.

Letters, too, will be answered by the Decorator in charge of the Bureau—just state your problem and back will come a reply by return mail. This last service, by the way, costs you nothing.

Remember, Tested papers with a guarantee against fading can be purchased at your dealer's. The Wallpaper Association of United States, 10 East Fortieth Street, New York City.

The WALLPAPER ASSOCIATION



A Little House of the Long-Ago

(Continued from Page 27)

window casings, as well as that of the interior wood trim in general, was copied in like manner from an old New England Colonial house. This also applies to the built-in bookshelves of the living room and an upstairs bedroom, and to the china cupboard in the dining room. Note, too, the little window between the entrance hall and dining room.

And while Mr. Gray was devoting special attention to such structural details, Mrs. Gray was as carefully planning the scheme of interior decoration. First, in this connection, it is worthy of note that all inside walls are papered over plaster, even in bathroom, the kitchen and all closets. In the bathroom and kitchen, however, the paper has been finished with a transparent varnish preparation, thus enabling it to be cleaned with a damp cloth when necessary. Incidentally, the paper used throughout was imported from England, and, for the most part, consists of copies of patterns in vogue a hundred years ago. Similar study was given to the draperies. Those of the living room and dining room are reproductions of two-hundred-year-old toile. The lighting fixtures also are suggestive of the past.

Construction

THE house is of frame construction, with the outside walls finished, in the main, with wide siding commonly designated as ship-lap. A portion of the front wall, however, together with the end wall of the living-room wing, to the height of the eaves, is finished with a veneer of maroon and brown brick. This, incidentally, since these walls face the north, is in keeping with an old idea—namely, the providing of greatest protection to that part of the house most exposed to blizzards. The roof is composed of split shakes, instead of the usual sawed shingles, and the chimney is constructed of gray and white stone, finished with a brick top and with a split-shake skirt. The weatherboarding, including also the ordinary trimming material, is in pure white; the shutters at the windows are green, and the shakes of the roof brown.

The arrangement of the interior is shown by the accompanying floor plans. On the first floor, it will be seen, are living room, dining room, breakfast room, kitchen, rear service porch, and a den—or maid's room, if one should prefer so to use it. There is also a delightful living porch off the rear of the living room, accessible therefrom through two pairs of glass doors and from the rear hall through a single glass door.

Walls and Floors

THE interior woodwork is of pine throughout, and is, in every division, finished in light old ivory. As previously stated, all walls are plastered and papered, which likewise applies to all ceilings, except that the paper is omitted from those of the kitchen and bathroom.

The floors of all three divisions are carpeted, the color of the carpet being uniformly of Georgian green, which lends pleasing effectiveness to the color scheme in general and preserves the best traditions of the period.

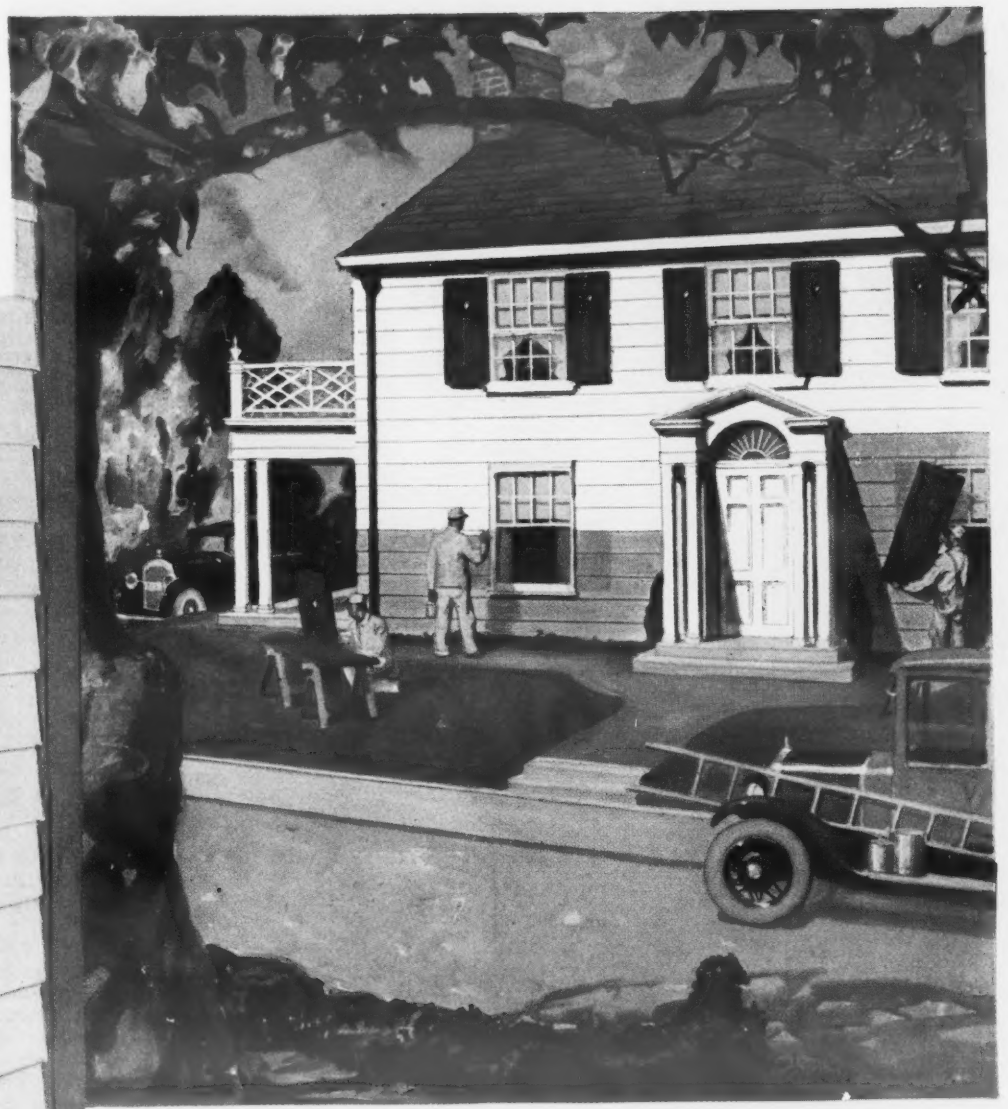
The mulberry tone also has more or less representation in the bedrooms and bathroom, either in draperies or paper, or both. The morning-glory pattern of wall paper is used in the bathroom, a Queen Anne pattern in the front bedroom, and a rose pattern in the back bedroom. For the kitchen, breakfast room and den, the paper is of the Chinese Chippendale style, with golden yellow as the prevailing color tone of that in the first two divisions and deep red as the dominant color in the den. The paper used for the ceilings in all rooms, with the two exceptions noted above, is quite plain, both in pattern and color. The ceilings of the first and second floor halls are also papered, a starry sky being the effect here. Naturally, the closets are in the same style as the rooms to which they belong.

The front bedroom possesses a very attractive built-in bookcase.

Breakfast-room cupboard as seen from kitchen.

It is a point worthy of stressing that this home is a reflection of the long-ago in architectural style, in interior finish and decorating, and in its furnishing, and especially that antique furniture is used throughout, not along with the modern. This gives it charming quaintness and an uncommonly attractive and homelike atmosphere. Yet it is denied none of the modern comforts or conveniences. And, finally, it has a most admirably planned garden, front and rear, to enhance its outward attractiveness.

Keeping up with Mr. and Mrs. VALSPAR



The Famous VALSPAR Boiling Water Test

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The store that displays this headquarters sign is the place to obtain your VALSPAR in just the "finish" and color you desire.

"We surely started something, Val!"

"Started something?" echoes Mr. Valspar. *"Say, it's once in a blue moon that I get a kick like this . . ."*

"Isn't it exciting to see the Joneses copying us?" replies Mrs. Val.

"You bet, but that's not the half of it," grins Val. *"I had an argument with Jones the other day. I tried to tell him our experience but he said . . . 'paint's paint, the name doesn't matter!' The old son-of-a-gun . . ."*

"Evidently he's learned then," concludes Mrs. Val, *"for those were certainly Valspar labels on the cans!"*

* * *

The old saying, "keeping up with the Joneses," takes a more modern turn on the tongues of this generation.

Today it's . . . "Keeping up with The Valspars!"

And what sport it is . . . carrying out such charming color schemes! Bright! Sunny! Show-pieces of your own invention! There's where the real thrill lies. Watching your own ideas shape themselves into glorious realities of color.

And when your inspiration moves *outdoors,* Valspar goes along too! For Valspar House Paint, like all other Valspar Finishes, brings the smart, modern atmosphere of *today* to the exposed surfaces of your home. And, remember, Valspar *quality,* known the world around, makes certain the assurance of long waterproof, wear-proof, weather-proof service . . .

Besides Clear Varnish, Enamel, and Lacquer there is a complete line of House Paints, Flat Wall Paints and Porch and Floor Paints. All bear the name "Valspar" for your protection when buying. *Look for it!*

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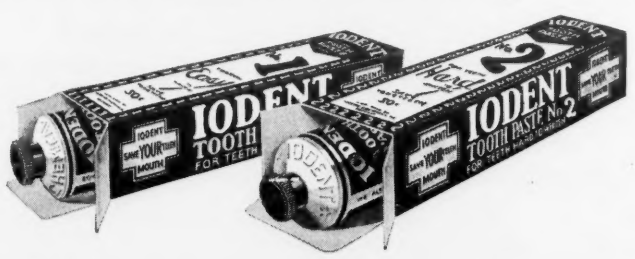
Jewels, silks, hair, eyes, teeth—all owe much of their charm to natural brilliancy

Evening dress and wrap by Hickson, Inc., New York

Even Hard-to-Whiten Teeth

sparkle with Lustrous Beauty . . . .



when this special tooth paste is used
Regularly

Remember how white and lustrous your teeth *used* to be—before time or tobacco smoke had dulled their brightness? This natural brilliancy is still there; and like tarnished silver, the enamel will instantly respond to proper cleaning.

Iodent No. 2—in the big blue tube—is specially compounded to do this work *safely* and *swiftly*.

You will notice, when brushing with No. 2, that there is no explosion of useless froth in the mouth—no suggestion of harsh abrasives or other harmful ingredients. In fact it is made by a Dentist.

The No. 2 texture is firm, yet soft. It shapes itself to the teeth and clings till it thoroughly cleans. Moreover, it sparkles refreshingly in the mouth, penetrates every tiny crevice, and purifies as sunlight purifies the air—leaving an after-tang that you'll like immensely.

Iodent is the *only* dentifrice in the world that is made in two textures for the two recognized classes of teeth. Iodent Chemical Company—Detroit.

[IODENT *No.* 1 for Teeth Easy to Whiten is also ideally adapted for children's tiny teeth and tender gums]

IODENT *No.* 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

The Chaotic Decade

(Continued from Page 35)

boy-girl on an unsuspicious people became merely an absurdity.

The situation is anomalous in one way, for almost invariably the cult of sex has been the confession of a weakening people, a mental aphrodisiac. Yet here was, and is, a strong people, not yet on the decline; not decadent, not failing in virility.

Following the cult of sex, or accompanying it, comes invariably the cult of the body, the woman body. This may be camouflaged as the quest for beauty, or it may amount to exhibitionism. But in its final analysis it is a part of the exploitation of sex.

Perhaps beauty is its own excuse, and we need not cavil at nudity. But the amount of beauty revealed by the skirt to the knee or above it was rather offset by its ugliness. For one revelation of beauty there were a hundred knock-kneed and bowlegged women whose contribution was negligible. At the same time, under the guise of beauty or honesty or both, the practically unclothed woman began to creep into the public prints, onto the stage and into the moving pictures, where, exaggerated into enormous proportions, her nudity is inescapable.

That this cult of the body is purely sensual, and not merely a gesture toward frankness and truth, is shown in that it is solely a cult of the feminine body. And that it is a cult of the body, rather to the exclusion of the feminine mind, or heart, or soul.

A true cult, exotic and not too creditable; and only now apparently about to die.

So, one thing leading to another during the past decade, an idealistic and rather simple and direct-minded people found itself, while making magnanimous gestures against war and achieving real and solid progress in many directions, rather heading toward the gutter in others.

But the beginning of this new decade finds it a little uneasy and more than a little bored. It is beginning to wonder how it has got where it finds itself, like a drunken man who awakens in some strange place. The irresponsible days have gone, with their excuse. The youth which so alarmed the nation ten years ago is no longer causing anxiety. In the vast majority of cases it has settled down, often with a family of its own to worry about.

Moral Reform

ALONG with the general awakening, however, comes the professional reformer. He believes that the bad may be legislated into being good, and he sets up his own arbitrary standards of right and wrong. But the reformer here faces the problem of the ages. There are no arbitrary standards of conduct, even no arbitrary standards of goodness.

To the moralist the Ten Commandments are all the law and the prophets; to the Christian the virtues are the virtues of the spirit, charity and loving kindness.

So the end of this strange decade has seen the moralist-reformer going to absurd lengths in his futile endeavor to impose reform from without instead of from within the individual.

A flagrant example of this has been the extension of the power of censorship. A law originally designed only to prevent the manufacture or import of pornographic material has been extended to cover a greatly enlarged field. Books otherwise doomed to a small group of readers, or to die practically unread at all, have thus been advertised into large sales. Literary classics, long unsuspected, have had their hidden wantonness revealed. Honest writers, writing for the adult mind, have been haled into court because their honesty might contribute to the forbidden knowledge of youth.

Why should youth be forbidden knowledge? It is its only safe ground. And this same censorship, which has reduced the footage in a moving-picture kiss and the uses of beds in all pictures to deathbed scenes and similar innocuous episodes, still permits unclothed women both on the stage and on the screen!

But the reformer is at his worst in his endeavor to enforce Prohibition. So strangely has this warped our judgment that the killing of men, women and even children for the manufacture and sale of contraband liquors is not only condoned, it is greeted with cheers, in one of our houses of Congress, only three weeks before a bootlegger is arrested on the steps of the Capitol in Washington.

The drug trade goes on, and no one yet has shot a peddler of dope because of his trade. The gangster goes his way, often doped to the killing point, and no great wave of nation-wide indignation puts him out of existence. Only the bootlegger is friendless; the very people who make his business possible ignore him in trouble.

Social Changes

AT THE same time that these things were going on other social changes were taking place. Partly because of fashion and partly because of necessity, the old-fashioned womanly woman showed a tendency to disappear. And with her went the protective male, the "strong man" of prewar days.

The necessity was due to the increased numbers of women in earning capacity. Even in 1920 one-quarter of the entire feminine population of the country, fifteen years of age or older, were gainfully employed, and of these some two million were married. In the past ten years this percentage has greatly increased.

But at the same time the woman who remained in the home was having troubles of her own. The old-fashioned virtues which had been the basis of her protected life were at a discount. Socially she was out of place and uncomfortable. Her children, sophisticated and insisting on living their own lives, puzzled and alarmed her. She had more leisure than she knew what to do with.

And even the fashions to which she must conform made her absurd. Instead of beauty and becomingness, she found a new standard, smartness; and no one can deny that her charm had gone. Charm, indeed, had become absurd.

A woman might be clever in a boxlike garment which went on over her head and extended only to her knees. She might add earrings to her shoulders and carry a cigarette holder ten inches long, and try to be alluring. But never could she be charming.

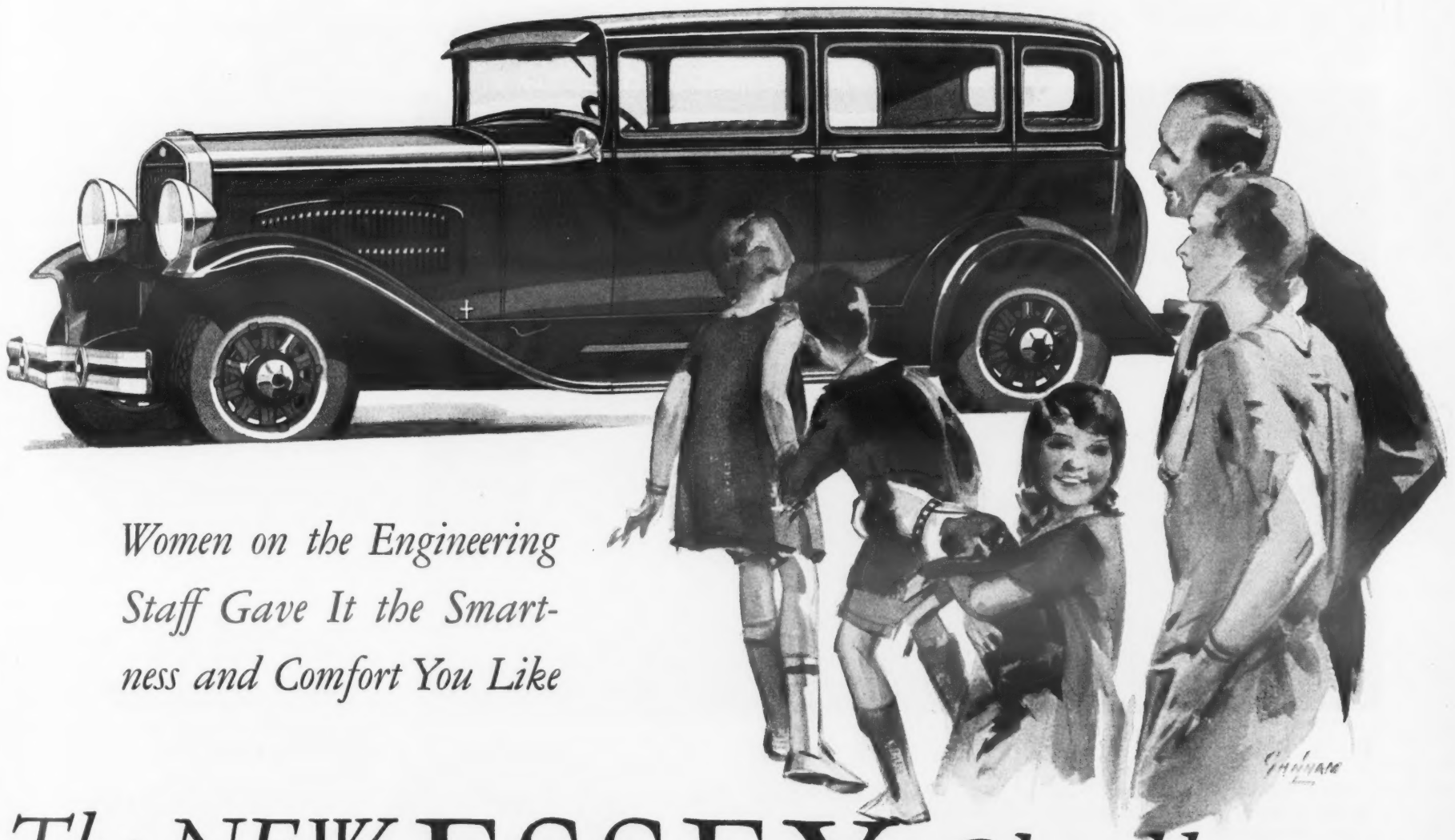
Since, however, a great many women do not know how to be alluring, or exotic, or even clever, for the past decade quite a number of quite charming women have sat on the social sidelines, attempting to keep their knees covered, and watched a small highly militant minority taking their men away from them.

For there is no question that men have liked the social changes of the past ten years. They have liked the informality; the normal male always chafes under restraint. And less and less was expected of them. They were no longer expected to be chivalrous or protective. The Walter Raleighs had to learn new tricks, and the ones who had liked to feel that their strength supported a clinging vine, or several, suddenly discovered that there were no vines to cling.

The rank and file, however, were interested and amused. They rather liked the freedom. It relieved them of responsibility, and it is probable that after all the

(Continued on Page 175)

A Full-size Family Car



Women on the Engineering Staff Gave It the Smartness and Comfort You Like

The NEW ESSEX *Challenger*

Every woman knows at first glance that women had a hand in creating the smart New Essex Challenger. Just as men perfected its mechanical design, gave it rugged, powerful performance, women on the engineering staff have made it smart and beautiful for you. They have kept the woman user and the family always in view.

They are specialists of design and color. They are artists in the smart and fashionable dressing of car beauty. They ride and drive cars as you do. They have similar business, social and family requirements. Their special contribution is the woman's viewpoint of motor car needs.

Thus the New Essex Challenger is quite the smartest car in its field. It is an *easy* car for women. It is longer, roomier, more comfortable. You enter easily by wide doors. No squeezing into the driver's seat. There is ample head room and hat room, and you sit naturally and easily.

And Essex is extremely easy to drive. The starter button on dash saves scuffing of footwear. All controls are easy to reach and operate at the lightest touch. So every minute that you drive you will observe an ease, convenience and smoothness altogether new in this field.

ESSEX SUPER SIX

For complete thoroughness and fineness in every detail outside and in—for painstaking attention to fitness and beauty, it compares with the costliest. A distinctive advantage is a wide choice of colors at no extra cost.

In performance the New Essex Challenger is just as advanced. There is more power. It gives more in every performance range, and with even greater economy.

The New Essex Challenger has victoriously proved for thousands of women and thousands of families the most satisfactory quality car of low cost that the market affords. The price is within the reach of everyone.

Advantages That Challenge

Greater Power—Faster Speed—Quicker Get-away—Added Economy—Smoother Performance at all Speeds • Even Greater Choice of Colors • Four Two-way Shock Absorbers • Richer Upholstery, Harmonizing Hardware • Larger, Finer, Roomier Bodies • Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge • Glare-proof Rear-view Mirror • Disappearing Rear-window Curtain.

Having Hands that Sparkle with loveliness on less than 5 minutes a day

Busy women are finding 4 Advantages in the new Liquid Polish

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. ***Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.*** Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of nail to remove dead cuticle. Use fresh cotton—freshly saturated—to cleanse under each *nail tip*. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. ***Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.*** Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish evenly from half-moon toward finger tip.

Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under nail tip to enhance the polish.

•

At the lovely E. Rohde Beauty Salon in Chicago's elegant Edgewater Beach Hotel, they say:

"Our patrons are as fastidious about their manicure preparations as they are about their clothes. Cutex Liquid Polish is always their choice, knowing, as they do, that its natural gleaming sheen keeps their hands perfectly groomed all the week through! And they enjoy the assurance that it will not peel or discolor. These smart women depend on Cutex Cuticle Remover to keep their cuticle trim, revealing the lovely half-moons!"

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

Northam Warren

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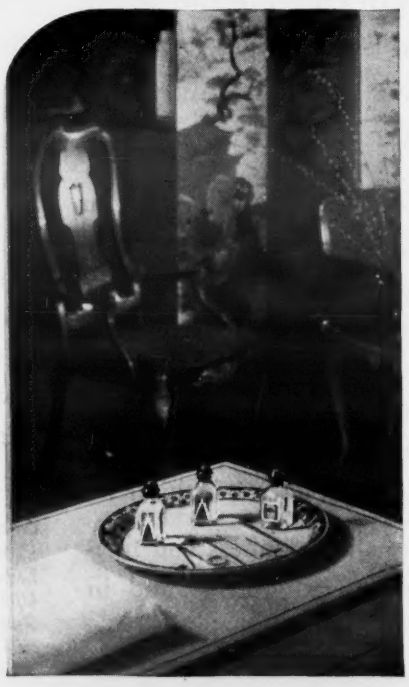


Anna Pavlowa takes the most exquisite care of her graceful hands.

"Cutex Liquid Polish helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it. All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals rounded and the tips immaculate."

•

The new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.

The Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping says:—

"GREAT THOUGHT has been given to making easy the road to Beauty. The manufacturers of nail cosmetics are giving us more improved products all the time. Among these is the new liquid polish that women everywhere are adopting because of its wonderful advantages.

"First, its ease of application has materially shortened the manicure. Second, the natural gleam lasts for days.

"Third, this new liquid polish does not peel off, but remains smooth and firm, acting as a splendid protection for the nail.

"Fourth, it doesn't make nails brittle.

"The daily care which every woman should give her nails is simple. Scrub your nails in warm soapy water. Then gently mould the cuticle with an orange stick wrapped in cotton and saturated with cuticle remover.

"Cutting the cuticle is a bad habit. A good cuticle remover is a fine bleach and whitener for under the nail tip. Dip the orange stick, tipped with cotton, in cuticle remover and run it under the nails and wash the hands. A bit of cuticle cream or oil should be used on the cuticle every day."

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢.. *perfumed of course*

Aluminum needs Sapolio

Food cooked in aluminum ware has full, true flavor only when the aluminum is absolutely clean and spotless.

Sapolio is the ideal, safe cleaner for this peculiarly delicate metallic surface.

Sapolio keeps all kitchen ware and equipment wholesome, clean and bright.

SAPOLIO

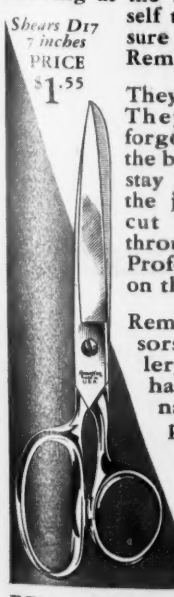
No disagreeable dust or odor

Send to ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., New York for verses of SPOTLESS TOWN in *"Fun for Little Folks"*

SPOTLESS TOWN SERIES NO. 2

Did You Ever Own a Satisfactory Pair of Shears?

MANY women never owned a really good pair of shears simply because they never realized the difference between good ones and the ordinary kind. If you have been getting along with a pair that is loose at the joint, and tires your fingers chewing at the material, you owe yourself the satisfaction and pleasure of cutting with a pair of Remington shears.



Shears D17 7 inches PRICE $1.55

They can't loosen at the joint. They are sharp, they are forged from solid pieces of the best steel obtainable—they stay sharp a long time. From the joint to the points they cut smoothly and evenly through light or heavy fabrics. Professional dressmakers rely on them.

Remington shears and scissors are sold where good cutlery is sold. If your dealer hasn't them in stock, send his name and the price, and the pair illustrated, D17, will be mailed promptly. Remington Cutlery Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.
Originators of Kleanbore Ammunition

Remington

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(Continued from Page 172)

protective attitude of men to women is an artificial thing, partly a convention and partly the appeal of the weak. When the weak cease to be weak, or the convention changes, the "strong man" loses his place. In society, as in fiction, during the past decade, his place has been largely usurped by dancing youths and playfellows; and the strong man has retired, out of life and out of fiction, to his club. Where he probably prefers to be, anyhow.

Now that the pendulum has swung again, he may emerge. We may even find him in fiction—which reflects current life with fair accuracy—and thus ending the literary vogue of the male introvert, the decadent and the weakling in favor of something more robust.

However, more interesting and more important than what has happened to men and women during the past decade is what has happened to the children, and by children I mean adolescent youth. To say that they have not been influenced in their most formative period by the example of their elders would be ridiculous. But to claim that anything hopelessly grave has destroyed them is even more absurd.

They have aped the manners, rather than the morals and ethics, of the older generation. They are natural imitators, and the examples they have had have in many instances been extremely poor. The fact is that only up to the age of puberty has the parent his opportunity to make or mar the child. After that it is too late, and heaven help the ones today who rely only on authority to hold them. Recognize it or not, from puberty on the child is a product of the early years, but his thoughts and even his acts are his own. And his first act as an individual is often to tear away the shams and hypocrisies with which he has been held in chains.

This is the true revolt of youth; not necessarily a revolt against law and order or the essential decencies, but a determination to assert himself as self-thinking, self-acting, self-controlling.

Sophistication

AS A MATTER of fact, children fail their parents rather less than parents fail their children. And this has been particularly true in recent years. The movement of women from homes has not been entirely economic, and the so-called free woman is more free today than ever before. And never was amusement outside the home so cheap and so accessible, or sophistication so available, to the child. Home ties, to say the least, have been considerably stretched.

At the same time has come this sophistication of the children, and with it its inevitable discoveries; the infallible has become fallible, maturity has its weaknesses. Respect for age as age dies, and this sophisticated youth surveys its world with eyes shrewd with knowledge and unsoftened by experience.

Fortunate is the parent who can bear this cool survey, this calm appraisal! The old hypocrisies in which he clothed himself have been stripped away. His pride is hurt, his illusion of grandeur is gone. He wails that he does not understand this new generation, but what he means is that this new generation understands him.

The truth is that the only superiority of maturity over youth is experience. Recital of experience, drawing dire lessons from it, has no effect. Experience must be had, not told. So youth, strongly individual, sets about to have experience, learns its lesson in turn, and in due time proceeds once more to attempt to pass it on to its young, without success.

It is unwise to confuse manners with morals. The free discussions of sex among our young people are far better than the old prurient innuendos. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a careful inventory of various walls and outbuildings would reveal that even the small boy no longer chalks up his forbidden words! And along with this change in manners have gone certain other hypocrisies.

Among these is the almost-forgotten tradition that a man may properly embrace a maid only after he has proposed marriage to her. And the further tradition that proposals of marriage are important and even necessary. The delicate wooing of the Victorian male, the still tentative advances of the prewar generation, have become the robust overtures and equally robust acceptance or rejection of this one.

What does it matter? In the end Nature achieves her purpose, and the means are unimportant.

Here, however, we are faced with still another development of the past decade, and one which is highly significant. For Nature's purpose is the carrying on of the human race.

The Family

THE decade saw an end to the fetish of the growth of population for its own sake in America. It was the cry of a new country, needing people to develop it. In pursuit of this economic purpose large families became of the highest importance, not only to the nation but to the family as well.

In the family, in earlier days, children were economic factors of extreme value. They worked on the farms, or they earned in factories or coal mines a part of the family revenue, often at an outrageously early age.

With the past decade, however, certain things have operated to restrict the family to limits that at least give the child his chance. Two of these have been the extension of the compulsory school law and certain laws against child labor. Another was the increasing cult of the child as a vital social factor, more important as an individual and less important as to sheer numbers. Still another was the increased cost of living, which bore also on the recognition of the child and his right to certain advantages, material and otherwise. Still another was the increasing understanding of the physical limitations of the mother, and her right to health and even to life. And with the increasing knowledge of and care for infants, the larger number of children who survived.

If the past decade had failed in everything else, it would at least stand out as the beginning of a new era of intelligent child bearing.

But indeed the past decade saw a general broadening of knowledge among the American people. Broadening, because at last the national mind has been turned out, away from itself.

It may be said that before the war the nation was purely introvert. Surrounding it was a dream world of which it was barely conscious, and even much that went on within itself was felt but not comprehended.

The war made it extrovert. Willy-nilly, it was made aware of matters which were not only strange but oddly enough were discovered to be highly interesting.

The discovery, not only of these facts but of the interest of these facts, brought about a revolution which has changed the whole people. It is only when we are interested that we learn.

In the past ten years, from the least generally informed people on world affairs and world knowledge, we have become the best informed. The machinery by which this has been done is unimportant; papers, magazines, books and the radio all have played their part. But the real agent has been the sudden discovery by America not only of the vast numbers of things she did not know but that these things were interesting.

Knowledge, then, in the past decade, has become popular. Not knowledge of the past, still largely an academic matter with us, but of the alert and living present. And knowledge is the first step to culture,

(Continued on Page 177)

FREE Enough Hires Extract to make **8 BOTTLES** of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

FOR GROWING CHILDREN

Hires Root Beer is highly praised

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable beverages. Doctors, too, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe.

Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is delicious *plus* invigorating *plus* nourishing...and utterly pure—utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer. (35c in Canada.)

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

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Philadelphia, Pa. [12-5-8]

Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name .....

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OFF FOR A HIKE—*A banana in the knapsack means a bracing bite just when it's needed. . . . And what could possibly be more delicious!*

ON THE OPEN ROAD—*How bananas* satisfy *when you're tired and hungry! They're clean to handle, too, and so easy to eat—anywhere.*

TONIC FOR "SPRING FEVER"—*Shake off that sluggish four-o'clock let-down. Order a nourishing banana dish at your nearest soda fountain.*

Spring is here!

...one moment you're *drowsy*... another you're eager for *action*. Tempt your appetite with mellow

BANANAS

— a natural

VITALITY FOOD

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

FICKLE springtime—with its call for foods that are light yet nutritious. Let bananas help build vitality for you. Everybody responds to their smooth, distinctive flavor. They're handy to eat right out of their golden skins—or sliced in milk, or in tart fruit juices. Try them in crisp, refreshing salads, in dainty fruit cups—or in your favorite cool dessert.

Bananas are rich in vitalizing properties—in the body-toning minerals and those precious vitamins A, B, and C. They're easily digested, too—by little children as well as grown-ups. You can readily see (as all dietitians point out) that it's good judgment—and uncommonly good practice—to keep plenty of ripe bananas on your own family table!

NEW BANANA BOOK—*FREE*

Just off the press. Has dozens of new recipes for entrées . . . salads . . . fruit cups . . . cakes . . . frozen desserts . . . Complete menus, too . . . for breakfast . . . luncheon . . . dinner . . . afternoon tea . . . bridge parties . . . late suppers . . . Fill in and mail coupon *today*.

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CANADIAN OFFICE: 1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada. L. H. J. 5-30

Please send me "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

Name.....

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(Continued from Page 175)

which is only an appreciation, understanding and enjoyment of knowledge or the things which it produces.

To say that we are already a cultured people would be absurd. We have always had a cultivated minority, but it has been small. But to say that we are at last beginning to have, as a people, some glimmering of the pleasures of beauty is certainly allowable.

Culture, by placing its emphasis on the things of the mind and the spirit, brings about a social revolution of its own, and that is already under way. The sense of values is already subtly altering.

One of the first discoveries of this new sense of values is, for lack of a better phrase, as to what constitutes good taste. Fastidiousness takes the place of faddishness. Vulgarity is recognized as vulgarity; ostentation is shown to be vulgar, and so are extremes of manner and even of dress. The attempt to attract attention at any cost, the pretension to wealth or place which does not exist, social climbing, the bizarre or the exotic in living, blatancy, extravagance—all these to the truly cultured are vulgar in the extreme.

Practically all these are an attempt on the part of the individual to impress on others his own importance. Or of a group, anxious to join another group higher in the social scale. One of our great national lacks is of a responsible class of men and women, sufficiently authoritative and conspicuous to form a leadership, not socially, but in fine and cultivated living and thinking.

But already we have made progress. Even the change in women's dress is indicative of a final recognition that women may be free of body without being vulgar. And as dress profoundly influences manners, we may look forward to an increased decorum of living.

Also the age of ostentation is gone. It began to pass with the great house and the ten and twelve course dinner, and the hypocrisy and downright wickedness of keeping up appearances at any cost is following it. By and large, this last has done more damage than any other single factor in American life. At its best, nobody was fooled, and at its worst it has probably broken up more homes and sent more men to the suicide of the self-convicted failure than any other single cause.

Thus we see, in the past decade, two movements diametrically opposed to each other. One was what we may hope was the dying gasp of vulgarity; the other was a slow but steady development of the national interest in better things.

The first was artificial, the result of war depression and deliberate exploitation for commercial purposes. The other was normal, inevitable, healthy and sane.

There can be no conflict between them. The first is already dying, in spite of our pessimists; dying because the appetites it sought to arouse are already cloyed, and because it was purely meretricious. It took fine things and debased them, music, dancing, art, sex, even youth. It exalted the ugly and scoffed at the good, and there was no truth in it.

But the second movement, obscured for a time by the white lights, the jazz, the illegal drinking, and the vogue of the bizarre and even the erotic, was steadily growing meanwhile. Along with its mental development and its reach toward culture, other and simpler virtues were being inculcated; honesty in living, proper care of children, recognition of the worker. Thrift was being preached as against criminal extravagance; the wanton cost of war was being realized, and an increasing demand for solid reading matter astounded book publishers.

With this movement already well under way, and the other dying, the return of the feminine woman was inevitable. Every exaltation of the simpler virtues is built about woman and the home.

And I may be wrong, but I think that women will be relieved, be even happier. For with the woman feminine once more, there will come inevitably the strong man to protect her.

God forbid that we go back to the old prudish days, when a woman's legs were limbs, and she was forever disgraced if she dropped her petticoat. But it is probable that women have missed man the protector in gaining man the playmate. And that men, too, have missed something, something which fed their vanity perhaps, but which at least gave them a sense of responsibility and a feeling of strength.

Among Those Present

(Continued from Page 33)

leave, in as much as, for newspaper purposes, I had been decided upon as the hero of the affair.

The local police chief and the head of a private detective agency both talked with me, but beyond a few perfunctory questions, and agreement with me that the burglar had not carried the necklace in his hands because of fear of fingerprints nor in his pockets for fear of loss—this in agreement with Dick—there was little said between us.

I gave the reporters a brief audience, submitted, because there seemed no way out of it, to have my picture snapped with the police chief, and climbed into my car and drove back to New York. For I knew that Slavini would want to talk to me, would insist that I ring him up again from the Tarrytown drug store, and that was a chance I did not intend to take.

I was right. I had not unpacked my bags when my telephone in my bedroom at the Plandome rang.

"This is Pots," said the voice's owner.

"Yes?" I said.

"What's it all about?" he asked.

"You read the papers, didn't you?" I retorted.

"I phoned out to the Wetheralls and found you was coming right back to town."

"Well?" I said.

"I'd like to drop over," he said.

"That's not so good," I reminded him.

For part of our understanding, as I have pointed out, was that Pots should never claim acquaintance with me in public.

"Well, where could I see you?" he insisted.

"Listen," I said angrily, "I'm half dead. I was nearly killed. I can't go out."

"Well, then I'm coming around. I'll just drop up to your room; I know the number."

"Suit yourself," I said.

I stripped off my clothes, got into pajamas, placed the necklace again in the pocket, donned the same dressing gown I had worn last night, and saw to it that a revolver which weighted down one pocket was not too conspicuous, and awaited Pots' arrival.

He slithered into the room and stared at me.

"Sufferin' cats," he said. "You're a smart lad, Lacy, and a heluva good actor, but you didn't moving-pitcher that scrap, did you? He like to tore your roof off, didn't he?"

"Moving picture? What do you mean?" Slavini sat down slowly.

"Well, the lad that copped them emeralds mighta been your pal, Lacy, eh?"

"Diagram it," I said.

"Well, suppose you didn't want to cop little lady's emeralds, Lacy? And

(Continued on Page 179)

Good to the eye!

THE LEHIGH
Ladies' Patent Leather.
Also in Black, White and
Marron Kid.

$5 to $6

WE ALL love to put our best foot forward—*naturally*. How fortunate it is that Natural Bridge Arch Shoes are designed to retain the natural loveliness of dainty feet—*naturally* . . . Heel not too high, nor too low . . . a perfect walking heel that is also a graceful heel. A small, not too taut spring arch, scientifically shaped so that it follows and supports every movement of the foot. Incidentally, by relieving all strain the foot is kept small—at least to the eye! Natural Bridge Arch Shoes are sold throughout the United States by especially selected dealers who believe as we do that a shoe that is *good to the eye* should also be *good to the foot*—and *good to the pocketbook*.

All widths. All sizes. All the smart leathers. $5 to $6.

Write for name of nearest dealer

We shall also be glad to send you, without charge, a beautiful picture of the Natural Bridge of Virginia, in full color, suitable for framing.

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Every Friday evening at 8:45 Eastern Standard Time, over WJZ and Associated Stations, Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain with a delightfully *different* program. Pacific Coast Broadcasting every Monday evening, 8:45 Pacific Standard Time.

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NATURAL BRIDGE ARCH SHOES

The FULLER FLESH BRUSH

AN · AID · TO BEAUTY · AND · HEALTH IN · 164,150 · HOMES*

DR. THOMAS D. WOOD, Professor of Health Education, Columbia University, says:

". . . The skin should have a positive tonic treatment, in addition to reasonably frequent cleansing baths. This tonic treatment is well furnished by vigorous friction, with brushes so constructed as to provide proper tonic contact with and effect upon the body."

THE FULLER FLESH BRUSH has the approval of noted physicians who specialize in skin care. It is scientifically adapted to the stimulation of the skin and takes the place of unsanitary bath sponge or wash cloth. Rubbed briskly and gently over arms, neck, back, chest, stomach and legs, it is a natural aid, used either wet or dry, in improving the circulation and general condition of the body.

The natural beauty of the skin is renewed. Slack muscles are given new life. Wrinkles, sagging flesh and flabby abdomens are fought off effectively.

BROUGHT RIGHT TO YOUR HOME

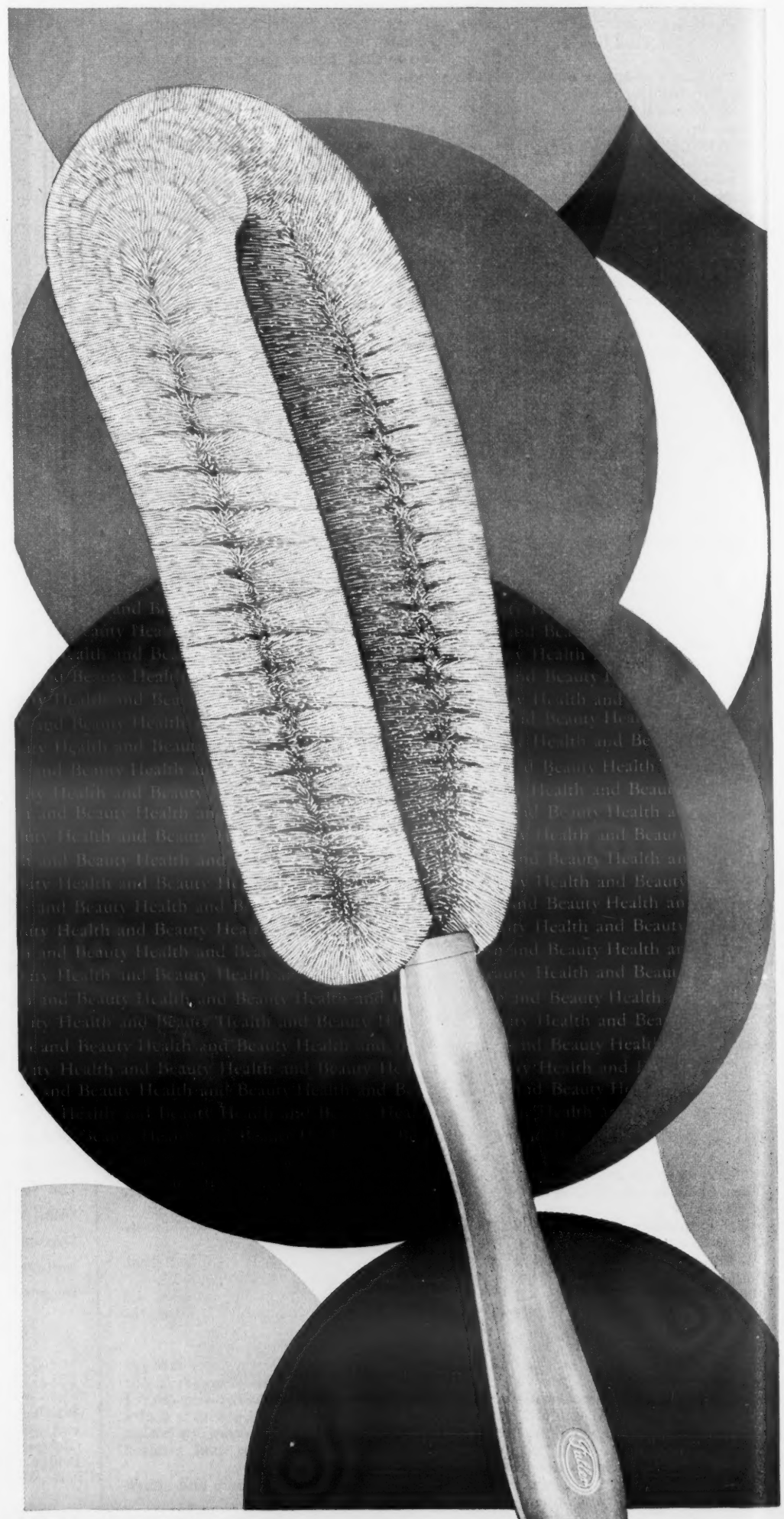
Ask your Fuller Man to show you the FULLER HEALTH SET of which the FULLER FLESH BRUSH is a part. Notice the soft yet lively bristles, exactly right for bath and massage. The brush itself is curved to fit the body. Its long handle will not slip when wet. And it is an ornament in any bathroom.

The Fuller Brush Company, 3596 Main Street, Hartford, Conn. Branch offices in 200 cities. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. In Great Britain, Fuller Brush Company, Ltd., Union of South Africa Building, Wembley, London.) Be sure to ask for new booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home".

**During the past twenty-four months, the Fuller Man has delivered this brush to 164,150 homes.*

Turn the Dial

on your radio to the Fuller Man's Program every Saturday evening 7:30 E.S.T. over WJZ and associated stations of N. B. C.



FULLER BRUSHES

Tested and Approved in over Ten Million Homes

Genuine FULLER PRODUCTS carry this Red Tip Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both!

(Continued from Page 177)

supposing you wanted us to think you couldn't cop them because someone else was ahead of you ——"

"You've been reading too many detective stories, seeing too many motion pictures, Pots," I said.

"Well, dealing with a lad like you—the chief wanted me to look you over. But when I tell him about that face of yours ——"

"You mean to say that you thought I might have arranged with someone else to steal the necklace so I wouldn't have to? Pots, where would I dig up a pal, away out there in Tarrytown, an hour after you gave me the word ——"

"Forget it," he interrupted. "That face of yours proves it was on the level. You wouldn't get half killed just to fool us."

"I'm liable to get sore, any minute, Pots," I said. "I take all the risks and the minute anything goes wrong you're suspicious—crazily suspicious."

"Not me, Lacy, old kid. My—friend."

"Well, take this back to him with love and kisses," I said: "Tell him I think he's insane."

"I'll tell him something like that when I feel tired of living," grinned Pots.

"WELL, tell him anything you like, Pots," I said. "But tell it to him soon. Because I'm all in and want you to get out of here."

"Wouldn't recognize this lad you slugged, would you?" he inquired.

"Read the papers again. You'll learn that it was about midnight," I answered.

"There was a moon last night," he reminded me.

"Pots, is it you or your boss that's crazy?" I put exasperation in my voice.

"Kinda funny, when you stop to think of it, you trying to prevent a burglar from doing his stuff. What a laugh that is."

"I don't get the humor of it."

"Well, him banging the daylights out of you, maybe you wouldn't," he agreed. "But I shoulda thought you'd been sorry for him, and give him a chance ——"

"Look here, Pots," I said, "this is a tough world."

"None tougher," he conceded.

"The other men rushed to Miss Seeley's aid the minute she screamed. Suppose I'd done nothing? Suppose I'd sat around and let this yegg escape? Don't you see? We don't think anyone in the world suspects me. But for all we know, a dozen people are watching every move I make."

"Fair enough," said Pots. "It makes you aces with the li'l' girl, too, and that don't do no harm. Well, I'd like to connect up with this young newcomer."

"The burglar? Why do you call him a newcomer?" I asked.

"If he was an old-timer I'd know his work. That was a newcomer. The chief's been asking questions all around town. We could use him, Lacy."

With that he left me.

XIII.

I WENT back to my interrupted meditations. I was no nearer meeting the man behind Slavini than I had been when first Pots found me in the Washington Street lunch room in Boston. I wondered what new deviltry he would conceive in the next day or so. And this wonderment naturally brought me back to the events of last night.

And suddenly I sat bolt upright in my chair, and my right hand dropped swiftly to my dressing-gown pocket and gripped the automatic pistol concealed there. The newspapers had printed not only my name and supposed station in life, but had added thereto the fact that my New York address was the Plandome Hotel.

Last night's visitor was as desperate a man as I had ever encountered. His had not been the battle of a man trying to escape. It had been the fight of a man who wishes to kill and then escape. If ever someone had sought my life, the gentleman of whose visit I bore mementos on eye and temple and body was that someone.

Heaven alone knew how he had learned about the Seeley emeralds. For I was convinced that he had come in direct search for Joan's necklace. But perhaps Joan's maid had responded to the blandishments of other than Jimmy Greco. Certainly, I didn't think it was chance that led him to Joan's room.

Only the accident of my quick thought in rushing outside instead of upstairs—a thought that would only have come, I think, to a professional burglar—had prevented his theft from being successful.

Would such a desperate man, who had apparently abandoned the struggle with me only when Dick and Billy had been almost on top of him, give up hope of recovering the jewels? If Pots Slavini and the rest had read the morning papers, so, undoubtedly, had last night's burglar. And he would read and reread them, wondering that there was no mention of recovery of the necklace.

HE WOULD know, this burglar of last night, that the necklace couldn't have been overlooked. He would know that it had not been trampled into the earth so deeply that it could not be seen. He had reached under my body for it, and only the arrival of aid had prevented him from acquiring it.

So he would know that I or one of my rescuers had taken the jewels. Now Dick Wetherall, with millions, was above suspicion. Billy Brodbeck, with equal millions, was also above suspicion. But this desperado might not consider that I was in their class as regards finance or repute.

Certainly he would know that someone had acquired and kept the necklace, and who more likely than the man who had last had it in his grasp?

But why such silly reasoning? The burglar knew that he had left it with me. He was aware that I knew that he didn't have it. Therefore, why hadn't I mentioned that I had recovered it?

And would this young fellow, who had savagely but coolly sought to kill me last night rather than relinquish his booty, tamely let me walk off with the prize for which he had risked so much? Not if I judged his character rightly. He would find my address in the newspaper, would come around—it was a wonder he had not come before this. Surely he was not the kind to let the grass grow beneath his laggard heels.

The telephone rang, pat on my conclusions. A gentleman, the clerk informed me, was calling. Name of Peters. No, the gentleman stated that he was not a newspaperman. Would I receive him? I would, and said so.

SWIFTLY I made my preparations. I knew no Peters. If this wasn't my antagonist of last night, then it was an emissary from him, and somehow I felt certain that "Peters" played a lone hand in his game.

I slipped swiftly to the door to set the catch, then paused, changed my mind, and resumed the chair where I had been sitting when the telephone summoned me. But I pushed the chair to one side, the side of the room that would be veiled by the opening door, and waited.

I heard, a few yards down the corridor, the sound of the elevator coming to a stop. I heard the steel gates clang. I heard footsteps outside and waited for the knock upon my door. And so swift was my visitor's action that only my forethought in placing my chair at one side of the room saved me.

For he didn't knock. He took the chance that the door would open to his touch, and hurled it wide. Like a cat he came through, but he looked straight ahead, and in the fraction of a second that it took him to turn his head and see me, my pistol was out and covering him.

"Don't lift it," I said.

His own weapon was at his side, but its muzzle pointed downward. I saw his

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From Infection By Harsh, Impure Paper

Bathroom Paper from Rayon's Base..Pure Cellulose Is Softer, More Absorbent, 20 Times Sterilized

NOW a way has been found to make bathroom paper softer—by making it from the source of silky rayon. And safer—by sterilizing it 20 times—every sheet in every roll. You can *feel* the difference between "Northern Tissue" and cheap yellow or newsprint white "toilet papers"—papers made largely by grinding raw wood into a splintery mass. (Always detected by testing with the chemical phloroglucinol.)

Paper From "Cooked" Cellulose, Base of Rayon

To make this softer bathroom paper, only silky cellulose pulp is used—cooked over 8 hours at a temperature of 302°. This cellulose is the same basic material from which soft, luxurious Rayon is made. So it makes a paper that is white, absorbent and soft as fine silk! And more easily disposable than less absorbent ground-wood "toilet papers."

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Then in the making, "Northern Tissue" is 20 times sterilized — every sheet in every roll. Emerging as sterile as hospital cotton. Tests by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories show that all contaminating or infectious bacteria are thus destroyed.

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Medical science knows that softness and sterility should be demanded in bathroom paper, for menacing disorders are traced to use of harsh and impure papers. Consequently, Health Commissioners in 254 cities and 45 states recently advised: "Use a soft white cellulose paper like 20 times sterilized 'Northern Tissue'—especially where children must be protected."

Ask for "Northern Tissue"—10c a roll at any Department, grocery or drug store. Or note coupon below for trial roll before you buy. ©N. P. M., 1930

NORTHERN TISSUE
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FITS BUILT-IN FIXTURES

JULIA NEIDLE, Nurse, Dept. L-53
Northern Paper Mills, Green Bay, Wis.

Dear Miss Neidle:

Please send me the full size test roll of soft, 20 times sterilized, "Northern Tissue"—the rayon-like paper free from raw ground-wood. I enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and handling costs. 252-A

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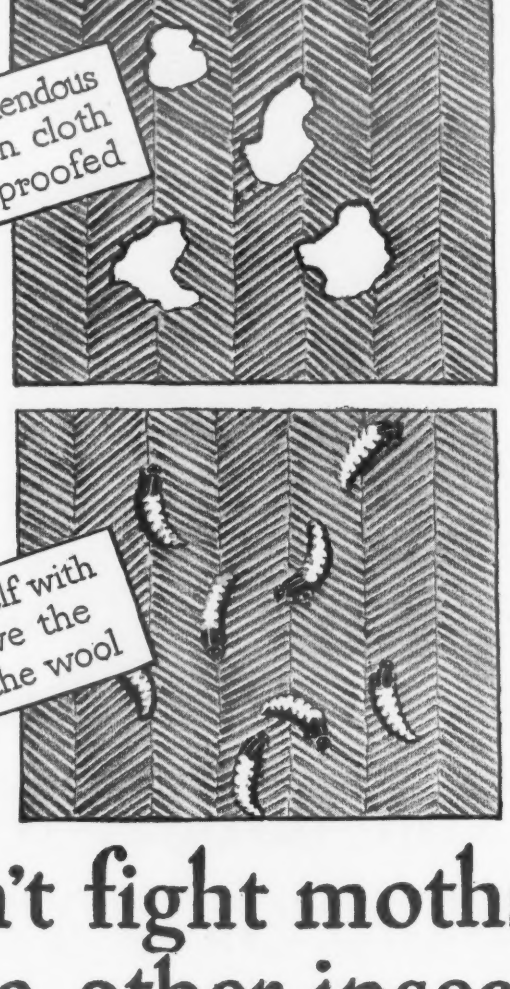
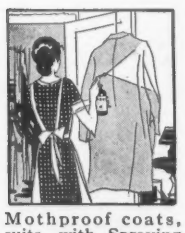

Mothworms do tremendous damage to woolen cloth that is not mothproofed
Treat the cloth itself with Larvex and starve the enemy right on the wool

You can't fight moths like other insects

OTHER insects are troublesome, but they can be fought when and where they *become* troublesome. In the case of moth damage you must begin *your* work before the mothworm begins *his*—and you don't see him until the damage is done!

This is why *Larvex* is a great discovery. Larvex treats the cloth itself in such a way that the mothworm will not eat. He starves *right on the wool*. It's a new principle entirely—sure, safe and quite different from mothballs, spraying insecticides, mothbags, wrapping in newspapers, etc. Larvex goes to the bottom of the moth problem. It is not a moth-killer, but a genuine moth*proofing* agent.



Mothproof coats, suits, with Spraying Larvex. Costs less than pressing or dry-cleaning.

Furniture or rugs of wool or mohair are mothproofed by Spraying Larvex once a year.

Dainty *washable* woolens and blankets require special *Rinsing* Larvex for mothproofing.

Spraying Larvex for some purposes
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Larvex in "spraying" form is used for coats, suits, upholstered furniture and all other fabrics that cannot be washed. Simply spray it on the cloth. It is very economical, only $1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit of clothes actually costs less than a single pressing. And you can let the suit hang just where it is, ready to wear if you *should* want to use it.

The "rinsing" form of Larvex comes in a powder. You dissolve it in water, placing in this your blankets, sweaters, stockings, baby clothes, etc., just like rinsing. Package containing enough for two tubfuls, 50 cents. You can store your washable woolens or keep them ready for use without worry about mothholes.

Both forms of Larvex—Spraying and Rinsing—are odorless, non-injurious and non-inflammable. They represent an entirely new principle in dealing with the moth problem. Sold by drug and department stores everywhere. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

LARVEX

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For coats, suits, upholstery, rugs and other fabrics not washable.

RINSING
For blankets, sweaters, stockings and other washable woolens.

THE LARVEX CORPORATION LH-M
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me, free, your book "You Can't Fight Moths Like Other Insects," that tells me how to end moth damage.

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Address.....
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sleeve move slightly, as though his muscles flexed beneath the cloth.

"I'd shoot before you could lift the muzzle," I warned him. "Kick the door shut—keep your hand down!"

He obeyed me instantly. But there was no fear on his countenance. And it was a good-looking countenance too. Young—about twenty-four or five—tall, extremely well built, well dressed, blue eyes of incredible hardness, a slit of a mouth, a straight nose and too heavy brows—men might have suspected his viciousness, but women, of a kind, would have been easily enamored of him.

"I'd shoot, too," he said quietly.

"I don't think so," I said as quietly.

"Maybe not. But—you'd not find it easy to explain."

"You're the Wetherall burglar," I reminded him.

"AND why did I come calling on you, Mr. Crandall?" he sneered. "That wouldn't be easy to explain. The police might look around this room—might find the Seeley necklace ——"

This was too clever a man to argue with. He knew what he knew.

"Certainly. On your body," I told him.

"I wonder, me being so calmly dead and all, why I came here, then?" he asked.

"To get me to pay a reward for the necklace. You'd decided it was too hard to dispose of."

His blue eyes lighted with admiration.

"That's smart," he added. "I'll bet you could get away with it too. Only—a killing is never any too easy to laugh off. You expected me, eh?"

"Naturally, I guessed that you would be smart too."

"We'd make a great team," he suggested.

"I'm not having any," I said.

"No? You want it all, eh? It won't do, Mr. Crandall. If you think I'm going to give up that necklace—oh, I'm reasonable. Half to me and half to you. But not all to you. If you think so you'd better start shooting. And you won't do that."

"No?" I said. "Why not?"

"Too smart," he stated. "You're thinking over what I said about a killing being nothing to laugh off. Another thing, you aren't the killer type."

"No?" I jeered.

"No. I am."

He made the statement as simply as if he had said that he was a cigarette smoker and not a liker of cigars.

"Trying to scare me?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"I know better than that. You won't scare. But—suppose you let me sit down and we talk it over?"

"Drop your gun," I said. "You're a killer and admit it."

"And you're not, eh? All right."

His gun dropped to the carpet and he held his hands up before him.

"Satisfied?"

"You might have another gun," I said.

He laughed outright.

"NOBODY'S babe in the woods, you, eh? Sure I have another. Right in the waistband of my trousers. Come get it."

I shook my head.

"It's all right there. Sit down and keep your hands in sight."

"How nervy our little man is today. Rough evening last night?"

I grinned back at him.

"You should know," I told him.

"Just one more little minute, Mr. Crandall, and you'd have a lily in the mitt right now." He made the statement softly, lingeringly, regretfully.

"Good thing you were pressed for time. And by the way, why did you carry the necklace in your teeth?"

"The Seeley girl fought like a wildcat. Got the necklace away from me once. I bent over to pick it up and she wrapped it around my neck in her struggle. It fell off, she jammed it against my face, my mouth closed on it ——"

"She didn't say anything about such a fight," I said.

"Doesn't remember. Went out of her head after the first scream. Like to tore me to pieces. Me not wanting to hurt her—I don't kill women," he explained. "Used both my hands to fight her off, heard people coming, didn't wait to put the necklace in my pocket. Who cares?"

"Curiosity," I said.

"Professional, eh? Well, to hell with the chatter, Mr. Crandall. I'm here for my bit. You're a thief. You're the big gun I hear whispers about. Slick, you are. Well, I'm slick too. Suppose you were out at the Wetherall place just to cop this necklace for yourself. But the laborer is worthy of his hire, old top. I want my bit. Do we do business, or don't we?"

"I'm not going to keep this necklace, Peters," I said.

"No?" He laughed loudly.

"No," I said. "But—perhaps we can do business."

"Oh, I know we can," he said.

"An amateur?" I asked him.

"Who? Me? Oh, I been around—not in New York, though. Why?"

"You couldn't get rid of the stones," I told him.

"I'm going to try just the same," he said.

"How would cash down suit you?"

"I'm flush. Wouldn't like to embarrass you. I can wait until you sell the stones."

"I'm not going to sell them."

"No?" He was frankly incredulous.

"I'm going to restore the necklace to Miss Seeley," I said.

"Eh? Grand-stand play? Don't kid me. You're a thief, same as I am ——"

"We won't argue that. She's going to get her necklace back. And you're going to give it to her," I added.

"I am?" he chuckled.

"If you do business with me, you are," I told him.

He whistled softly.

"So—you'll do business, eh?"

"I'll do business," I told him.

XIV.

HE EYED me curiously. "I thought you didn't want to team with me," he said slowly.

"I don't," I told him.

"But you will, eh? That it? Listen, Mr. Lacy Crandall, I don't want any unwilling partner. I've been doing swell on my own. Now, you think, because you got a gun on me, that I'm going to sit up and beg and bark thank you when you want. Other men have had guns on me, Mr. Crandall. I'm here; they are there."

"You wouldn't like to be found here with a body, either," I reminded him.

"Let's drop the cheap chatter. You said you'd do business. Get down to it."

"How much for the necklace and not a word said?" I asked.

"I want half of what it brings. I've told you that."

"And I've told you that it isn't going to bring anything," I said.

"And you expect me to believe that?"

"I've told you that you yourself are going to return it to Miss Seeley," I said. "Would ten thousand dollars be any inducement?"

"Where would I spend it? In the jail I'd be taken to by the bulls waiting with her when I went to deliver it?"

"There'd be no double-cross," I said.

"No? How do I know that?"

"You could even mail it to her," I said.

"There isn't any gun in my pocket," he said. "Could I reach in for a cigarette?"

"Plenty on that table beside you," I pointed out.

His sneer changed to a grin of surprising good humor. He took a cigarette.

"Let me get this all straight in my mind," he said. "You tackled me last night and got the necklace. That was that, and part of the day's business. I expect a bad break every so often. But the morning papers tell what a hero you are, but don't tell about the recovery of the

(Continued on Page 182)

"...THE SAME ANN... A REAL BIT OF ENGLAND"

"... the same Ann. It wasn't two days before she had managed to find the trimmest sort of cart for that colt I bought in Calcutta. Now, each morning when she starts off from the terrace, her obviously West End tussor, her sure horsemanship ... and most of all her fresh, clear complexion make you know that a real bit of England is driving through the compound." —From the letters of an Englishman abroad.

Soap and Cream and Powder...Give your skin the cool refreshing protection that the English Woman uses

SEARCH the world over, but only among English women will you find complexions so flower-like in texture. How does the English woman achieve—and preserve—that matchless beauty? You may be amazed to know that she follows no elaborate ritual of creams and lotions. Her cosmetics are so few as almost to arouse skepticism.

Soap, cream and powder—that is all. But each is of superlative quality. First, Yardley's English Lavender Soap. And you will find that it leaves your skin clear and refreshed with a new and healthful beauty caught in its soft texture.

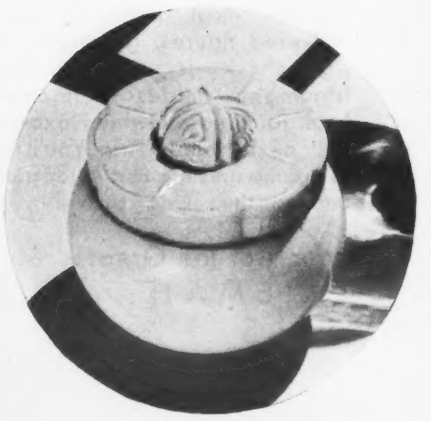
Then, English Complexion Cream, as a cleansing cream to complement the use of soap and water; as a nourishing cream for use at night; and as a powder foundation in the morning. Used in this way, it is to be smoothed on liberally and then washed off with water. The fine, thin film that remains is an excellent base for your powder.

And last, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder. Gentle, cooling and enduring, it comes in smart shades that will blend correctly with the tones of your skin.

Eight generations of English gentlewomen have made the charm of Yardley's English Lavender their own. Today it may be yours, for all the Yardley products are now available in America. The beauty treatment is waiting at your own favorite store. Send for our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent." It is free. Yardley & Co., Ltd., 8 New Bond Street, London; 452 Fifth Avenue at Fortieth Street, New York City. Also Toronto and Paris.

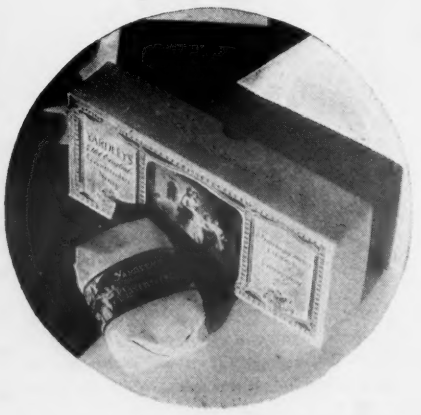
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. R. H.

THE PRINCE OF WALES



Yardley's English Complexion Cream, to cleanse, nourish and protect your skin. It is also used as a powder foundation, and can be washed away with water. In an exquisitely designed jar, $1.50.

Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder in four skilfully blended shades to accentuate the charm of your own coloring. The price is $1.



Yardley's English Lavender Soap for bath and complexion. Bland, cooling, cleansing, refreshing. Box of 3 cakes, $1, or 35c a cake. Guest size, 20c a cake. Bath size, 50c a cake.

Yardley's English Lavender

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(Continued from Page 180)

emeralds. Now that's a hot one. I figured that no beginner would have nerve enough to pull a play like that. I figured you'd been there before. And from there I go on to think that maybe you're this big gun that's got us all topped, the gun that's supposed to be high society and all that and walks off with the stuff from the very houses where he's visiting.

"You couldn't be anyone else!" He exclaimed. "And the way you're waiting for me—well, we won't argue it out, will we?"

"Go on," I said.

"Well, there ain't much farther to go. I come in to see you—and you want me to declare myself completely out."

"Not quite that," I amended. "I've offered you ten thousand dollars."

His thin lips pursed in a silent whistle.

"And offered to let me give—or send—the necklace to the girl myself. That's what I don't get. Stuck on her?" he asked suddenly.

"I'm willing to pay ten thousand. Let it go at that," I said.

He shook his head.

"It won't do. There's a tickler in it somewhere, and I want to know what it is. Stuck on the girl, eh? Well, I wouldn't say I'd exactly blame you. A swell wren. But why didn't you deliver the goods to her last night? Answer me that one. And think up one I'll believe, Mr. Crandall. Take plenty time, because I'm here forever if need be."

I STARED at him. He knew what I was. Unless I chose to kill him out of hand, he would be an ever-present threat to my security. Bad enough to have Slavini and the rest know me for what I really was, but to have another——

"I couldn't," I said.

"What do you mean—you couldn't?" he sneered.

I shrugged hopelessly. Unless I told him the truth, there would be no getting rid of him. For no lie would deceive him. My actions could be explained only by the truth itself. And the truth might not make him any more willing to accept my offer. But it would at least make him understand that there was no chance in the world of my surrendering the necklace to him, no possibility that he would ever realize half the profits of its illicit sale.

So I told him; told him everything from that night when, desperate, I had retained the earring that had rolled to my foot at the Haven dance. I meant to be brief, but for years I had been damming within me fountains of confidences.

"Making you trim your sweetie, eh?" he said as I finished. "Well, what the hell! I don't mind them making you hustle for them. Smart business, I call it, if you're sucker enough to let them get away with it. But ribbing you up so's to make you rob your girl. I'd like to meet this guy behind your little pal, Slavini. Now, believe me, Crandall, I'd like to meet him."

"Slavini told me today that he'd like to meet you," I said dully.

"Ye-ah? Figured I'd be another yap to let them split what I'd grabbed five ways, eh? Say, Mr. Crandall, I don't think I like your friends. No, I'm sure I don't. Say, why don't you make this Slavini guy take you right to the guy behind him, and shoot it out with him?"

"BUT that wouldn't do for you, would it? You can't afford to get exposed. Now, if it was me, it'd be simple. I'd shoot the whole bunch. For a fact I would, and have a swell time doing it. But then, I'm a killer, and I ain't in society, and I ain't in love with a jane that would think it wasn't nice and high class of me to do a few murders. No, you can't do like I'd do. So that puts it up to me, kinda, don't it?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" I asked.

"Well, ain't you and me pals?" he asked simply. "Any lad that can hold me off like you did last night is a friend of mine. A lot of people have tried, Mr. Crandall, and they didn't last half a minute with me. I respect a lad that'll battle, and can battle. And another thing: I can keep away from the bulls all my life, just like you could. But you couldn't keep away from those rats that want to profit by another guy's work, could you? Well, neither can I. I have to deal with fences, same as you. You say this Slavini lad wants to get next to me already. Pretty soon they'll trail me, come to see me, and I'll be working for them the same as you. So why not beat them to it?"

"I don't understand," I said.

"WELL, I'll make it clear to you," he said. "They want a lad who can go and get stuff, eh? Now, I'm not the classy worker you are. I can't get into places and figure out the best way to lift the stuff. I just crash in where I can, and sometimes I run into a great piece of luck, like finding the Seeley girl's necklace. A-course, I figured that, what with a house party and all, the ladies would be wearing plenty junk, but I didn't dream there'd be a piece like that there.

"As I say, I'm not the classy lad you are, but I get results, and results are what your friends want. Now, suppose you put it up to them to let you quit—and let me take your place?"

"Generous of you," I laughed, "but—do you think if they have two of us, they'd be content with one? Besides, you wouldn't cut up with them. You just said you wouldn't."

"Impulsive me," he said gayly. "Always thinking myself into jams. Well, listen, Mr. Crandall, I'm no soft-hearted mutt, but this bringing a girl into a mix-up like yours don't listen good to me. But that's your business, isn't it? And your business isn't my business.

"Well, slip me ten grand, like you offered to do, and we call it all off."

"I haven't that much cash, Peters," I said.

He eyed me whimsically.

"I'd even take a check from a lad that wanted to go straight," he said.

"I'll write you one," I said.

I rose from the chair where I'd been sitting. I completely forgot the fact that he had come in here prepared to kill me, that he had another gun in his trousers waistband, and that I had been holding the muzzle of my weapon on him for the past half hour.

I CAN only account for such carelessness by the facts that I was worn out by the strain of the past twenty hours, and that I was convinced by his indignation toward Slavini and his sympathy toward me. Anyway, I half turned my back to him as I walked toward my desk, intending to write a check, and as I did so he moved faster than I had believed it possible for a human being to move.

The gun that had been in his waistband jammed against my ribs, and his left hand caught my wrist and wrenched my own revolver from my fingers. He leaped clear from me before I could grapple with him.

Stunned, red with rage and humiliation that I had been so easily gulled, I stared at him.

"How the hell did you ever get to be tops at a tough racket like yours?" he sneered. "I guess those society people you live with and trim are a bunch of yaps. Why, you couldn't get by with hard people for a minute. And you thought I fell for that tale about you being forced into crime, and hating to rob your sweetie and all that. And you was going to give me a phony check and thought I'd be yap enough to take it. Well, fork over that necklace."

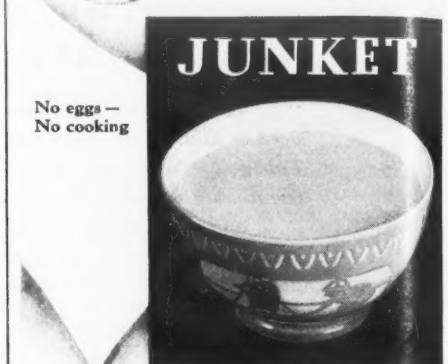
I looked at him. This, then, was the end. Well, in moments when I had forced

(Continued on Page 185)

It's so easy to make

JUNKET

No eggs—
No cooking



firm and custard-like

Here's a dessert that sets in 10 minutes. Simply stir a package of Junket into a pint of lukewarm milk. Be sure the milk is barely warm to assure a dainty, *firm* dessert.

Pour into dessert glasses. Set and chill. That's all there is to making junket!

Junket is truly a *modern* dessert. Quickly made . . . dainty in appearance . . . it possesses genuine nutritive value and is easily digested because it contains enzymes.*

Junket comes in six pure, tempting flavors:

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"You Showed Me How to Earn $2,000 in 4 Months' Spare Time!"

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LANE BRYANT MATERNITY Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Dresses and Corsets in latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide for expansion. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

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INEXPENSIVE as matches

You can operate Electrolux a month on what you probably pay for ice in a week

YOU'LL have a safe low temperature, a supply of ice cubes, with almost any automatic refrigerator.

But with Electrolux you'll have these conveniences at only a fraction of the usual cost—without noise, without trouble, without interruption.

Electrolux operates so inexpensively because it is radically different from other refrigerators. It has no machinery or moving parts. Merely a tiny gas flame and a slight trickle of water to circulate the refrigerant. By this simple method you get constant, unvarying cold; ice cubes that freeze quickly.

And you can't hear Electrolux operate, because there is nothing to hear—no moving parts at all. This refrigerator is not only silent when you get it, but stays that way for life. It has no machinery to grow noisy later on, to need attention, to wear out. The refrigerant is sealed inside a rigid, one-piece steel unit. It never needs replacement. The gas burner has an automatic shut-off valve. No gas can flow should the flame ever go out.

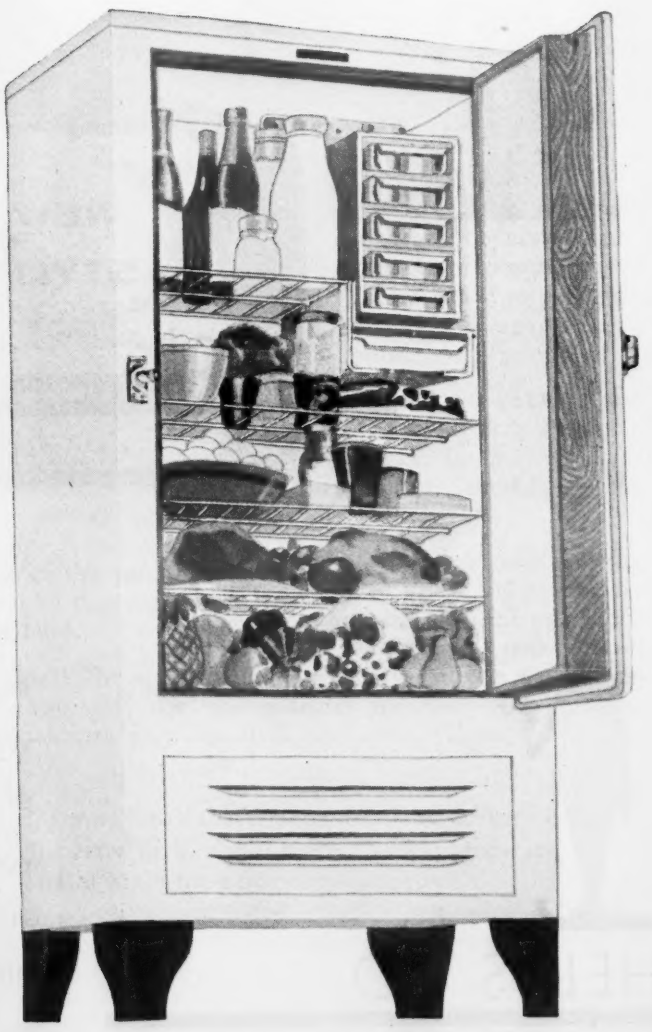
With all these advantages, don't think that Electrolux costs more than other automatic refrigerators. Its price is about the same, size for size—$195 to $430 at the factory. Purchase terms are liberal. There are many models to choose from in white and beautiful color combinations. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains.

Before you buy any kind of refrigerator, see Electrolux. And write us for complete information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts



Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

HELPS TO KEEP LIPS YOUNG

WHAT most excited the astonishment of those bedazzled Spaniards who first set foot in Mexico was not the glittering gorgeousness of Aztec civilization half so much as the Aztec women's seeming possession of the Secret of Perpetual Youth. It was observed that Aztec women rarely lost their teeth and their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that a woman is only as young as her lips? Did the Spaniards know the Aztecs chewed gum? Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum only enticingly more delicious. Chew Wrigley's ten minutes or more each day. Wrigley's tones up the muscles about the mouth and preserves the youthful contour which keeps you looking healthy and young. Try Double Mint—for its delightful and sumptuous new peppermint flavor.

(Continued from Page 182)

myself to visualize the future, I had anticipated something of this nature.

"Hand it over," he ordered.

I made my choice. He, who had made me think he felt sympathy toward me, was merely a criminal without compassion. He was another to know me for what I really was. My secret could not be kept much longer. And it was better to die now, defending Joan's necklace.

I bent a trifle at the knees, preparing for the spring which I knew would be my last movement on earth.

"I'm not going to give it to you, Peters," I said slowly.

"I'll get you with the first shot," he warned.

I nodded, and bent lower. I had never felt so completely alive as now when I was about to die.

For the fraction of a second my eyes dropped from his, and I saw that his finger was crooked tight about the trigger. It seemed to me that every sense, which in a moment would be dulled forever, was more acute than ever I had known.

And in the tense silence the telephone rang ear-splittingly. I caught at the reprieve.

"If I don't answer, the office will send someone up here. They know I've been injured ——"

"Take the call," he said softly. "And don't kid yourself. I'll get out of here fast enough. A telephone that ain't answered won't bring help any quicker than a shot, and that won't bring them quick enough to grab me. Answer it."

XV.

HE WAS right beside me as I picked up the telephone, and the muzzle of his weapon was thrust, icy cold and steely hard, against the nape of my neck.

"Hello?" I said.

"Lacy?"

It was Joan's voice, and I felt, from the slight relaxation of pressure against my neck, that Peters recognized, even over the telephone, the voice of the girl who had screamed last night. For his head was close to mine, his ear as close to the receiver almost as my own.

"I had to call you, dear," she said. "Mother put me to bed—I tried to sleep, but I couldn't. Not, anyway, until I've talked to you and told you ——"

"Go right back to bed," I said sternly.

She laughed faintly.

"Call a man 'dear' and he instantly gives orders. Lacy, I know now."

I knew what she meant and tried to fend off clearer presentment of her feelings.

"And I know you ought to be in bed," I cried.

"And I know that I love you," she said.

The touch of the automatic against my neck was no longer chill. Ice would have melted before the fiery blush that ran over my cheeks, throat, even suffused my ears.

"Joan—someone will hear you," I gasped.

"Who possibly could?" she laughed. "Aren't you alone?"

"Why—er—there's someone in the room ——"

"THEN I'll whisper, so my voice can only be heard by you. Lacy, I love you." She hesitated slightly. "Haven't you a response to that?" she asked.

"I told you there was someone here," I said.

"But if there weren't anyone there, Lacy? What would you say then?"

"Don't you know?" I stammered.

"But a girl likes to be told, Lacy. Oh, my dear, last night—when you lay there—Lacy, I'd been making up my mind—trying to make it up—and then I knew. Lacy, I'm putting my pride in the dust now. I'm telling you I adore you. Are you going to keep your silly pride? Are you going to let money step between us?"

"Not money," I said.

"Then what?"

"There's a story to be told, Joan ——"

"I know, but—Lacy, when will you tell it to me? Lacy, at the dance the other night—I wasn't sure. I told you I wasn't. But now—that I am sure—oh, it wasn't merely because you fought for something of mine, it wasn't just because you showed courage—I don't know what it was. I simply know that I—found out. Found out that I cared, that nothing mattered ——"

"Some things do matter, Joan," I told her.

"Not when one cares enough. Unless," and her voice faltered, "I've read everything wrong. Unless—Lacy, you do care, don't you?"

"More, my dear, than you can ever know," I said.

"And you'll come to see me—Lacy, can't you come tonight? Unless," and her voice clouded with tender worry, "you're not able ——"

"I'll come tonight, my child," I said.

I HEARD a gay laugh, and then the faintest sibilant sound, and I knew that my beloved was sending me a kiss. Then came the click of her receiver on the hook, and I turned, red murder in my heart, on Peters. And I gasped in surprise. For his gun was not against my neck, hadn't been there for a minute or more, and he was seated in a chair halfway across the room.

He read the blank bewilderment in my eyes.

"What the hell," he said, "when a gent's at his prayers ——"

"Prayers?" I took a step toward him, murder again in my heart.

"If they weren't prayers, then they ought to be," he snarled. "A kid like that—that stood right up to me—stuck on you, eh? Well, you rat, what you going to do about her?"

"About her?" I gasped.

"I said about her! Telling you over the phone she loves you. You, a lousy crook that don't belong in the same street with her! Why, I'm a son of a gun if you wasn't on the square with all that yarn of yours. At that, I believed the Slavini part of it, but you giving the necklace back to the dame—now that was hard to swallow. But you were on the level with it. And if you weren't, you cheap second-story worker, you are now. Get me? She gets it back if I have to walk in the front door and drop it in her lap myself. That swell little dame telling a mug like you that she loved him. Say, are you going to marry her?"

I sat down and stared at him.

"And what business is that of yours?" I asked belligerently.

"IT'S plenty my business," he snapped. "You ask me to take ten grand for half of something that's worth a hundred thousand. I said I'd take it, didn't I? Well, I guess that makes me interested in this business, don't it? Are you going to marry her?"

"Are you taking the ten thousand?" I countered.

"Listen," he said gratingly, "I'm no stage crook that reforms at sight of the baby's slippers. But I like guts, and you showed plenty last night, and so did the little gal. You've shown enough today. You were dead set to go against my gun when the phone rang. You're ready to go against me now. I ain't going to take that necklace out of here except over your dead body. I'm hep to that. Well, I'm kinda for you, Crandall. And I'm strong for the lady. And I'm asking you again—are you going to marry her?"

"How can I?" I asked.

"Because you're a crook, that it?"

"You can answer it," I said dully.

"Sure I can. And if I was one of those stage crooks I just mentioned I'd slap it right at you. I'd give a lot of guff about you not being worthy and all that sort of

(Continued on Page 187)

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against any perspiration odor.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep a jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it every day, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. You'll always find Mum at all toilet-goods counters for only 35c. Or three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

If you will mail this coupon to MUM, 80 Varick St., New York, you'll receive a complimentary box of Mum for a free demonstration!

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Only 3 Women in 276

Failed to Equal This Banana Cake First Time They Tried

This Month's Adventure in Simplified Baking
A Development in Milling—"Kitchen-tested" Flour

GAY and alluring, festive and enticing, it looks like a feature creation of the caterer's art, this richly tempting Banana Cake. Yet under the *simplified method*, described below, 276 women tried baking it, and 273 succeeded perfectly the first time! The three failures were charged to mistakes in mixing and in oven temperature.

By the development of an utterly new-type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

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Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

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SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Banana Cake, illustrated above, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. 909

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

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(Continued from Page 185)

thing. But that's all hooey. If a guy will fight for a girl, and will risk his life to protect something of hers, what difference does it make if he's not always been on the square? So you ain't going to marry her?"

"Of course not," I said.

"Going to break her heart, eh? Going to step out on her simply because of things you done before you ever met her. That's a fine break to give a decent girl. What about this story you were telling her about? Going to come clean with her? Or are you going to rat on her again, disappear, let her wonder ——"

"I'm going to tell her," I said.

"And suppose she says she don't care? Suppose she loves you just the same?"

"She couldn't," I said.

"How do you know? Who knows how any dame is going to take anything?"

"You're taking a lot of interest, aren't you?" I asked.

"I got a right to be interested. I'm paying plenty for my interest. I'm paying that necklace for it, sucker. Now listen; if you were an honest-to-goodness yap, you'd never got away with what you been doing the past few years. You're smart. And you ought to be smart enough to figure a way out of all this."

"THROW out what's behind you. It don't come into the play at all. No need ever to tell this little girl how you made your dough. She expects a story. Well, give her a song and dance. You thought there was brain trouble in the old family tree, eh? Now the doctors have told you the old bean is smooth as silk. You got friends—plenty of them. You can get yourself a swell job—and that's right along in line with what you had in your head these past few months. It looks like a swell layout to me. Not a thing in the world to worry you."

"No," I said bitterly, "not a thing—except Pots Slavini and Andy Horn and Jimmy Greco. And the man behind them."

"And me too, eh?" he smiled. "Well, I'll show you where I stand. Catch it, Crandall!"

End over end, sailing through the air, came my own weapon. I caught it in one hand.

"Take a good look at it; see that it's working O. K., that I didn't do nothing with it. O. K.?"

"It seems to be," I said wonderingly. "What do you want me to do with it?"

"Use it," he said. "If you got real guts, use it like I'm going to tell you. If you're yellow, and want an easy way out, stick it right in your mouth and pull the trigger. That way's messy, but certain sure."

"And how were you going to tell me to use it?" I asked.

"SLAVINI and Horn and Greco—and the guy behind them, eh? Just four of them. And they'd like to meet Kern Peters, would they? They think it would be just perfectly swell to have another sucker to cut up five ways, do they? Well, bless little Kernan's heart, but he just aims to please. Him and his new pal, Lacy Crandall, just a couple of little pals together, just crazy to please dear Andy, and dear Pots, and dear Jimmy, and the cunning man that pulls the strings they dance to.

"Beginning to soak through your thick skull, young feller?"

"I haven't got it all yet," I said slowly.

"And you're the bright boy that's been fooling the cops for years? I guess it ain't so hard to be tops in this racket as I've been thinking. Why, listen, Lacy. You don't make another move until you've met the big guy. Follow me? Oh, Pots and the others may bluff you, try to scare you, threaten to squeal, but are they going to hand over their meal ticket to the police? I guess not.

"So—they bring you to the main lad. And you've got all four of them in one room. And there's six shots in your gat. That leaves two for any strangers that might butt into the room."

"Murder?" I said.

"Would you call it that? Here's lads that tackle a tough racket. There's risk in rackets, Crandall, and you ought to know that. Well, they run up against risk, that's all. And they die. Unless you think four against two is too tough odds."

"Two?" I asked.

"Sure, didn't I tell you? Didn't I just mention your new pal, Kern Peters, what's just crazy to meet all your boy friends? Well, if your four shots should happen, any of them, to miss, here's good old Kern right beside you, and listen, Crandall, I've never missed yet."

As gayly as though he anticipated the merriest kind of a party, he poured out his plan to me.

I honestly do not know just how I would have responded to his suggestion, a suggestion not too incredibly bizarre in these days of organized gang murders. But before I could answer, the telephone rang. It was Slavini.

"Listen, Lacy," he said, "the chief wants to see you."

"Wants to see me?" I said. My heart pounded with quick exultation. Yet, because the suspicions of Slavini were always close to the surface, I argued. "Didn't you tell him I was laid up?"

"He wants to see you just the same. Wants to look you over. No use scrapping about it, Lacy; he wants you."

"What's he want to look me over for?" I demanded, blustering.

"That's his business," said Slavini. "Well, what'll I tell him? Better not stall, Lacy."

"Where am I to meet him?" I asked sullenly.

"Know the Blotter?" he asked.

I KNEW it, a notorious night club that drew patronage by virtue of the well-advertised fact that the most infamous gangsters of the city paraded their women there at night.

"Well?" I said.

"You're to be there—ten o'clock. There'll be a table reserved for you. The head waiter will take you to it."

"And the chief will meet me there?" I asked eagerly.

"I didn't say so. You be there—ten sharp—the Blotter. Got it?"

"The Blotter at ten," I repeated.

"O. K. And say, Lacy, if there was anything phony about last night's scrap—about that necklace—well, better tell me now, Lacy."

"What on earth are you driving at?" I cried. "Good lord, haven't you seen my face?"

"Yeah, I have," said Pots dryly, "but the chief hasn't."

I hung up and turned to Peters. His face was eager with excitement.

"I heard you say—the chief. The Blotter—at ten."

"Alone," I said sharply.

"Yes?" He grinned merrily. "You may go in that way, but coming out—that'll be different."

"I'm going alone," I repeated.

"So? Wait and see. Listen, Crandall, a night club is as good as a room. Easier to make your get-away."

"I'm not a murderer," I cried.

"No? Well, I am, Crandall. So long."

And he was gone, this killer, before I could protest. And he hadn't taken either the Seeley necklace or the check I'd been prepared to write. I started after him in complete bewilderment.

Then I carefully examined and tested my revolver. I was no killer I maintained stoutly to myself. But I hadn't met the chief face to face yet.

XVI.

IT WAS not yet five o'clock, although it seemed to me that the day must have had a hundred hours, so much had been crowded into it. Ten o'clock at the Blotter, and before that an

The striking accent of sophistication

ACCENT ADORABLE

Curls . . . innocently coquettish in their winsome profusion . . . curls . . . artless, soft, clinging close to the nape of the neck . . . how enchantingly feminine is this latest caprice in coiffures!

And Lenthéric powders . . . light as the touch of a butterfly's wing . . . incredibly lasting . . . in exquisite hues from petal white to desert tan . . . how exquisitely they accent the personality, and harmonize with the curls of fashion . . . be they blond, brunette or auburn.

Face powder in silvered boxes, with puff, at $1.00—lip sticks at $1.50—compacts from $1.50 up—and perfumes, in fascinating modern bottles, as low as $4.00—in purse size flaconnettes, $2.50.

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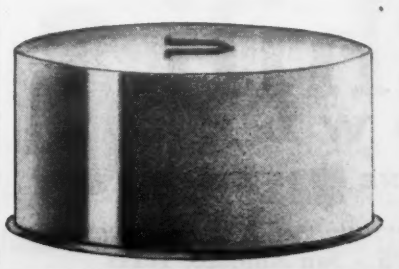

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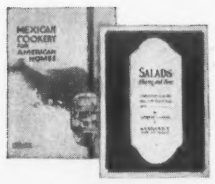
The secret is seasoning. Its basis is the ground pod of the Mexican Ancho Chili pepper; this plus a delicate blend of other rare spices. The formula was first known to ancient Aztec; later adopted by Spaniards and now being discovered throughout America.

Gebhardt, San Antonio, imports Chili peppers and compounds the powder according to the ancient formula. Add this unique, spicy condiment to your daily cooking. Liven up party luncheons and after-bridge suppers with something delicious, novel, unique.

If your grocer hasn't genuine Gebhardt's Chili Powder in 15c and 35c bottles with recipe folder enclosed, send for 10c sample described below. The Dinner package sampler is also a bargain if you can't get Gebhardt's Mexican foods in cans at your grocery store.



Alice Bradley's "Salads" . . Gebhardt's "Mexican Recipes" and SAMPLE!

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10¢

The principal of Miss Farmer's Boston School of Cookery has written this smart new book on "Salads"; the new vogue in color, decoration and design. Gebhardt's book: "Mexican Cookery" is a manual of native culinary lore. Both books, plus 10c sample, sent you for only a dime.

The SAMPLER

MEXICAN DINNER PACKAGE

$1 Brings this box of rare, delicious Mexican foods: 1 can each of Chili Con Carne, Tamales, Beans; 2 cans of Deviled Sandwich Spread; 1 bottle Chili Powder and two famous recipe books. Shipped to any American address postpaid for a dollar bill.

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Gebhardt's Chili POWDER

GENUINE MEXICAN

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engagement with Joan. To see her, to hear her tell me that she cared, to feel her lips . . . and then—to go out to die.

I could see no other way out of it. All along I'd known that if the man behind Slavini failed to give me guaranties that I would be let alone for the rest of my life I would take that only action which a criminal understands and respects—violence.

For he had threatened Joan, and no matter what promises he might make me, he would break them when the menace of my presence was removed, would move against Joan. Nor would flight avail me. They knew how to bring me back to heel.

With chilled amazement I had listened to Peters' plan to kill all four, had thought him mad. Now, slowly, I realized that he was not insane but merely carried criminal logic to its inevitable end.

CONFUSED, bewildered, sick with worry, with apprehension, with despair, I climbed into bed. I left a call for seven o'clock and composed myself, as well as I could, for a couple of hours' sleep. Strangely, too, the slumber that I needed came swiftly to me.

I awoke refreshed, ordered dinner over the telephone and killed time, while it was being prepared, in my bath.

I ate heartily, thinking without mirth of condemned criminals who "breakfasted heartily." Then, not without effort, I got into my dinner clothes, shoved my automatic securely—yet not too tightly—into the waistband of my trousers and wrapped up Joan's necklace in a collar box. I tied it securely and then sealed it, writing my own name on it.

Then I addressed an envelope to her, stamped it and took the elevator to the lobby. There I gave the box containing the necklace to a clerk at the desk.

"Last night has made me a trifle nervous about keeping valuables in my room," I explained.

"I don't blame you, Mr. Crandall," said the clerk with ready sympathy. "That's what our safe is for. To be delivered only to you, sir?"

"No," I replied, "give me a check for it. I might want someone to call for it."

He tore a check in two, affixed one half to the package and handed me the other.

"If it's anything valuable, Mr. Crandall—you know, the owner of the check is the owner of the package. We are compelled to deliver it to whoever presents the check."

"O. K.," I told him. "Nothing of particular value, except to me. Thanks."

WITH that I left him and walked toward the mail box near the florist's stand. Then I changed my mind. I would see Joan in a few minutes. What I would say to her I didn't yet know. But I could give her the envelope addressed to her, and ask her not to open it yet a while. If I mailed it to her, and for any reason wished to postpone confession, the fat would be in the fire when she received the check. She'd get the necklace, learn that I had deposited it. I put the envelope in my pocket, walked out upon Fifth Avenue and permitted the starter to summon a taxicab. Ten minutes later a servant had heard my name and was staring at me in bewilderment.

"Mr. Crandall, sir? But Miss Joan left here quarter of an hour ago. I understood, sir, that she was to meet you."

"Meet me?" I must have been a picture of stupefaction as I stared at him.

"Yes, sir. At least —— I may be mistaken. Would you care to see Mrs. Seeley?"

I nodded, and he left me, to return in a moment with Joan's mother.

"Why, Lacy, what are you doing here? I thought you were to meet Joan at—where was it—some disgraceful supper club—the Blotter. I think it's outrageous for either of you to think of going anywhere after last night's horrible experience, but Joan was insistent, and said you were insistent. But, at least, I told her, you might call for her. I think I'm modern enough and all that, but for young girls to go to supper clubs by themselves, even though someone is to meet them there—I knew she'd misunderstood you. I knew that a Crandall wouldn't ask a girl to meet him, but would call for her."

"Of course," I stammered. "She—she misunderstood ——"

"Do hurry over there, Lacy," she pleaded. "It's no place, I'm sure, for Joan to be standing, waiting ——"

"Of course not," I agreed.

I had kept my countenance during her revelation, and got out of her apartment without arousing any suspicion in her mind, but had she been able to see me as I left the building, she would have been alarmed as greatly as I was.

The oldest, the most transparent trick in the world, and I had not anticipated it.

The Blotter! Where I had been ordered to repair at ten! And Joan had been summoned to the same place. Why, my own summons should have made me positive that the chief suspected something about last night. After Slavini's report of my physical condition, I would not have been ordered from my hotel room save for what the chief considered grave reason.

And that reason could only be that I was suspected of some sort of double-dealing last night. But how could that be?

PETERS! Had he gone to Slavini, met him in some strange way? But Peters had been with me when Slavini telephoned. Peters couldn't have betrayed my possession of the necklace.

But couldn't he? Couldn't he, after he left me, have been accosted by Slavini, and told all that I had told him? But this didn't ring true. Somehow, in this moment of stress, Kern Peters' words rang soundly on my recollection.

But it didn't matter why I was suspected. That I was, was amply proved by the message to Joan, a message which I had never sent. And there could have been no mistake on Joan's part. She would never have left her home, on this evening when I was coming to call, unless she had been positive that it was to meet me.

I stopped a taxi.

"The Blotter," I said, "and drive like hell."

We turned east into Fifty-sixth Street and between Broadway and Seventh Avenue we stopped. There was the Blotter, but, as I had known, dark, its lobby doors not even opened.

Even the electric sign was dim, and would be until the opening hour, which could not be before nine o'clock, I was certain. And neither upon the steps that led to the closed doors nor upon the sidewalk was there any sign of Joan.

"Take me to the Plandome," I ordered the driver.

I dismissed him at my hotel, and hurried to the clerk.

"Anyone called for me?" I asked. "Any telephone messages?"

He made quick inquiry.

"No one, sir, and no messages."

HEAVILY, feeling beaten and old, I took an elevator to my room. There I looked at my watch. It wasn't eight-thirty yet, and Slavini had told me to be at the Blotter at ten. One hour and a half to wait, and at the end of that time—what?

I dismissed, as quickly as it came to me, the idea of telephoning to Mrs. Seeley. If Joan in some incomprehensible way had misunderstood —— But there was nothing to misunderstand! I simply hadn't mentioned the Blotter to her. I saw it now: Joan was their captive! Their hostage to compel me to do what they chose. Their pawn in whatever moves they cared to make.

And the first move was to have me, frightened, suppliant, at a table in the night club. A queer premonition came

(Continued on Page 190)

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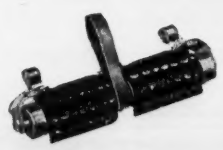

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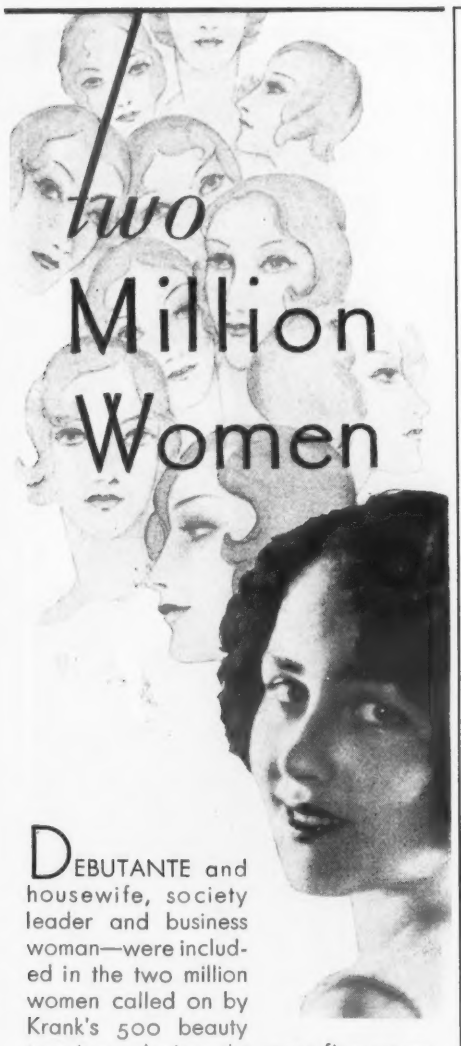

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(Continued from Page 188)

over me. Night clubs were the favorite execution spots of gangsters. When gangsters wish to put someone out of the way they do it as publicly as possible, that a sterner example may be set.

Suppose, a target for a hidden gun, I was killed? Suppose, then, that Joan —— I refused to look longer at the mental picture before me. Instead, I drew a pen and paper to me.

"Three crooks, Nick Slavini, Jimmy Greco and Andy Horn, conspiring with a fourth whose name is unknown to me, plan to kill me tonight. I believe they plan some crime against the person of Joan Seeley."

To these sentences I signed my name. I addressed an envelope to myself. If I were killed tonight the police would open a letter addressed to me, and from the grave I might have revenge upon my murderers.

But—whatever was in store, I wasn't dead yet. Nor could I believe that Joan had come to harm yet. I was alive—and armed. And tonight I would become what I never yet had been—a killer.

XVII.

IT WAS ten to the minute when, having checked my coat, hat and stick, I paused at the entrance to the supper room of the Blotter. In my coat pocket was concealed a black felt folded into small compass. Nothing attracts more attention than a hatless man in New York, and if I were compelled to seek safety in flight tonight my passage would not be marked by my bare head.

In my pockets I had over eight thousand dollars. I had sent for my car and it was parked now on a side street well uptown, and in its rumble seat was a complete change of clothing. And in the waistband of my trousers was my pistol. The letter to myself, accusing my former partners of conspiracy against me, was in the mail.

I saw the head waiter, a look of greeting on his face, advancing toward me. And as I moved toward him someone brushed against me.

"Circle 62945," I heard a voice whisper.

I looked around. Beside me, insolent as only that sort of woman can be, her eyes sweeping the scene before us with what she fondly hoped was an aristocratic hauteur, stood a girl. Her eyes, in her scornful glance, rested on me for a second, and I thought I read in them a sudden glint of warning. Then her glance went past me.

I assured myself that I must have been mistaken. I had never seen the girl before, and if that seemed to her no bar to a pleasant intimacy, she need not have been so furtive in giving me her telephone number. There was no jealous sugar daddy at her elbow to frown upon incipient flirtation. I decided that I had been mistaken.

Then the head waiter was bowing before me.

"Mr. Crandall?"

I nodded.

"A table is ready for you, sir. If you will follow me, please."

I SMILED inwardly at his courtesy. Whether he knew it or not, I had no choice. I must follow him. So, warily, though outwardly, I hope, perfectly calm, unconcerned, debonair, I permitted him to lead me to a table on the far side of the restaurant. He thrust a menu before me. But perhaps it was a trifle early for food. After the entertainment, eh? *Bien.* Meanwhile, to such a person as Mr. Crandall one offered no deceit. The Blotter sold no liquor; it obeyed the law utterly. But to its valued patrons—I'd never been in the place before—the maitre d'hôtel considered it a privilege to offer Scotch for which he, personally, Louis d'Esterre himself, could vouch.

"Thanks very much," I said.

"Instantly," he told me.

A moment later sparkling water was on my table and whisky was beneath it.

I pretended to pour myself a drink and then pretended to drink it. Settling back in my chair, professing an ease which I did not feel, I took stock of my surroundings.

Behind me, I took quick notice, were heavy black drapes, of velvet it seemed. Black was the motif of the room's decoration, save for gold in the ceiling, and the heavy curtains were not only behind me, they were visible at three other places in the wall. Doors, I concluded.

WELL, that was something worth knowing. Doors, in places like this, were rarely locked. Patrons required assurance of easy exits in case of police interference with the evening's gayeties. Leaning back in my chair, I fumbled with the draperies, found a door knob, found that it turned and that the door yielded, and settled forward again. Here was a way out.

The room was filling up now. An orchestra played; waiters began serving food and drink. Drinking began to be taken up in a serious way. And then I heard a fumbling at the door behind me.

My right hand dropped to my white waistcoat. My thumb hooked beneath it, ready to flash the weapon concealed there. As alert as I had been when, earlier today, I had faced Kernan Peters, I waited. Then the velvet curtains parted and I saw, oily and smirking, the round countenance of Pots Slavini.

"On time, eh?" he said. He was jovial with an effort, and drops of sweat appeared on his forehead.

"I'm on time," I said quietly.

"The chief is waiting for you, Lacy."

"Yes? Where?" I asked.

He jerked a thumb behind him.

"Back there—in a room."

"Yes?" I was politely derisive. "He told me to come here and wait for him. I like it here, Pots."

"Lacy, don't cross him," he whispered.

"I want to be sure he doesn't intend to double-cross me," I said.

"Why would he do that? Do you think I'd stand in with any scheme against you, Lacy?" Pots' indignation was vehement.

"Yes," I said gently, "I think so. I think, Pots, you'd do any filthy thing that promised to get you a crooked dime. Send your chief out here."

"LISTEN, Lacy," he pleaded, "he thinks there's something phony about last night's robbery. I told him you were all bunged up; I told him you'd taken the licking of your life; I give him all your arguments. But he wants to look you over himself, wants to talk to you."

"The lights are good here; so are the acoustics," I remarked.

"The what? Say, Lacy, don't stall any longer. He's ugly. I'm asking you—will you come with me?"

I stared at him. I made my decision, and I was on my feet before Pots realized it. I leaned close against him and my pistol was in my palm, and its muzzle was jammed against Slavini's side.

"You lead me to him, Pots," I said quietly. "And the first move you make that doesn't seem sweet as a rose and you won't move again."

"Lacy, I'm your pal," he whimpered.

"That's why I'll send you to hell to wait for me. I'll need friends where we'll be going. Lead the way, Pots."

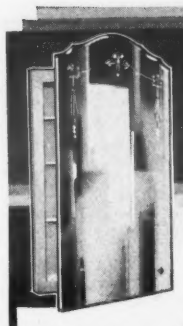
He groped, with shaking fingers, at the curtains. They parted and we slipped through a door, to find ourselves in a dimly lighted corridor.

"Where now, Slavini?" I asked.

"That door there," he pointed. "You just walk in, and you'll find the boss waiting ——"

I gripped the back of his neck. I kicked the door open and shoved him through in front of me, yanking him back, as we crossed the threshold so that he formed a living bulwark for me.

(To be Concluded)



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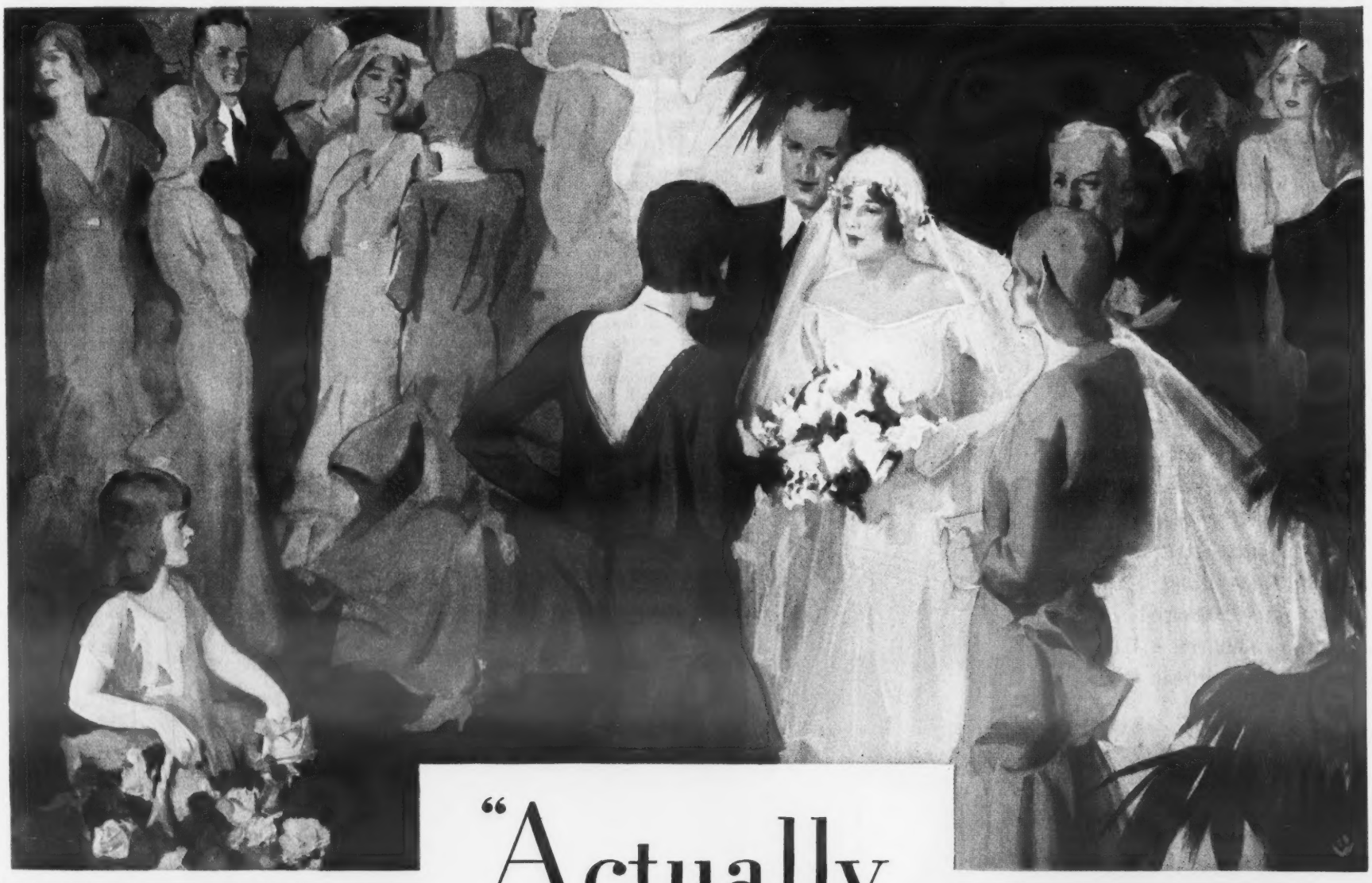

"Actually, we could be *'at home'* tomorrow

The first thing we did was to furnish our home. Just wait 'til you see it."

IT WAS Martha's Day of Days. How wonderful it felt to be a bride! How proud she was of her brand new name, her husband, and the thrilling new home that was waiting for them! Someone was asking about it now.

"Yes, it's ready for us right this minute," she told her eager friends. "Every rug in its place—chairs, tables, lamps, pictures all arranged. Actually, we *could* be 'at home' tomorrow!

"We didn't make the mistake some couples do, of slighting our home for other things. We've seen too many who started that way, and never did have a home to be proud of. We decided that before we did anything else, we'd *furnish our home.* Just wait 'til you see it."

An Obligation Easily Met

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The Psychology Pup

(Continued from Page 19)

and brush, and was working with skilled haste to repair the damage. As he toiled, the butler babbled apologies.

"The lout ought to be discharged!" raged Ritter.

"Yes, sir," stolidly assented Jerram, rising flushed from his labors. "No, sir. You are quite all right again, sir. Thank you. Miss Garrod will receive you at once, sir. This way, if you please."

With precisely the correct deference, Ritter bowed as he entered; then advanced easily toward his hostess.

Something else advanced at the same time. Chips had been curled lazily at his mistress' feet. As ever, inquisitive about all visitors, he got up and started across the room to sniff at the newcomer.

Miss Ginevra leaned back, her half-shut eyes taking stock of the applicant, but more closely observing her adored dog. Up to Ritter lolled Chips, questioningly welcoming, as was his habit with strangers who visited the house. As the two met, midway in the room, Chips shrank back with a snarl of distaste. In a gust of anger, such as never before had Miss Ginevra seen him display, he burst into a fanfare of fierce barking.

BETWEEN Ritter and Miss Ginevra he ranged himself, growling, his hackles abristle. Ritter all but tripped over him. Chips flashed forward and nipped the guest's toe. Instinctively Ritter kicked at him before remembering himself.

"Mr. Ritter," said Miss Garrod icily, "I shall not trouble you further. I should have written or telephoned to tell you the position is filled."

"But, Miss Garrod!" cried Ritter, aghast. "I ——"

"I need a secretary who possesses calmness and humane tendencies," resumed Miss Ginevra. "Not one who tries to kick a harmless and friendly dog. I repeat, I shall not trouble you further. Good afternoon."

"The fact that Chips took such an instant abhorrence to him was enough," Miss Garrod confided to Jerram. "Dogs know. But his kicking at the poor defenseless little fellow clinched it. The brutal scoundrel! Chips knew! Chips knew instantly!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the imperturbable Jerram. "Chips knew."

Graeme Bliss was not due at the grim old mausoleum of a house until five o'clock. As he was handing his hat to Jerram in the front hall, the house man happened to cross the hallway with another panful of ashes and to stumble at the precise spot where he had stumbled a little more than half an hour earlier.

"Gawky oaf!" reprimanded Jerram, dropping on his knees, with brush and cloth, in front of Graeme's defiled trouser legs and boots.

"It wasn't his fault," expostulated Bliss. "The floor is slippery. Let him off easy, won't you?"

GRAEME BLISS followed the butler's angular bulk across the slippery marble hall and to the room where the audience was to be held. Chips had arisen from his rug beside the fire and was moving lazily across the room toward the advancing candidate. Miss Garrod watched, as before, through half-shut eyes. Then her eyes opened wide.

As Chips neared the visitor the mongrel's careless demeanor gave place to a gush of keen interest. He sniffed avidly; then began to gambol around the man, patting at his legs and even licking his boots. Never before had Miss Ginevra known her canine chum to show such affection for any caller.

"Sit down," she commanded with a new graciousness. "Here, close to the fire. Does Chips bother you?"

For answer Graeme Bliss picked up the lovingly attentive dog and held him in his lap.

Three days later Graeme was installed as Miss Garrod's secretary and major domo and personal man of business—in place of the superannuated Cornelius Van Loo and at Van Loo's desirable salary.

SIX months later Dorothy Fane and Bliss announced timidly to Miss Garrod that they were going to be married. Then, breathless, they waited for the storm. It did not come.

"I suppose you expect me to be astonished," said the old lady. "Well, I am not."

"But, Miss Garrod ——" began Dorothy.

"My dear," continued Miss Ginevra, unheeding, "you are the first and only companion, of a long line, who has not either flattered me or robbed me or imposed on me. Do you think I am going to let you go? I am not. I'll fit up any suite of rooms you like, except my own, for you and Graeme. . . . There, *that's* settled! Now run along, both of you. Graeme, bring the afternoon mail to me as soon as it is in."

But when Graeme Bliss came back into Miss Ginevra's sitting room, an hour later, he wore an aspect far different from his former air of glad triumph.

"Miss Garrod," he said, "I have just found out something I have to tell you. I don't want to. But it has to be told."

"Most delicate subjects are the better for a good airing," suggested Miss Ginevra.

"I had a talk with Dorothy half an hour ago," said Bliss miserably. "She told me how Chips, here, snapped and snarled at Mr. Ritter when he came to see you about this job you gave me. I remembered how eagerly Chips welcomed *me.* And I remembered seeing Ritter out walking, again and again, in the parks, with his dogs. They were devoted to him."

"Well?"

"IT DIDN'T make sense. But when she told me Ritter had been deluged with ashes, just as I was, when he came here, and that Jerram had cleaned him off as he cleaned me, I got to remembering that Jerram used to work in some kennels in England. So I hunted up Jerram, and I made him talk."

"Well?"

"I know you won't hold it against the good old fellow. He only wanted to help us—Dorothy and me. Those two inundations of ashes were by his order. While he was working over Ritter's boots and trouser legs, he scattered snuff in the cuffs of his trousers. Chips sniffed at them and got his sensitive nostrils full of snuff. That is why he went for Ritter."

"And when the Ritter person kicked at him, that wasn't done on purpose, either?"

"I didn't know about that. When I came here and Jerram was cleaning off my boots, he put different stuff in my trouser cuffs. He had boiled some liver with anise seed and had scattered a few drops of tincture of valerian into it. That odor is something no dog can resist, Jerram says. And that is why Chips was so fond of me, at sight. . . . Now fire me if you like."

For a long half-minute Miss Ginevra Garrod made no reply. Then she asked:

"Have you got any powdered liver and anise seed and valerian on you now?"

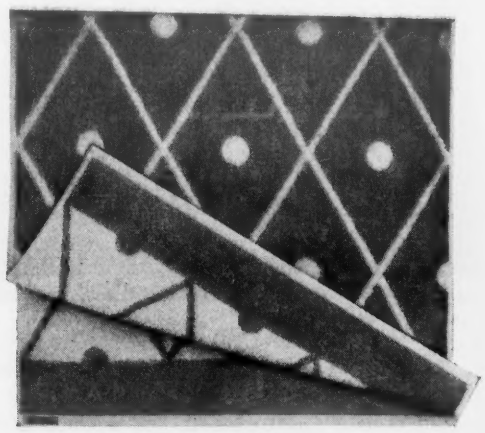
"Why, of course not."

"Call Chips over to you!"

Wondering, Graeme Bliss snapped his fingers at the dog. At the summons Chips trotted across to him, wagging a stubby tail and patting invitingly at the wretched Graeme's legs.

"H'm!" commented Miss Ginevra Garrod, her stern old mouth corners twitching a little. "I thought so. . . . Now give me my mail. Take dictation, please."

"DRUMS" a smart new towel *designed by* MRS. GEORGE DRAPER *for* MRS. ARTHUR TRAIN



"DRUMS" is a modern, all-over reversible pattern. It comes in large and medium-sized bath towels, wash cloths, bath mats and face towels in all your favorite colors.

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Mrs. Draper decorated this striking room in several tones of blue and red. Dark blue glass bottles sparkle on the shelves and "Drums" in a softer shade of blue gives the final perfect touch.

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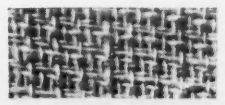

Underweave of ordinary Turkish towel (somewhat magnified) is loose, open and weak.

Underweave of a Martex towel (equally magnified) is close, strong and durable.

MARTEX

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The Margaret McGredy Rose (above) is a highlight in the garden of Arthur Warner, Pres. Maryland Rose Society. "Vigoro," says Mr. Warner, "intensifies color in my roses as no other plant food has ever done."

At the **OREGON STATE CAPITOL** *(Above)*

They have long been noted for their beauty—the Capitol Grounds of the State of Oregon. "Through sunlight and shade," says George H. Dunsford, Supt., "Vigoro keeps our lawns velvety, rich in color, sturdy in growth."

In the **W. J. PIERPONT** *garden (Left)*

Shell pink to bright scarlet! These zinnias and cannas form an interesting group in the garden of W. J. Pierpont, Savannah, Ga. "Very satisfactory," their proud owner calls the results obtained with Vigoro, the complete plant food.

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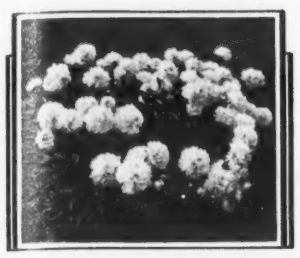
Your Garden in May



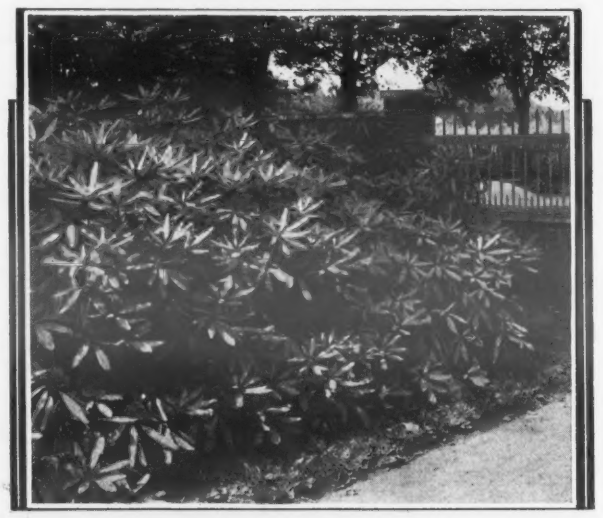
Peonies should be disbudded to prevent small bloom.

DANDELIONS. Where dandelions have obtained such a foothold in the lawn that digging them up individually is impracticable, they can be eradicated by spraying with iron sulphate or copperas. This may be procured from your seedsman or druggist. Use one and a half pounds to each gallon of water and be sure to agitate the water continuously with the spray nozzle in order to mix the solution thoroughly.

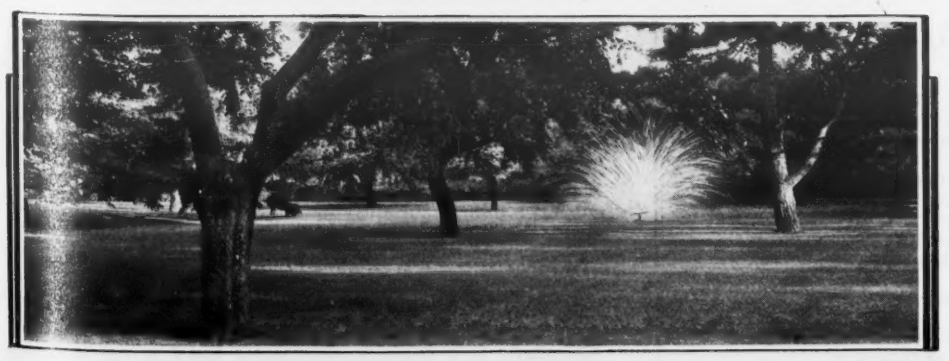
Apply as a fine-mist spray over the leaves and crowns of the dandelions. The best time to spray is just before the blossom buds open. The following day the dandelions will appear to have been scorched by a withering fire, as they turn black and die. You have, however, only killed the tops; and you must continue to repeat this process until the vitality of the roots has been destroyed. The roots will continue to send out new leaves, and if they are neglected they will soon regain their vigor. Usually only five applications will be required to eradicate the most hopelessly infested lawn completely. Three applications this season and two next year will free your lawn.

Bear in mind that your spray pump must be thoroughly cleaned immediately after using iron sulphate or copperas. If allowed to remain uncleaned, it will corrode. The spray must not be allowed to touch cement walks, painted trellises or buildings, as it will permanently discolor them. It is not injurious to bluegrass or other narrow-leaved grasses, but will temporarily discolor clover lawns. Iron sulphate has some fertilizing properties besides being an eradicator and does not poison the lawn.

As soon as the dandelion tops have died, they should be removed from the lawn with a dandelion rake, or other short-toothed rake. The bare spots should be immediately fertilized with some good commercial fertilizer and reseeded. The aim should always be to secure a good turf, for it is a garden truth of no mean proportion that a good lawn turf will never be infested with dandelions. Plenty of fertilizer and good grass seed liberally applied are your best insurance against weedy lawns.



Seed pods should be picked from rhododendrons as soon after blooming as possible.



Dandelions may be eradicated from lawns by a simple spraying process.

PEONIES. For the very best quality of bloom, be sure to disbud your peonies. This means that you remove all buds on a stem except the largest. All side buds are pinched or cut off, and the earlier this is done in the season the better. Peonies allowed to grow naturally will always set more buds on a stem than the roots can support properly. Try disbudding and see how much better the quality of bloom is.

Manure should not be used on peonies, especially during the growing season. If it ever is used, it is imperative that it be thoroughly spent and that it never touches the crowns, as it causes a serious disease. Early in the season, take a cupful of bone meal and work it into the roots, making a ring around the entire plant. This is all the feeding they require.

As the season advances and the bloom becomes heavier, it is good insurance for the best results to stake up the plants. Special peony stakes are available from your seedsman or florist which will give good results and may be used many seasons.

For delicate shaded varieties, cut them just as the flower commences to open—that is, when the bud is really soft—and remove indoors. Place in a vase or jar of water and allow to open. The delicate coloring will be preserved intact to delight you for several days.

WEEDLESS GARDEN PATHS. It is annoying to have weeds encroach upon gravel paths in the garden. The following mixture is a simple weed eradicator and can be manufactured right at home: Buy twenty pounds of sulphur and mix with sixty quarts of water, and boil the mixture. Then apply to any spot where you do not wish weeds to grow. An old-time gardener assures us that it will be effective for several seasons.

ANNUALS. The hardy sorts of annual plants may now be set out. The tender sorts should not be set out at this time, but later in the month, when all danger of frosts is past, they may be transplanted to the garden. Oftentimes better results are obtained by sowing the seeds of tender annuals in the location where they are to grow. As they come up they may be thinned out to promote the best growth.

ROSES. As soon as warm weather arrives one should keep a close watch on roses for pests, especially the leaf eaters which are most persistent and obnoxious in early spring. They may be controlled by spraying the bushes with lead arsenate. Follow manufacturer's directions.

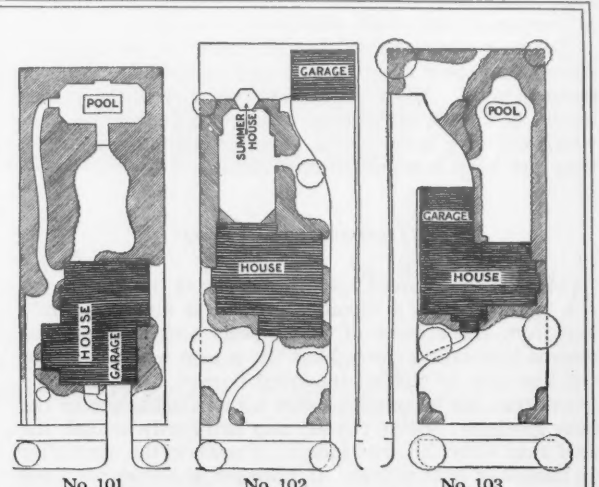
WATERLILIES. Hardy waterlilies, especially, will be growing lustily at this time. The tender varieties should not be placed in the pool until warm weather has definitely set in as the slightest frost will kill them. The hardy lilies should have liberal feedings especially if the planting is old. Bone meal is the best fertilizer to apply in such situations. Take a handful, submerge under the water and keep the hand closed until the bone meal has become a pellet, then open the fingers and it will drop down to the surface of the soil in the growing box. Applied in this way, bone meal will not cloud up the water. The old-fashioned way was to sprinkle the bone meal on the surface of the pool. Its disadvantage is that it discolors the water for several days.

DUTCH BULBS. As soon as the leaves of tulips, narcissuses, hyacinths and other Dutch bulbs have turned yellow they may be dug up and dried and stored away for planting in the fall. If the planting is permanent they may be allowed to remain in the ground where they are. Some varieties divide rapidly and will not run so large when allowed to remain in the ground. But most tulips will tend to "come back" within a season or so. If the bulbs are to remain in the ground permanently, sow annual seed among the tulips early in the season so that the beds will not be bare in midsummer.

The hardier sorts of annual plants may be set out now.

PRUNE SHRUBS. Spring-blooming shrubs such as forsythia, lilac and spiraea should not be pruned until after they have bloomed. Now is the time to do this work. In the main it is best to remove only dead wood, taking out the entire cane. Forsythia and spiraea are graceful-growing shrubs and should receive little or no pruning. All other shrubs should be pruned before growth starts in the spring.

SMALL FRUITS. Mulch strawberries and other small fruits heavily with March hay or clean straw. The former is to be greatly preferred because it does not introduce weed seeds into the garden. Many people find paper mulch excellent for the small garden. The first application of other mulches should be at least six inches deep. Proper mulching keeps down weeds, conserves the moisture content of the soil and greatly increases the size and quality of the crop harvested.



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A Spare-Time Garden

By

LOUISE BUSH-BROWN

NEVER should anyone say that she does not have time to have a garden! No matter how busy one may be, there are almost always a few odd hours through the week which may be spared, and it is amazing what may be accomplished.

I used to have a pang of sympathy for the people who admired the beauty of my garden and sighed and said, "Oh, how I wish that *I* had time to have a garden!" It seemed so tragic to want a garden and not have time to have one. And then I began to realize that many of these friends had time to play golf and most of them had plenty of time for bridge and teas—but they did not have time to have a garden. So I decided that, for the most part, my sympathies were wasted, for it is merely a matter of choice after all. Some of us prefer bridge, some of us prefer gardens. But never should we say that we do not have time to have a garden.

There are in my garden some eight hundred and fifty square feet of flower beds and borders, and it is entirely a spare-time garden. I do all the work in it myself, after office hours, over the week-ends and on holidays. It takes just seven hours to give all the flower borders a thorough cultivation. During the spring and early summer I like to do this once a week, but later in the season every ten days or two weeks is sufficient. I try to plan for about an hour's work in the garden each day and several hours over the week-end. If rain or other things interfere I have to try to make up for it on Saturday afternoon and on Sunday.

In addition to the routine of cultivation, there are numerous other activities which claim attention, such as spraying, staking, the cutting off of dead blooms, the sowing and transplanting of seedlings, and the many other things which mean so much to the general welfare of the garden. If properly organized this work will not be a burden.

The busy gardener must learn to conserve both time and energy, and there are a number of things which should be borne in mind. All the plant materials used in the garden should be chosen with special care and only those selected which will give good results when a minimum amount of time and labor is expended upon them.

Annuals for Color

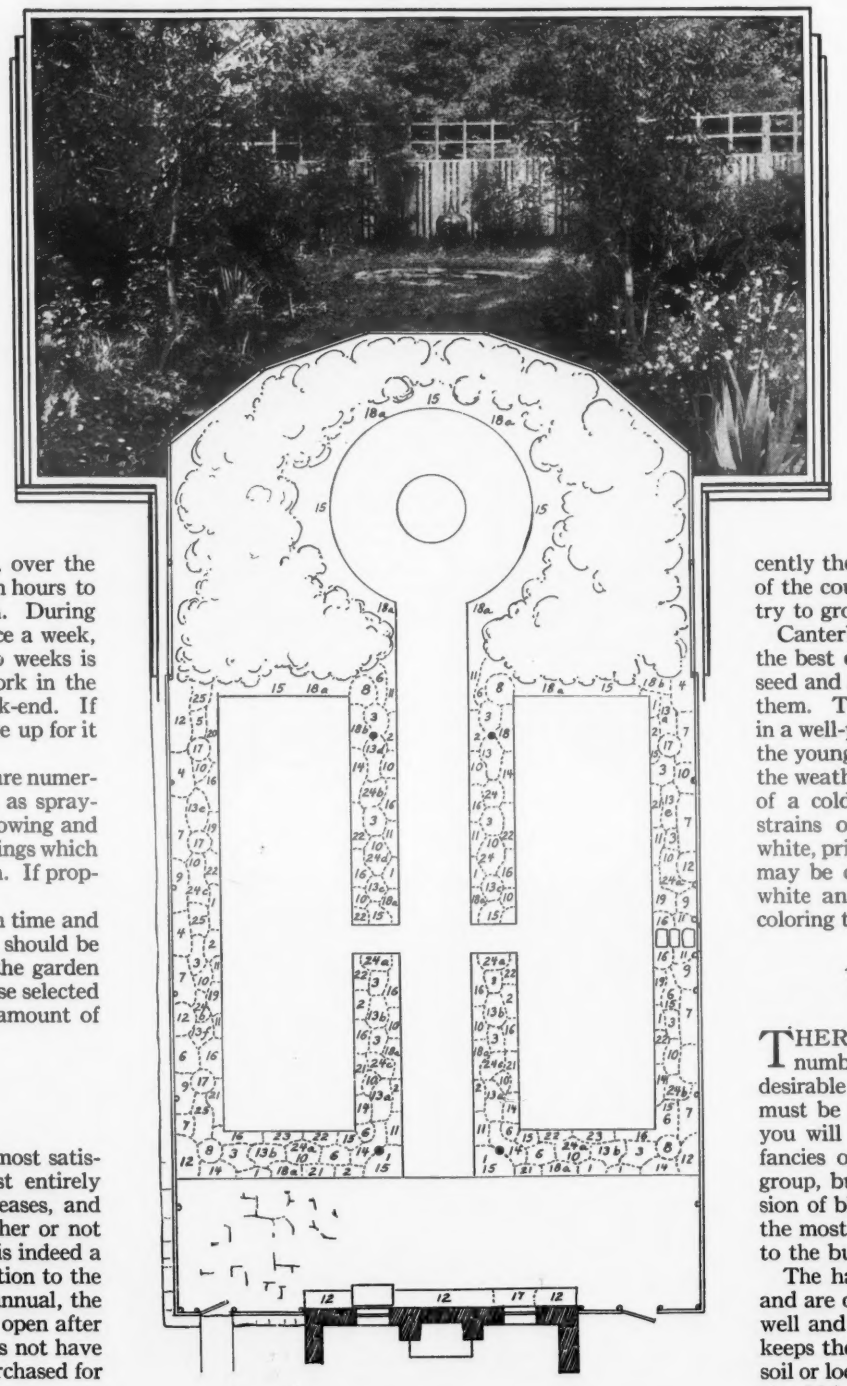
AMONG the annuals ageratum is one of the most satisfactory. It is a vigorous grower, is almost entirely free from the attacks of insect pests and diseases, and blooms luxuriantly throughout the season whether or not one has time to pick off the faded flowers. It is indeed a flower that can be recommended without hesitation to the busy gardener. Being classed as a half-hardy annual, the seed must either be sown indoors or sown in the open after all danger of frost is over. If, however, one does not have time to start the seed, young plants may be purchased for a very modest sum from almost any florist.

Marigolds are an old stand-by too, and add a note of rich color to the late-summer and fall garden. Some of the dwarf varieties in self colors, such as the one named Moonlight, are particularly good.

Phlox drummondi in the soft pink and buff shades is always welcome in any planting scheme and is of very early culture. The seed may be sown in frames for early bloom or it may be sown directly in the garden. This annual phlox is very hardy and will bloom cheerfully on long after the first killing frosts in the fall.

And, of course, the indispensable poppies should be included in every seed order. They ask so little in the way of care and cultivation and give so generously of their bloom and beauty. They even save one the trouble of deciding whether it would be better to sow them indoors or directly in the garden, for they do not stand transplanting and must be sown where they are to flower. The only thing that they are really insistent about is that the seed pods be cut off as soon as the petals have fallen. If this is done they will remain in bloom for months. And who is there who would not contrive to find a few brief moments during the day to perform this simple duty in order to have the joy of continued bloom?

Surely there are few flowers lovelier than the single Shirley poppies, and no garden is quite complete without them. Scabiosa is a very satisfactory sort of flower also, and petunias can usually be counted upon to do well. The large, velvety purple ones are very beautiful and are well worth growing. And although zinnias may come at the end of the alphabet they head the list of the old dependables. Whether the season be one of drought or of deluge, the zinnias will bloom cheerfully on until cut down by the first killing frost. There is a lustiness and vigor about the young seedlings as soon as they are out of the ground which seems to assure their success in life and they will survive the most amazing vicissitudes. Zinnias may be had nowadays in such glorious colors and in such a variety of forms that they have much to recommend them.



Key to Planting Plan

1. Ageratum.
2. Antirrhinum.
3. Aquilegia, long-spurred hybrids.
4. Hardy asters.
5. *Campanula medium,* pink.
6. Hardy chrysanthemums.
7. Delphinium.
8. *Dicentra spectabilis* (bleedingheart).
9. Digitalis (foxglove).
10. Gladiolus.
11. *Heuchera sanguinea* (coralbells).
12. Hollyhocks.
13. Iris.
14. *Linum perenne* (blue flax).
15. Narcissus, in variety.
16. *Nepeta cataria* (catnip).
17. Peony.
18. Phlox.
19. *Phlox drummondi.*
20. Petunia—variety, balcony blue.
21. California-poppy—variety, Rose Queen.
22. Shirley poppy—variety, wild-rose pink.
23. Scabiosa—variety, Azure Fairy.
24. Tulips.

There are a number of other annuals which might be put into the doubtful class. They are rather on the border line between those of easy culture and those of finicky tastes. Some of these, such as lupines, annual larkspur, salpiglossis and snapdragons, will do well in some seasons and not in others, or in some particular climates, while in other sections they are very susceptible to disease. So in the selection of these the gardener must be guided by a knowledge of her own particular conditions. For years snapdragons have been the pièce de résistance of many a garden, but recently they have been so attacked by rust in some sections of the country that it is a waste of both time and money to try to grow them.

Canterbury-bells, foxgloves and wallflowers are among the best of the biennials. They are all easily grown from seed and are well worth the time and effort expended upon them. The seed should be sown either in a cold frame or in a well-prepared seed bed early in June. In mild climates the young seedlings can be wintered out-of-doors, but where the weather is severe it is best to give them the protection of a cold frame. The Giant Shirley is one of the best strains of foxgloves and they may be obtained also in white, primrose yellow and rose colorings. Canterbury-bells may be obtained in both single and double forms. The white and pink varieties are, perhaps, more pleasant in coloring than the blue, which is inclined to be dull in tone.

Indispensable Perennials

THERE are hundreds of lovely perennials, but of this number there are about a dozen which are particularly desirable from the viewpoint of the busy gardener. It must be remembered that if you are a spare-time gardener you will not have the leisure to cater to the whims and fancies of some of the more fastidious members of this group, but these that are recommended will give a succession of bloom from early spring until autumn and are, for the most part, reasonably dependable. They are all a boon to the busy gardener whose time is precious.

The hardy asters are among the best of our fall flowers and are of very easy culture; in fact, they grow almost too well and are apt to crowd out their neighbors unless one keeps them within bounds. They are not particular as to soil or location, but one must remember that the old clumps should be lifted and divided every few years. Many excellent varieties are now available, some of the most desirable being Climax, St. Egwin, Elta, Maid of Colwall and Gray Lady.

No gardener need deny herself the beauty of the lovely, long-spurred columbines, for they, too, are of easy culture and will usually flourish well. Plants of blooming age may be purchased from almost any nursery or new plants may be grown very easily from seed; in fact, it is wise to plant a few seeds each year in order to have vigorous young plants ready to take the place of those that fail to answer the spring roll call. Columbines are classed as short-lived perennials and after blooming luxuriantly for a few years they are apt to suddenly die out. The long-spurred types are available now in separate colors—pink, white, blue—and they offer wonderful material for color harmonies in the garden.

The hardy chrysanthemums seem to fill a very special need, coming as they do after most other flowers are gone. The old plants soon begin to deteriorate and it is wise to divide them or to grow young vigorous plants from cuttings every few years. If your garden is small and you find that you begrudge the space to them during the early part of the season, you may welcome the idea of growing them in pots and bringing them into the garden just as they come into flower.

Except in the South, where they do not seem to flourish, delphiniums may usually be depended upon to do well, and they are the glory of most gardens during the month of June.

(Continued on Page 198)

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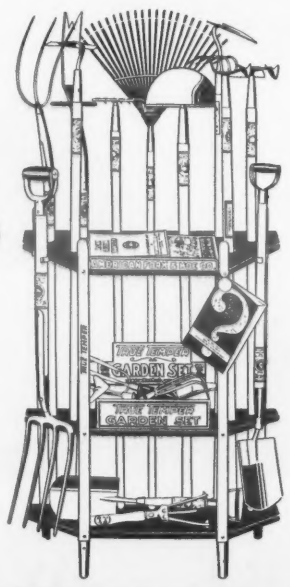

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(Continued from Page 196)

There are few flowers more stately or more beautiful. They may be grown from seed with the greatest ease and when once well established they will be an unfailing source of delight. Like most vigorous-growing perennials, delphiniums appreciate a rich, deeply prepared soil, although they will thrive under widely varying conditions. During the past few years some very beautiful hybrids have been developed and, fortunately for the gardener of modest means, the seed is not high in price.

A perennial which has increased tremendously in popularity during the past few years is the coralbells *(Heuchera sanguinea)*, and probably one of the chief reasons for its gain in favor is its very great dependability. It will grow well in almost any soil or location and is an amazingly useful little thing. The foliage is attractive when the plant is not in bloom and the flowers have a grace and sprightliness about them which are very endearing.

Hollyhocks, perhaps, head the list of the most dependable perennials. Nothing seems to daunt them. They reseed with the most astonishing prolificness and they seem to flourish whether they receive any attention or not. And they are so lovely! The single varieties in the soft pastel shades of pink, salmon, rose and lemon yellow are the most beautiful of all. Unfortunately rust usually attacks the foliage late in the season and little can be done for it except to pick off the infected leaves.

The bearded irises are so determined to make good in life that one can hardly kill them. Throw a bit of iris onto a compost or a heap of soil and the following year you will probably find a healthy plant with fine, tall flower spikes. And what more can one ask of a flower than to come arrayed in every color of the rainbow? Pale lavender, deep purple, rich wine red, soft luminous rose, primrose yellow—one can have them all among the irises.

Perennials

PERENNIAL FLAX *(Linum perenne)* is a dainty thing and will usually flower pretty well through the season. The flowers, of clear sky-blue, are borne in profusion and are so lovely that they would gladden the heart of the most disconsolate gardener. Like the columbines, this perennial flax is apt to bloom itself to death, and it is well to have a few young seedlings coming on. *Nepeta mussini* is another very useful thing and is almost sure to succeed. It may be used as an edging plant or in the border, and the soft lavender-blue flowers are very lovely when grown in combination with pink columbines. It is well to divide the old clumps frequently, as young plants will give better bloom and will present a more tidy appearance than the old ones.

Peonies, when once well established, will be a lasting source of satisfaction and they will survive almost any amount of neglect. They do, however, appreciate a fertile soil, and one of the secrets of success is to plant the roots at the proper depth. The buds or eyes should not be more than two or three inches below the surface of the soil. Festiva Maxima is one of the finest varieties, white with a dash of crimson at the heart. Edulis Superba is an excellent pink and Therese is one of the very beautiful new creations.

And last on the list of dependable perennials comes phlox, beloved and cherished in the gardens of our grandmothers. All it asks is a chance to prove what it can do. Often one comes upon it in an old deserted garden, where it has bloomed forgotten and untended for many years. For best results the old clumps should be divided occasionally, and if the plants are troubled with mildew a light dusting with sulphur will usually keep it in check. Miss Lingard is a very good early white variety and Mrs. Jenkins comes later.

Bulbs

WHEN one considers the ease with which bulbs may be grown one feels that there is really no excuse at all for anyone to say that she cannot have a garden. How could anything demand less in the way of care and attention? One has but to plant them and then wait for the joyous moment of their flowering. And throughout the spring, from the time the first snowdrop pokes its head above the ground until the petals of the last tulip have fallen, they are a source of delight.

Of the tulips the Cottage, Darwin and Breeder types are the most desirable and offer a wide range of choice when it comes to colorings. Clara Butt is an excellent rose-colored Darwin and is very inexpensive. Rev. H. Ewbank is a good lavender. Inglescombe Pink is one of the Cottage type, tall and stately, and Moonlight is a soft luminous yellow. Among the Breeders, Louis XIV is a superb variety, deep purple edged with gold, and Bronze Queen is as lovely as its name.

Gladiolus are the glory of the midsummer garden and they are of the easiest possible culture. They should be planted in succession, about every two weeks from the middle of May until mid-July, in order to extend their period of bloom. They will usually come into flower about sixty days after planting. The primulinus hybrids are particularly lovely and may be obtained in soft pastel colorings, delicate pink, pale yellow, salmon, rose and rich coral.

Considerable thought should be given to planning the program of garden activities for the year. Haphazard gardening and a lot of time spent in merely puttering around may be all very well for the person with abundant leisure, but it will not do for the spare-time gardener, whose moments are few and precious. Therefore all the work which is to be done should be carefully planned beforehand and it should be well organized. No matter how much time and effort you put into it, you will find that your garden will repay you many times over. And if you plan wisely and well you will be able to survey the results of your handiwork with pride and satisfaction, and you will know the real joy that comes to the heart of every true gardener.

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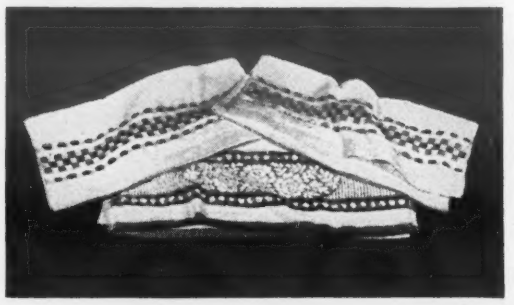

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Watch the boys and girls who are good at games. See how well-poised they are, how capably they acquit themselves in all kinds of unusual and unexpected situations.

How Play Develops the Life-technique of Your Child

Read what a World-Famous Psychologist has discovered

"GAMES are not to be considered as haphazard ideas of parents and educators," says Alfred Adler, the great Viennese psychiatrist, in his book, *Understanding Human Nature*. "Games are educational aids—stimuli for the spirit, for the fantasy, and for the life-technique of the child."

Certainly that shows the world has moved a long way from where it was when most of *us* were young—when most parents felt that play was a child's way of wasting time.

Probably there isn't one of us who can't still remember some childish tragedy—some time when parental plans took no account of *our* plans. In those days, nobody thought of play as important. It was permissible only when there were no chores or school-work to do.

But play *is* important to a child. We know that now. It is the vital activity of his world—a world peopled with his equals. In the grown-up world his lack in size and strength and experience constantly gives him a feeling of inferiority. And *that* feeling is the hardest thing any human being has to combat in this life.

As Dr. Adler says, "Play is a child's profession. Preparation for the future can be seen in every game. In games, a child can express himself. He is more or less placed on his own. And his performance is stimulated by his connection with other children."

In other words, play makes a child feel an adequate human being. It tends to counteract his feeling of inferiority and dependence.

Watch the boys and girls who are good at games. See how well they handle themselves, how capable they are of doing things for themselves, how well-poised they are in all kinds of strange situations.

How Can Your Child Be Successful in Games?

TO BE successful in his games and to win the respect and liking of his young companions, your child must be able to *do* things well. And, in any teamwork, he must be dependable.

A child thinks of everything in terms of action. Speed in running; accuracy in throwing or catching a ball; a sure foothold in climbing fences or trees; skill in swimming—these are abilities children respect.

Ask any small boy what he wants to be when he grows up. You'll find the honors about even among policemen, firemen, truck drivers and locomotive engineers. Men who *do* things—they're the demi-gods of the child's world!

Doing things means handling oneself well—perfect coördination of muscle and eye; and, above all, *footwork*.

Now footwork is *very* largely a matter of being properly shod. Shoes are an invention of civilization. Even today primitive tribes wear none. The bare foot is far better adapted for doing things than the shod foot.

But science has taught us a lot about the dangerous infections that can come from even a tiny scratch. So we must wear shoes. And, as civilization has become more and more scientific, shoes have steadily improved—in design, in comfort, in healthfulness.

Keds, for example, are specially designed to give feet barefoot freedom and skill. They are light, with cool, porous tops so feet can breathe. They are flexible. They have special "Feltex" insoles to keep the feet comfortable. They have a springy resiliency that makes for speed. And they absorb, very largely, the shocks of running and jumping.

Barefoot Freedom without Barefoot Risks

PHYSICIANS, gymnasts and athletic coaches have prescribed Keds for years. They are play-shoes built as no others are built—to give barefoot freedom without barefoot risks.

You may not care particularly whether your children grow up to become great athletes. But that isn't the point. Their success now in their games is going to make them normal, happy children, able to get along with their companions and to develop a poise and sureness that will have everything to do with their later success in life.

So, take your Mary or your Dick to the shoe dealer and have the 1930 size of their growing feet fitted with the Keds style best suited to their strenuous activities. Keds come in over thirty styles, so your choice will be wide. Prices range from $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $1.75 up to $4.00. And the name "Keds" is stamped on every genuine Keds shoe. Keds are made *only* by the United States Rubber Company.

These

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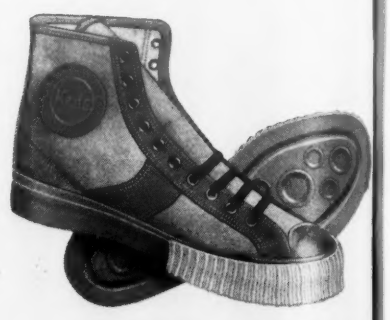

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Keds with moulded soles like this very athletic-looking style, run from $2.00 to $4.00.

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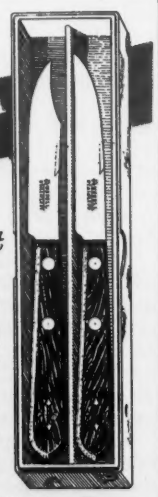

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A pergola shows wisteria to fine advantage, for we may go beneath and look up through the blooms to the light. Note here the vine has been allowed to follow its natural inclination of throwing its strength to the top.

Why Wisteria Makes the Best Vine

By ANDERSON McCULLY

THERE are a number of vines with the quality of sturdy hardiness; but to these the wisteria also adds bloom, color, fragrance, adaptability, exceeding grace and long life. It is a good deal for one vine to have. So much so that we naturally must give it a little in return.

The greatest demand the wisteria makes is for food and a deep soil. When we see a single vine covering the entire side of a house, and festooning hundreds of panicles of bloom a foot or two in length from the eaves in solid mass, we can begin to realize that the root system must be deep, the food rich and plentiful to support such wealth. It will take sunshine to bring all these flowers to maturity, to ripen the wood afterward, and considerable moisture to supply so large a plant.

Before we buy our wisteria, let us consider carefully the place where it is to go. It is one of the four primary garden flowers of Japan, and we might first see what they have learned to do with it through the centuries. Almost any Japanese garden street will show us their custom of allowing the vine to clamber inconspicuously to the eaves of the house, and to then festoon down in dripping racemes of bloom as it follows on around the roof edge. We do not always care for bare walls below, and so we have learned to do a little judicious pruning and leading down again of some shoots.

This is only one manner they have of growing it, however. Fully as often we find it leaning over the water of pool or stream to glimpse its own loveliness. The falling petals waft downward, and form another charming picture as they ride gently on the water below.

Pergolas and Supports

PERGOLAS of all kinds make graceful supports for the wisteria, and give us an opportunity to get under and look up through the delicate blooms, so dense they turn all the light below to soft mauve and lilac. The Japanese use both bamboo and rustic supports. The bamboo tones well with the airy lightness of the bloom and foliage; the rougher bark of the rustic support with the gnarled and rugged stems. A Japanese maple for green background in blooming time, for flaming foliage when the wisteria delights are over, is an added asset.

We have learned to festoon our wisterias through tall trees. They look particularly well flinging themselves from tree to tree. I have known a hard-hearted light and power company to leave one enterprising wisteria to its own devices when it climbed an anchoring cable and wrapped the ungainly pole in fragrance and beauty. On the Pacific Coast they will twine gracefully up the bare trunk of a great Douglas fir that sometimes towers for sixty or even a hundred feet before the branches begin in the older trees.

I have said the wisteria is hardy, but in Northern gardens, where spring frosts come late, it is necessary to select a site that is somewhat sheltered from them, as the early flower buds might kill, with a flowerless year resulting. Though listed a sunlover, it will tolerate considerable shade, and I rather believe that it prefers a little through part of the day in our more intense American summer. I have often seen it planted to the north of a porch, though it later climbs into the sun. I know of one in a coniferous forest that has grown from the north side of a sorority lodge, and hidden the house in foliage and bloom. So planted, it runs a little more to foliage; but, at that, there is nothing niggardly in its bloom.

How to Plant

IF YOU are planting by trees, it is usually better to set the vine some distance out from the trunk—beyond the radius of its branches. As the vine establishes itself, stretch a wire cable from the ground to the tree, and the wisteria will do the rest.

Should it be necessary to plant close in, knock the bottom out of a good-sized barrel, and sink this to hold rich loam for the vine, and also to keep the tree roots away until the wisteria gets a good start. They are a little slow to take hold. You will also need to give considerable water at the base of a tree, for tree roots usually take all the soil has. Should the positions be reversed, and a young tree going in beside an old wisteria, it will be the tree that will need protection at first.

Well-rotted manure or compost seems the best inducement to make the wisteria take kindly to a new home. One part of this to two of good garden loam should be thoroughly mixed and broken. This is one time when deep digging really pays. See that this good compost reaches down for at least three feet. Complete commercial plant food will maintain ready growth. If the root should already be longer than this, of course dig considerably deeper. The usual purchase from the nursery will be a good deal smaller. But if you should acquire a larger vine, it is better to cut the top back about one-third; and do not sever the roots less than six feet below the surface if you can possibly avoid it. It also seems helpful to lay the vine itself along the ground the first year it is planted. This is unusual, as vines in general need their supports at once.

Later care and pruning are rather dependent upon the place and planting. The main bloom of the year, usually May, is carried on the spurs. Later, in August or September, there is usually a lesser second bloom that is borne on the terminal shoots

(Continued on Page 213)

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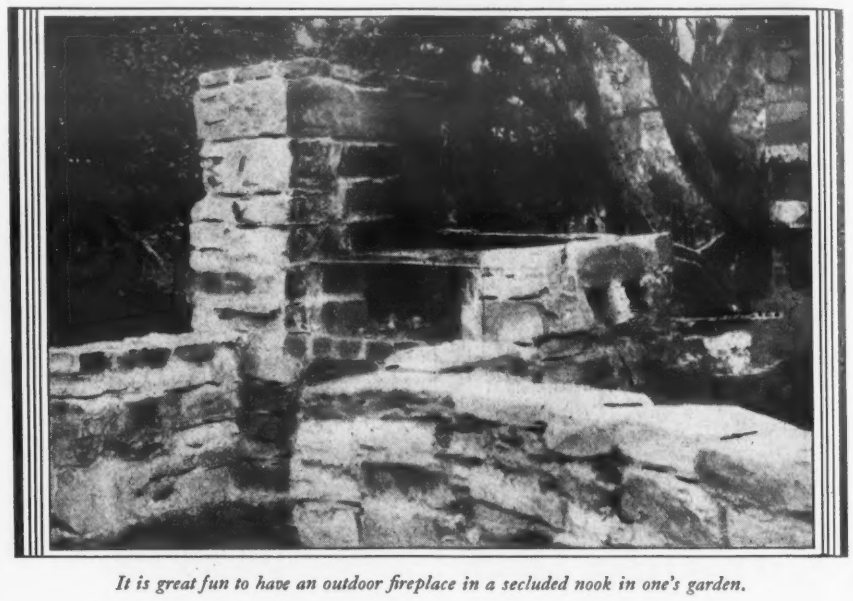

It is great fun to have an outdoor fireplace in a secluded nook in one's garden.

Picnicking in the Home Garden

By ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

NOW comes the outdoor fireplace, with its companion table and benches, under intimate shade, to invite picnicking in one's own garden. Breakfast bacon served hot off the open-air grill when the scent of flowers is fresh with the morning; a barbecued dinner away from walls at the end of a hot summer's day . . .

Here is an idea evolved by Californians and rapidly becoming a vogue on the Coast, which begins as a highly practical contribution to kitchen economy and ends by becoming a decorative element in landscaping the garden.

Sun lovers of California cannot claim patentee's rights to the outdoor fireplace and the entailed privilege of enjoying color and bird song with meals. As a local quip has it, "It's an old Spanish custom," this outdoor cooking and dining—old as the days of the California hidalgo of a century ago, whose kitchen was the shade of the giant pepper tree in the patio of the hacienda. There stood a bakeoven of adobe shaped like a beehive, and beside it the *chimenea del patio*, with its hooks for the *frijole* pot, and its broad grill serving every culinary purpose save that of roasting.

Outdoor Fireplaces

THE majority of California country and suburban homes are built after the Spanish-Californian model, with the semi-inclosed patio or court in the rear; the garden either actually invades this patio or stops just short of its flagged pavement. Here in the patio, then, or close enough to it to be within convenient distance of kitchen and china closet, is the site for the outdoor fireplace. A common form is the grill built directly into the back of a stone chimney serving a fireplace withindoors and with, of course, a separate fireback and flue. The arch is made at a convenient height—say, three or four feet above the patio level—and with the depth of the chimney serving to accommodate the fire box and iron grill bars. Recesses of fire brick on either side of the grill give place for kettles or a swinging crane serves that purpose.

Though this built-in grill is a matter demanding the niceties of the architect—and some of them are decidedly elaborate—the detached *chimenea del patio*, built out in the garden away from the house, may, with taste, become that garden's best feature.

There is as wide a variety in the style of these detached grills as the span of individual ingenuity and artistic sense. Some faithfully copy the primitive Spanish-Californian model—low, squat, utilitarian. Others rise to ornate heights of chimney in an almost Gothic gesture of their splintered stones. One of the most elaborate and sensationally beautiful balances on a cliff edge bounding an estate on the sea, not far from Monterey. Here is a narrow shelf hanging a hundred feet above the surf pounding below—all about the blue and white of the sea smashing headlands, and the black-green of pine-clad mountains for background. A Druid table of cement stands on upended log butts, with cushioned stone benches about it. The giant fireplace of milk-white chalk rock rears against the cliff—titanic, capacious.

Making the Grill

HERE of a moonlit night, with the coals glowing under the ducks on the grill bars, thunder of breakers underfoot, cigarette stars winking about the great table, whisper of a guitar and snatch of song . . .

The *chimenea del patio* gives character to the garden—a touch of Old Worldliness.

Construction of this adjunct to the sober kitchen—perhaps we may call it a summer-jazzed kitchen—is simple. The chief component is country rock—field stone, granite, conglomerate, or whatever is handy; some, severely formal, are built of bricks cemented over and painted white. Rubble brick suggests itself to builders who have brick garden walks.

The fireplace is reared on a rectangular base—see the accompanying illustration—with a dirt or broken stone fill up to the level of the fire box. The chimney rises from that side of the fire box best accommodating prevalent winds, and may be of any height dictated by the builder's caution against sparks and his conception of symmetry. The vent into the chimney is set at the level of the top of the fire box. Certainty of uniform draft may be assured by letting an air vent into the fire box directly opposite the chimney arch.

The fire box itself is lined and bottomed with a single tier of fire brick to guarantee against disintegration under heat of the rock used in construction. It is open on the cook's side, and with no top except a removable sheet-iron plate covering the whole, which it is best to use when the fire is first started.

The grill proper may be made of iron rods, after the model of the kitchen gridiron, and they are laid—not cemented—across the top of the fire-box coping. An improvement upon this is a covering square of half-inch-mesh hardware cloth, with its edges reënforced, which prevents bacon and small chops falling through into the coals during cooking.

What shall I serve with

-teas? -soup? -salad? -ice cream?

YOU can serve a rich variety of crackers, cookies and cakes with no more trouble than just remembering a few names. Most important of all is the family name *Sunshine,* because it means *the finest quality ingredients put together with infinite care.*

1. *Sunshine Krispy Crackers* . . . Dainty salted squares. Correct with soups, salads, cheese. A crisp base for rarebits, creamed fish, etc., in place of toast.

2. *Sunshine Hydrox* . . . The famous English style, cream-filled chocolate cookie-sandwich. Very popular socially at teas, parties or with desserts.

3. *Sunshine Clover Leaves* . . . Crisp, airy wafers, filled with snow-white cream. Just the thing to serve with iced drinks, ice cream, or even alone.

4. *Sunshine Orange Sandwich* . . . A modern creation by Sunshine Bakers. Two crisp cookies, shaped like orange segments, filled with orange-flavored cream. Lends an unusual touch to card parties and dinners.

5. *Sunshine Arrowroot* . . . A thin crisp cookie made of finest arrowroot flour. For babies' first solid food. Its delicate flavor also appeals to grown-ups.

6. *Sunshine Fig Pies* . . . New! Delightful miniature pies. Luscious fig jam *completely* enclosed in a crisp cookie jacket. Nourishing. Serve with beverages. A dessert in themselves.

7. *Sunshine Toy Cookies* . . . Old fashioned sugar cookies made with butter and eggs into steamboats, soldiers, dolls, airships, etc. Wholesome. Just the thing for children's parties.

8. *Sunshine Soda Cracker* . . . Splits in two. Convenient for dainty sandwiches with jams, peanut butter, etc. For children's lunches. For table use. A fine all-around family cracker.

9. *Andy Gump Biscuits* . . . The whole Gump family, made into healthful cookies. Sold in many amusing packages. Children love them. For children's parties, school lunches, etc.

10. *Sunshine Scottie* . . . A delicious shortened cookie in the *bonnie auld* Scotch style. A favorite with desserts or beverages at teas, card parties, etc.

11. *Sunshine Devils Food* . . . Two rich chocolate cakes are snowed under with fluffy marshmallow and the whole enrobed with chocolate icing. A dessert in themselves.

12. *Sunshine Graham Crackers* . . . A great favorite when broken up in milk. Light lunch, after school, or children's supper. The *Sunshine* kind is specially prepared, not to be too coarse for delicate digestions.

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CAKES

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THE BETTER THE WRINGER, THE WHITER THE WASH

The 3rd step

Three definite steps play a part in the washing process—*all* of them are important.

Soaking is the first step: Some of the dirt is dissolved by the soap and water.

Step number two is the slushing action which takes place in the tub of the washer.

Then comes the particularly vital *third* step—the *pressure-cleansing*, given by the wringer, which removes, along with the water, any obstinate, lingering particles of soil and soap that have defied steps one and two.

This *third* step in the washing process is an operation that is performed solely through the gentle but effective work of the resilient rubber rolls.

Other methods may extract water from fabrics, but it takes the third step of pressure-cleansing to render the wash white and fresh to the highest possible degree.

See that your new washing machine is equipped with a Lovell wringer—for the wringer is the *pressure-cleanser* that completes the washing.

Write for Free Booklet "Wringing, The Secret of a Whiter Wash"—giving helpful hints on washing, the removal of stains, etc.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
ERIE, PA.

Lovell

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LOVELL

PRESSURE CLEANSER

AND PRESSURE IS NEEDED TO MAKE CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN

The Herb Garden

By
N. D. MARBAKER

TO THE back-yard gardener, the growing of the sweet, pot and medicinal herbs is comparatively unknown. For some reason the specialization of many different garden products has been undertaken, but the quaint and ancient herb corner has disappeared into a limbo which seems to be permanent.

The herbs are easy to grow and offer such a delight to the general gardener that he will never regret he has planted and succeeded in developing them. The herbs can be successfully grown in the end of the garden having the least fertility but which is bathed in sunlight; in fact, the herbs do not do so well in the rich loam of the garden. The very fertility of the soil seems to take away the potency of some of the more important essential oils which give the plant its fragrance and taste.

Most of the herbs are grown from seeds. American seedsmen are beginning to list the various common varieties. The seeds are very low in price and usually germinate well. It is best, however, to soak the seeds before planting and it is better to start the seeds in the house or in a hotbed before planting in the open garden. But success will be attained in most instances if the soaked seeds are planted outdoors after the frost is entirely out of the ground.

There are three types of herb—sweet, pot and medicinal. The sweet herb is one that is eaten raw or used as a flavoring material for soups and salads and as meat garnishes. The potherb is one that is cooked before eating and, in most garden parlance, includes the garden greens such as chard, endive, spinach and kindred plants. The medicinal herb is one that is used for its curative properties. This article will confine itself entirely to the herbs that lend a zest to food or are purely decorative.

The herbs grow successfully together. Each of them has its own delightfulness and each offers the gardener something new to appreciate as he works and plays among his plantings.

ANISE. The seeds have a very fragrant odor and pleasant warm taste. The leaves are used in salads and as garnishes.

BALM. This lemony plant has been a lifesaver to many housewives who need lemon flavor and cannot get it readily. It has been considered usually from the medicinal standpoint, but as a flavoring material it is highly satisfactory.

BASIL. Sweet basil and the other basils are clovelike in flavor and odor. Especially in the early evenings of midsummer, particularly after a shower that has not cooled the world at all, the basils will send out their charming Oriental odors and do their best to make the heat-oozing world at peace.

CARAWAY. Everyone knows of caraway seeds. They are as ancient as gardening. The Europeans use them in cakes and, sometimes, the Dutch put them in cheese. A few caraway seeds in clear soups offer a tasteful change.

CORIANDER. In the garden the coriander is used for its leaves. It makes a very favorable impression when added to summer salads.

DILL. Of course, everyone knows that dill is used in the flavoring of pickles.

FENNEI We have four varieties of fennel and each is lovely. The bitter fennel is of reputative medicinal value. The dark-green fennel has really fine leaves. The Sweet Azorian fennel, I like as a celery. It has a very pleasant aromatic taste. And sweet fennel, the most common, is not dissimilar to anise in taste and fragrance.

LAVENDER. Every sentiment of the garden is tied around with lavender. It is one of the most charming of herbs and lovely plants.

LOVAGE. This is another little known celerylike plant.

MARJORAM. This is my favorite herb. To have a bit of dried marjoram in a meat loaf is to make the dish doubly enjoyable. And the plant is attractive with its pale-red flowers.

NIGELLA. This is the famed *quatre épices* of the French. The plant comes from the East Indies.

PEPPERMINT. Another old-timer that deserves all the space that can be given to it.

ROSEMARY. I call this Shakspere's herb. The bard wrote so much about it. And here is a hint. When making cool drinks for hot summer afternoons, just add a little infusion of rosemary to the ginger ale or lemonade and note the difference.

SAGE. The leaves should be gathered before flowering. The dried sage leaf is used as a condiment in the stuffings of roast fowl and pork.

SAVORY. Sweet summer savory. An herb of herbs. Everything is nice about it: The pale pink flowers, the aromatic odor, the—well, everything. I cannot think our garden would be a garden without it.

SPEARMINT. I do not like this herb. It is too rank and it is apt to become a pest. But when one wants mint jelly with roast lamb in the winter, spearmint comes into its own, I must admit.

SWEET CICELY. This is another of my pets. I never regretted going to the trouble of importing my seeds from England. It has an aniselike odor and the flowers, which are white and faëry, are very lovely.

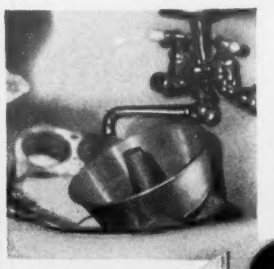
TANSY. This is another of my *bêtes noires*. I think the reason for it is found in the fact that our grandmother made us drink tansy tea. And if there is anything more unpleasant than tansy tea, I cannot think of it. Tansy grows rather tall and should be planted well toward the back of the herb garden. The green leaves offer a superb background.

THYME. This herb is most aromatic and oldwives swear it will cure toothache. A little dried thyme used in stuffings is very delightful with many meats.

The herb garden offers unlimited opportunities. It cannot be excelled in attractiveness and uniqueness. The very names conjure up delights. No gardener who tries to build an herb corner will ever feel the labor has been wasted. The herbs, for the most part, are hardy perennials and when once established require little care beyond the usual hoeing and weeding. Every vegetable garden should have its herb corner. It adds zest to life.

It's not too late!

Try this Amazing Ammonia Discovery *at our expense!*



Users say one bottle of Old Witch is worth three of old-fashioned ammonia. Cleans faster, easier, better.

Pots and pans, tile and enamel, windows, floors, glassware . . . Old Witch gets things bright and clean faster, easier. And it leaves hands satin-smooth!

Put a little in your cleaning water. Gently wash the dirt away. Don't rub. Don't scrub. Old Witch does the hard work.

FREE *cleaning recipe booklet!*

THEY'VE taken the first step toward scrubless cleaning—the thousands of women who took advantage of our free offer last month.

There's still time for you to join them. Go to your grocer before May 30. Deposit the price of a quart bottle. He'll give you an extra bottle, a regular 11-ounce bottle, *free*. Use the free bottle. Then, if you don't think Old Witch is the finest ammonia you've ever had in the house, return the quart bottle to your grocer and he'll return the deposit.

But once try Old Witch, and you won't want your money back. For Old Witch ends hard rubbing and scrubbing. Saves your time and strength.

A liquid, it begins to clean at once. No stirring, no waiting while a powder slowly dissolves. Can't scratch. Deodorizes as it cleans; yet leaves no unpleasant odor of its own. No muss to clean up afterward. And it keeps hands soft and smooth!

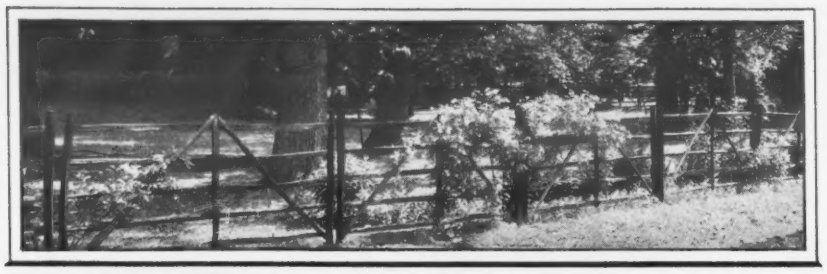
If your grocer does not yet stock Old Witch, just mail the coupon.

The Old Witch Co., Inc., Dept. L-2, Chanin Bldg., New York
I want to try Old Witch at your expense but I have not been able to obtain it in my community. Please tell me where I can get it. Send me the free booklet, "109 Cleaning Recipes," by Alice Chapin, famous authority on household science.

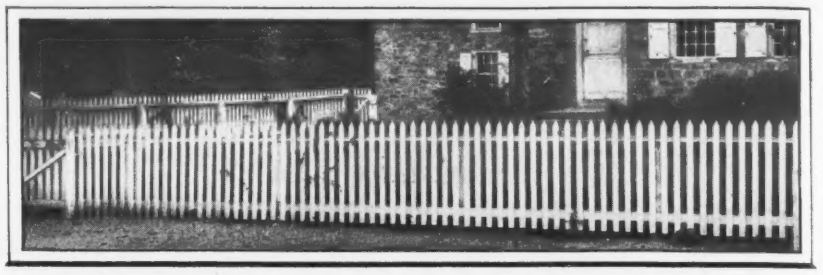
Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

Old Witch
MILKY-WHITE
AMMONIA DISCOVERY

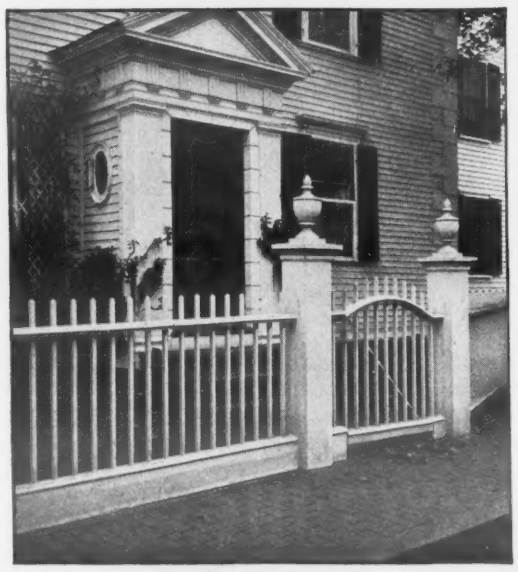


The hurdle fence. True craftsmanship makes this fence a sturdy, practical one, with a restrained rustic picturesqueness that harmonizes well with growing trees and home.

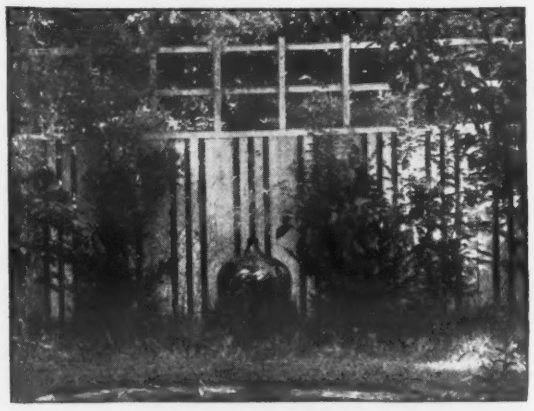


Washington's Headquarters at Valley Forge. The fence is a recent restoration, but closely follows what was originally there. The single pickets form a decorative border.

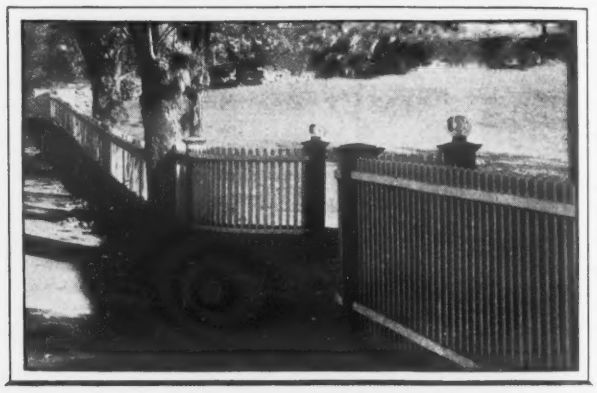
Wooden Fences for the Small Place



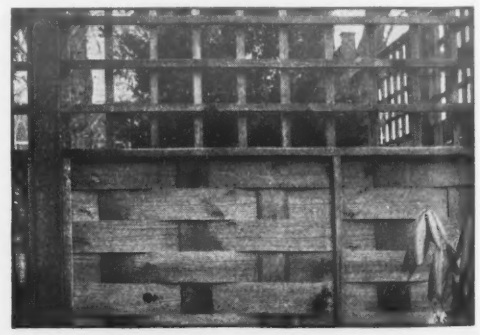
This fence at Salem, Massachusetts, illustrates how the charm and delicacy in the architectural detail of the house are carried into the fence that surrounds it.



A fence that forms the architectural background for a semiformal garden. Simple material skillfully handled resolves itself into a very decorative pattern.

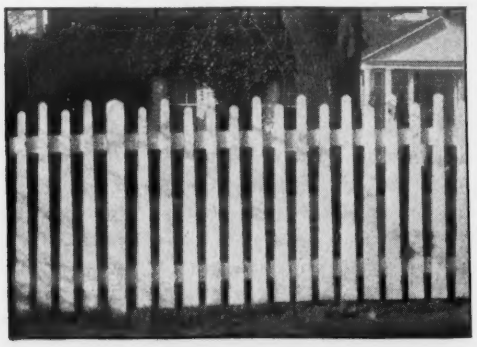


A picket fence, neither very plain nor elaborate, which composes well with the wide expanse of clipped green beyond. A rounding of the fence gives a graceful line to mark the driveway entrance.



Check-R-Board fencing—recently introduced from England. The warm brown tones of the creosoted wood harmonize nicely with garden flowers.

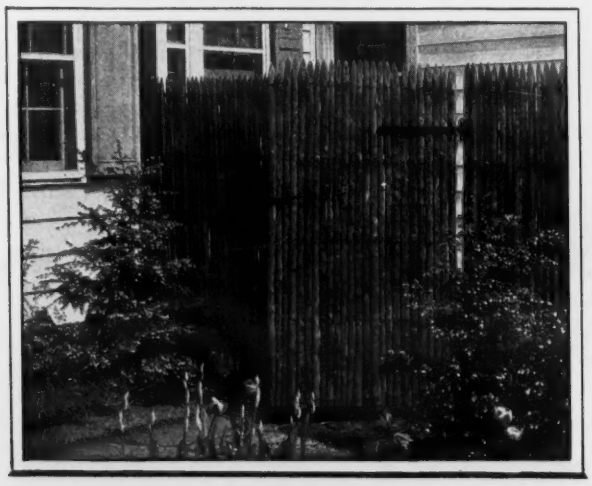
A scene on High Street, at the Sesqui-Centennial, Philadelphia. An attractive little fence of simple lines and sturdy construction.

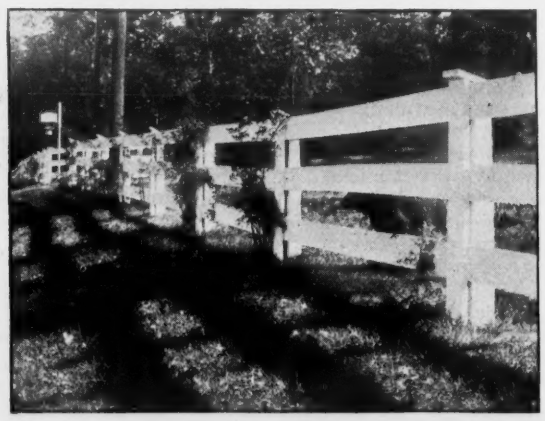


Tapered pickets, rectangular in plan, pointed tops, and of two heights, form a very decorative stretch of fencing. The posts are closer than is necessary with heavier ones.

A low, sturdy fence that harmonizes beautifully with the clapboard sides of the cottage, as well as with the brick in the background.

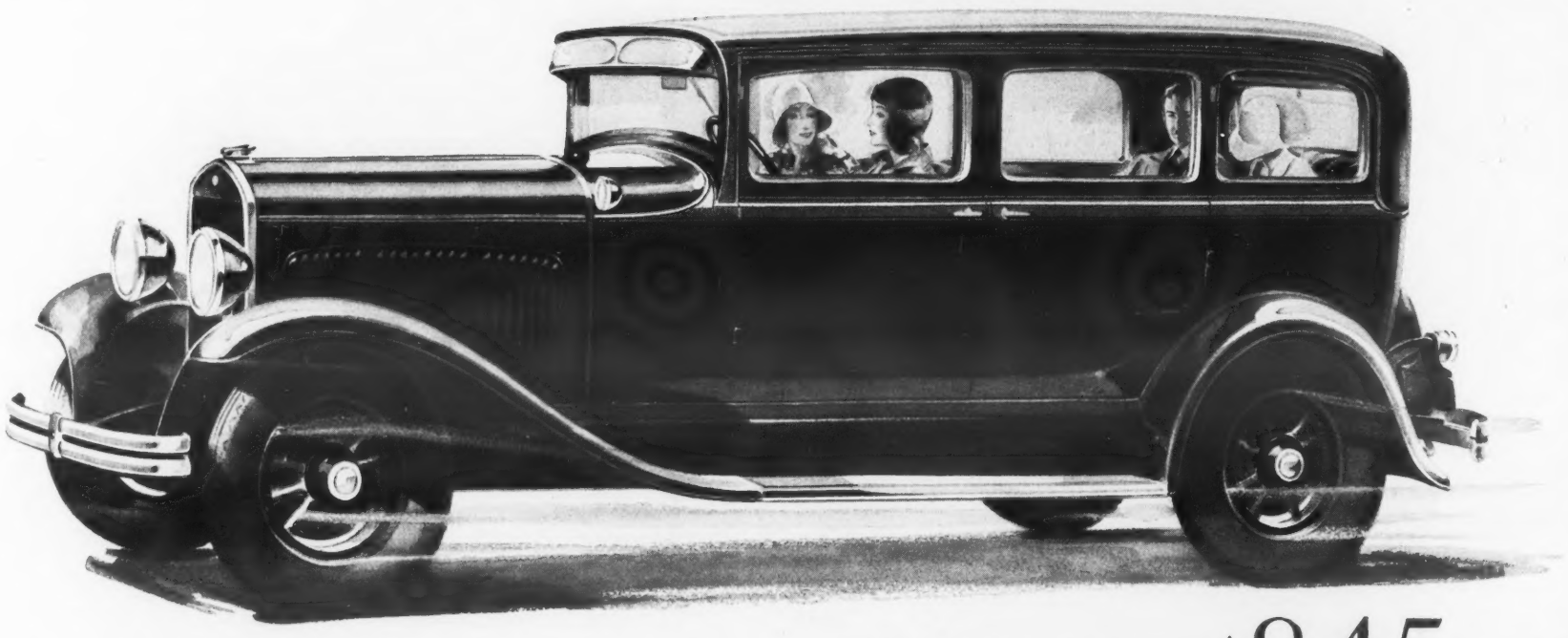
A new rustic type of fence that serves admirably the double purpose of a screen and a background for planting.





A three-rail fence, whitewashed, stands out boldly against the deep foliage. It preserves much of the charm of other days and is appropriate for homes with a rural setting or for places where a large amount of ground is to be inclosed.

THE NEW CHRYSLER SIX



3-WINDOW 4-DOOR ROYAL SEDAN $845 (F. O. B. Detroit)

THE APPEAL OF PERFORMANCE, PRICE AND PRESTIGE

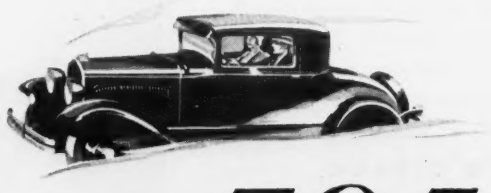
OWNERSHIP of a Chrysler is something to be proud of—a distinction as well as a pleasure. And now that Chrysler has introduced a new Chrysler Six, *the lowest-priced six ever to bear the Chrysler name,* initial low cost and economy of maintenance can be linked with Chrysler pride of ownership and Chrysler thrills of performance.

This new Chrysler Six proves with striking force the traditional Chrysler ability to give the public better motor car values. The price becomes even more amazing when you examine the car—when you realize how completely it lives up to all the fine things that everybody expects of Chrysler.

It is beautiful with a beauty that says "Chrysler" in every line. It is rich with the luxury you associate with Chrysler. There is a thrill in its speed, pick-up and smoothness only to be found in a Chrysler. And it handles with delightful ease.

You experience, too, a grateful sense of safety in the way a Chrysler holds the road; in the positive control of Chrysler internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes. Furthermore, this feeling of security is heightened by the solidity and strength of Chrysler chassis and body construction, with the weight of the car evenly distributed and low-swung to produce perfect balance.

Low-priced, yes—but the quality is there—Chrysler quality. A car you'll be proud to call your own. The nearest Chrysler dealer will arrange a demonstration at your convenience—with absolutely no obligation on your part.



BUSINESS COUPE $795

Touring . . $835 Royal Coupe . $835
Roadster . . $835 Royal Sedan . $845
F. O. B. Detroit (Special Equipment Extra).

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

The master's bath in cream and black and crystal is modern and spacious. Adjoining this one is a spirited little dressing room done in French red and grey.

FOR BATHROOMS THAT ALWAYS WEAR "COMPANY MANNERS"

Bathrooms are like people. Many of them put up with mediocrity in every-day living. When guests are expected, you find them in a flurry of excitement . . . trying to put on "company manners."

Well-kept bathrooms are miserable under such shallying standards. Because their appreciation of fineness is inbred, they want distinction in their every-day existence. These are the bathrooms in which you'll find Zalo and Zee . . . two new and infinitely finer bathroom tissues. They are made for people who can judge quality . . . even when it is divorced from a high price tag.

ZEE "FLUFFED" IVORY TISSUE *gives you 750 sheets . . . 100 more sheets than you usually get on a similar roll, yet you simply can't find a firmer, softer bathroom tissue at this low price. Each tissue has been gently "fluffed" to give it a suède-like softness . . . to keep it from being glazed or flimsy. You'll appreciate the over-all tucked-in wrappers that keep both Zalo and Zee clean and pure until they reach your bathroom.*

SINGLE ROLL, **10c**

ZALO "FLUFFED" WHITE TISSUE... *is finer, we believe, than any bathroom tissue you have ever bought before. If you were to unwind a roll to the end, you'd find each sheet soft as a cotton puff . . . white as your snowy bath linens . . . petal thin, yet firm and quickly absorbent. Both Zalo and Zee are absolutely safe . . . soft enough to touch a baby's tender skin. That means they're best for everyone! Single roll of 1000 sheets, 15c.*

TWO ROLLS FOR **25c**

Both Zee and Zalo fit all standard projecting and recessed fixtures

NATIONAL PAPER PRODUCTS COMPANY · DIVISION OF CROWN ZELLERBACH CORPORATION · NEW YORK · SAN FRANCISCO · CHICAGO

New and Better Annuals

(Continued from Page 26)

been developed half a score of new types, giant-flowered and pompon-flowered, tall and dwarf, "picotee," "cactus," "quilled," "crested" and "cut-and-come-again"—and they are all excellent. Probably no other flower has so frequently been honored with color plates during the past few years.

Snapdragons, or antirrhinums, have followed a somewhat similar course. The large-flowering Giants seemed about perfection until the new Super-giants, or maximum type, appeared, growing three to four feet tall with stunning spikes of the lovely soft colors of such varieties as Appleblossom, Old Gold, Copper King, Snowflake and Sunnybrook. The half-dwarf or semi-tall forms of both the preceding grow to about eighteen inches, and are better for bedding or mass effects. The new dwarf "bedding" or "Tom Thumb" snapdragons grow only six to eight inches tall—lovely for small gardens or window boxes.

Among asters the new Giant California Branching type is the latest vogue, producing chrysanthemumlike flowers for cutting with stems eighteen to twenty inches long, and blooming early for so large a type. The Sunshine or Anemone-flowered and the new California Single Giants are especially charming for cutting.

Verbenas, by constant selection, have been gradually increased in size until the new Giants, developed in California, have individual flowers an inch across. The newer named varieties, such as Luminosa, Lucifer and Etna, make much more effective displays than a mixture. They require about three months to bloom, but as verbenas are one of the most satisfactory of all late-fall flowers, it is always well to make a sowing out-of-doors. The dwarf Fireball is useful in window boxes.

Calendulas, which some years ago jumped into popularity as a cut flower with the henna-colored Orange King, have been further glorified by the three splendid new varieties Radio, with quilled petals, Campfire (Sensation), brilliant orange, and The Ball, even finer than Orange King.

The ever-popular poppies and petunias have not been overlooked in the procession toward improvement. The Improved Shirley poppies and the new Double Shirley hybrids will be a revelation to those familiar only with the original type. The double—or really semidouble—form is splendid for cutting. American Legion and King Edward—a good peace-pact combination—are extra-fine sorts. The California-poppy *(eschscholtzia)*, easiest of all to grow, has reached its best in the new hybrids. The variety Purple Glow is a distinct new color in this flower. Perhaps the most striking innovation in petunias since the introduction of the Balcony type is the new Dwarf California Giant, with full-size "giant" flowers, but of compact, dwarf growth. There is also a double form of the old single Rosy Morn, the most popular of all named petunias.

Here are some of the newer and less-well-known blue flowers you can add to your list for this purpose. Chinese forget-me-not *(cynoglossum)*, blooming through the summer, with deep blue, sweet-scented flowers, twenty inches tall; blue laceflower *(Trachymene caerulea)*; ageratum Blue Ball, a new compact-growing variety; Blue Beard salvia, similar to the ubiquitous scarlet sage, except in color; *Salvia farinacea*, a beautiful lavender-blue which should find a place in every garden, and California bluebell *(nemophila)*, a quick-flowering easily grown little annual with delightful sky-blue flowers.

PERENNIALS FOR EVERY GARDEN

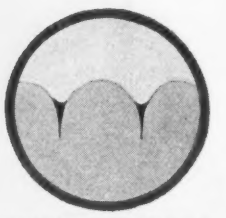
SEASON AND HEIGHT FOR AVERAGE CONDITIONS AND LATITUDE — COMPILED BY ROMAINE B. VARE-1930

PROPAGATION | SEASON OF BLOOM | EXPOSURE-SOIL | FORM OF GROWTH | COLOR | HEIGHT (APPROXIMATE) IN FEET 1 2 3 4 5 6

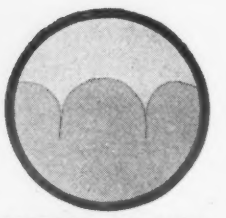
VARIETY NAME
BOTANICAL AND COMMON

- ACHILLEA - MILFOIL or YARROW
- ACONITUM - MONKSHOOD
- ALTHAEA - HOLLYHOCKS
- ALYSSUM SAXATILE COMPACTUM - MAD WORT
- ANCHUSA ITALICA - ALKANET
- ANEMONE JAPONICA - WINDFLOWER
- AQUILEGIA - COLUMBINE
- ARABIS ALPINA - ROCK CRESS
- ASTER - MICHAELMAS DAISY
- ASTILBE - SPIRAEA
- AUBRIETIA DELTOIDEA - FALSE WALL CRESS
- BELLIS PERENNIS - ENGLISH DAISY
- BOLTONIA ASTEROIDES
- CAMPANULA - IN VARIETY
- CHRYSANTHEMUM - IN VARIETY
- CHRYSANTHEMUM MAXIMUM - SHASTA DAISY
- COREOPSIS
- DELPHINIUM - LARKSPUR
- DIANTHUS - HARDY PINKS
- DICENTRA SPECTABILIS - BLEEDINGHEART
- DICTAMNUS FRAXINELLA - GASPLANT
- DIGITALIS - FOXGLOVE
- FUNKIA - PLANTAIN LILY
- GAILLARDIA - BLANKET FLOWER
- GYPSOPHILA PANICULATA - BABY'S BREATH
- HELENIUM AUTUMNALE - SNEEZEWEED
- HEMEROCALLIS - DAYLILY
- HEUCHERA BRIZOIDES - ALUMROOT
- IRIS - IN VARIETY
- LILIUM - IN VARIETY
- LINUM PERENNE - BLUE FLAX
- LOBELIA CARDINALIS - CARDINAL FLOWER
- LUPINUS POLYPHYLLUS - LUPINE
- MYOSOTIS - FORGET-ME-NOT
- PEONIES - IN VARIETY
- PAPAVER - POPPY
- PENTSTEMON - BEARD TONGUE
- PHLOX DECUSSATA - IN VARIETY
- PHLOX SUBULATA - MOSS PINK
- PLATYCODON - BALLOONFLOWER
- PRIMULA - PRIMROSE
- PYRETHRUM - PERSIAN DAISY
- RUDBECKIA - CONEFLOWER
- SALVIA
- SEDUM SPECTABILE - STONECROP
- SPIRAEA ARUNCUS - GOAT'S BEARD
- STATICE LATIFOLIA - SEA LAVENDER
- THALICTRUM - MEADOWRUE
- THYMUS CITRIODORUS - CREEPING THYME
- TRILLIUM GRANDIFLORUM - WAKE ROBIN
- VALERIANA OFFICINALIS - GARDEN HELIOTROPE
- VERONICA - SPEEDWELL
- VINCA MINOR - Pperiwinkle
- VIOLA - TUFTED PANSY

"You've never seen anything like the dirt that liquid Ambrosia removes on cotton"



ORDINARY CLEANSING
note embedded dirt



PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
skin is clean, smooth

SKIN MAGNIFIED 50 TIMES

Face to face with a great skin specialist

SITTING in the examining room of a great dermatologist, you anxiously ask: "What's wrong with my skin? How can I keep looking young?"

The doctor explains: "To look young you must keep the skin clean. Perhaps you think you've done that, but under a microscope I can see dirt in the depths of the pores. It is this dirt that coarsens the skin, dulls the complexion and deprives you of youth. Dissolve out embedded dirt and normal circulation is quickly restored. Remember, doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly."

Ambrosia, the pore-deep cleanser that carries out the medical principle of liquid cleansing, was created by a French chemist, given its name by the exquisitely beautiful Empress Eugenie and made in this country only to private order. Write for generous free sample.

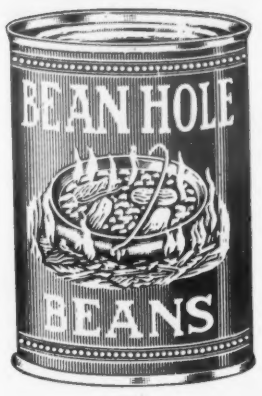
Apply liquid Ambrosia on cotton; it penetrates instantly into the pores. You've never seen anything like the dirt it removes on the cotton. Repeat until a fresh pad does not show any soil—now you know your face is perfectly clean. New color comes to the cheeks. The skin is smooth.

Ambrosia prepares the pores of a dry skin to absorb a softening cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles. Safe . . . no caustic alkali, no coarsening wax! Quick, convenient . . . no grease to get in your hair, nothing to wipe away! Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 5-H, 114 Fifth Ave., New York. Dept. 5-H, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

4 ounces $1.00 ▲ **8 ounces $1.75** ▲ **16 ounces $3.00**

AMBRŌSIA

the pore-deep cleanser



Buried Treasure

In the "bean hole" of the big North Woods was buried the golden goodness of the forest's greatest treasure. Layers of beans and sugar-cured pork, cups of brown sugar and molasses—"bean hole" beans. Now—Van Camp's brings you in Bean Hole Beans the elusive flavor of the "outdoor" cooking. Just ask your grocer.

A Spaghetti Dinner

In fifteen minutes you can duplicate the best of Italian Spaghetti. For Van Camp's cooks and blends the finest Spaghetti with Canadian Cheddar Cheese and Indiana tomato sauce to give you this famous recipe ready to heat and serve. Try it tonight!

Ask Your Grocer for

Soups
Spaghetti
Bean Hole Beans
Milk
Catsup
Chile Con Carne

VAN CAMP'S
~of course!

Petunia—Rosy Morn.

Window Boxes

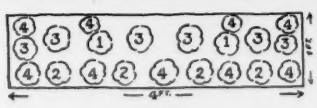
By ALEX LAURIE

Professor of Floriculture, Ohio State University

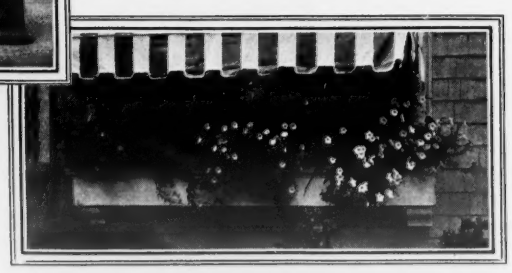
IN USING window boxes, attention should be paid to the amount of sunshine they receive, since upon this factor will depend the type of plants to be used in the boxes. The arrangement should be in harmony with the plan of the building, which means that the decorations should fit into the architectural scheme. This requires both that the location of the boxes should be suitable and that the composition should be in scale with the house. On a large home it may be necessary to group or mass the boxes, whereas on smaller structures such an arrangement would be out of place.

It is easy to overdo the use of certain conspicuous plants, like those of trailing habit, and many boxes are often described as "weepy" due to the profusion of drooping vines. In many instances certain sturdiness and uprightness of plants fit them better to the lines of the house than a mere mass of hanging plants.

However, if we have a vine-covered cottage, unity of decoration may be satisfactorily preserved by the use of hanging and drooping vines and flowering plants.



1. Dracæna; 2. Geranium; 3. Petunia; 4. Vinca.



1. Dracæna; 2. German Ivy; 3. Geranium; 4. Petunia.

Good taste should dictate the color scheme employed, as well as the size and shape of the boxes. Too great a variety of colors should not be employed because it will give a hodgepodge effect and will not be so attractive as a few well-chosen tints. Red, purple or scarlet, suitable against light stone or stucco, should not be used against red brick or dark-colored wood.

What to Plant

FOR such situations the contrasting tones of orange, yellow and white are more suitable, together with a background of greens to enframe the flowers.

Variegated foliage should be limited in extent, since it has a tendency to produce blotched rather than clear effects. For that reason we do not agree with the statement that "nearly all colors go well together if they are thoroughly mixed." This may be true in the garden and then only if they are given a happy environment and used in proper proportions.

Placed side by side the colors of the spectrum are difficult to manage in such places as the window boxes. The harsh contrast dwarfs the weak and emphasizes the strong. If necessary to use brilliant colors, they should be employed against light backgrounds, with an abundance of green to soften their glare and touches of white to act as peacemaker. Brilliant coloring of the boxes may be used, however, as a focus of our attention to the architectural features of the house.

Types of Boxes

IN SELECTING the type of the box to use, cost and durability should be taken into consideration. In spite of the introduction of the self-watering metal boxes and those of terra cotta, concrete or other heavy and durable materials, the wooden box still holds its own. The fact that such a box may be made to harmonize with the house rather easily, that it costs little and is handled with comparatively little effort, makes it a favorite even though its lasting qualities are limited. Several coats of paint inside and out will help increase its durability.

Window boxes vary a great deal in size. The length of the box is a minor feature provided that it is in keeping with its location, but the depth and the width are of importance from the standpoint of plant culture. No box should be less than six inches deep, and eight would be better, and the width may vary from six to nine inches. Drainage should be provided. Although it is true that window boxes usually suffer more from lack of water than through its abundance, nevertheless proper provision should be made for the removal of the surplus when necessary. Due to the comparatively small size of the containers, the drying winds and the effects of the elements, it is difficult enough

(Continued on Page 213)

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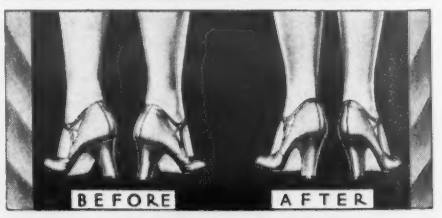

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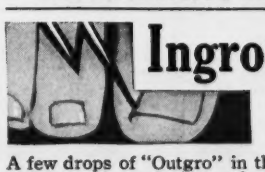

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(Continued from Page 210)

to grow plants in window boxes without imposing upon them the additional hardship of "wet feet" through improper drainage. A number of half-inch holes should be made in the bottom of the box and these partly covered with pieces of broken pots placed curved side up. This precaution is essential to prevent the soil from sifting through the holes and from occasionally clogging them, which prevents good drainage in growing season.

Because of the desirability of immediate effects, crowding of plants in the boxes is practiced. This necessitates a soil rich enough to produce a stocky, healthy growth. Medium-heavy garden loam mixed with one-quarter well-rotted manure, or a substitute for it in the form of peat or pulverized manure, should be provided. In addition to this initial fertility, applications of complete commercial fertilizers should be made every two or three weeks to prevent the depletion of food supply and to keep the plants in a vigorous state of growth. A box five feet long will require about three or four ounces of a complete fertilizer for each application. There are a number of patented materials on the market with well-balanced formulas, which may be had at reasonable prices from various dealers.

The box should be filled with soil to within one inch of the top to allow for watering. After each application of fertilizer a thorough soaking should be given. The general frequency of watering can only be determined by actual practice, being dependent upon atmospheric conditions.

Whenever the top of the soil becomes dry, while the drainage is good, water should be applied in sufficient quantities to cause the surplus to run off through the holes in the bottom. Mere sprinkling will do more harm than good. However, sprinkling or syringing of the foliage at frequent intervals is advisable to keep the leaves free from dust, which is not only detrimental from the standpoint of appearance but also because of the clogging of the air pores and inhibition of growth.

The flowering plants used should possess the qualities of rapid growth and profusion and continuity of bloom. Most of them will thrive only in sunny situations, with the exception of pansies, snapdragons and a few others. The various highly colored tropical foliage plants may do fairly well in the shade. Window boxes, however, are essentially a "sunny-side" feature, and do best with only partial shade. Many failures are due to the fact that ambitious gardeners do not take this into consideration.

The following list indicates the most suitable flowering plants for sunny locations: Ageratum, candytuft, English daisy, geranium, heliotrope, lantana, lobelia, marigold, nasturtium, petunia, pansy, phlox, portulaca, salvia, verbena and vinca.

Foliage plants for sunny locations: Coleus, croton, dracæna, dusty-miller, English ivy, German ivy, iresine, pandanus, pyrethrum, vinca, wandering-jew.

Flowering plants for shade: Pansy, snapdragon, lobelia, aster.

Foliage plants for shade: Asparagus, dracæna, English ivy, swordfern, pandanus, rubber plant, vinca, wandering-jew.

Why Wisteria Makes the Best Vine

(Continued from Page 201)

of the season. When great masses of flowers, such as filling a house wall, are desired, a vine is pruned back to spurs each year—that is, within two or three eyes of the old blooms as soon as they fall. This produces large numbers of the short, stumpy spurs. It is probably the best method with the pergola too.

The vine that is wandering off treeward may be left more to its own devices. It will tend to a number of thin, wiry, flowerless shoots that are better cut out from time to time. Otherwise it can be trusted to form its own airily rugged and picturesque effect.

Generally speaking, it is well to watch for one good new shoot to bring on each year. Later an older one can be removed to make room for it. Give your vine a little time to establish itself first before demanding this of it.

Sometimes the wisteria is grown as a standard. To do this, you must begin with it when it is rather young, and then keep it pruned back and headed in to six or seven feet for several years. It eventually becomes able to stand alone, and the bloom droops upon all sides after the manner of the weeping trees. It does make a handsome specimen shrub, one of the most striking flowering ones we have, but I believe the vine surpasses it.

When it comes to a choice of species, we have only a few to puzzle over, as there are but six that are much used, and Nature herself has not created many more. Most of our plantings are made from two species, the Chinese and the Japanese, with *Wisteria multijuga*, the longcluster, a close third. For some queer reason, the Chinese and the Japanese seem to have been hopelessly confused, even by nurseries and in catalogues. These two are particularly good for tree festooning. But even if you were puzzled in all other ways, you could tell them at once by fragrance, for the Chinese wisteria *(W. sinensis)* unfortunately lacks this. It also has less foliage than the Japanese, but holds this later into the fall. The flowers are blue-violet, larger than the more purplish ones of the Japanese, and borne usually two or three weeks earlier. It is less hardy than the Japanese, principally because of this early flowering.

The Japanese wisteria *(W. floribunda)* grows in its native country along streams and the edges of the woods. The flower racemes are about one foot long, and in the type, a decided violet. We seem to have more variation in this species, and there are white, pink and double forms. This is fine for trailing over the water and makes a delightful picture.

Wisteria multijuga is the one the Japanese use for fringe around their roofs. The foliage is mostly hidden upon the roof as they grow it, and the great racemes hang down in two or three tiers all around the edge. There is no doubt that it can glorify even a paper house with its great mauve flower panicles that hover around three feet in length, even reaching four. Its only drawback is that the florets at the tip sometimes do not open before the upper ones begin to fade. Even so, it is a magnificent vine, and decidedly my preference for house wall, pergola or porch. This was at one time considered a variety of *W. floribunda*.

We have two native species: One, *W. macrostachys*, the Kentucky wisteria, that grows in swamps from Illinois southward, and is rarely brought to gardens; the other, *W. frutescens*, the American wisteria, is found in low ground from Virginia through Florida to Texas, and requires even more sun and moisture than the family. It is lilac, shading sometimes to purple, and has occasionally been used for grafting stock. It deserves a little better treatment, for its blooms, though smaller, open out more beautifully. It is also later in flowering, coming usually after the middle of June; but earlier in the month for its superior variety, magnifica, the yellow-eye wisteria.

By planting several different varieties, you may have wisteria bloom from late April through most of the summer, as the second blooming of the earlier ones will follow close upon the last of the late varieties. If there is only room for one, my choice would be *W. multijuga*.

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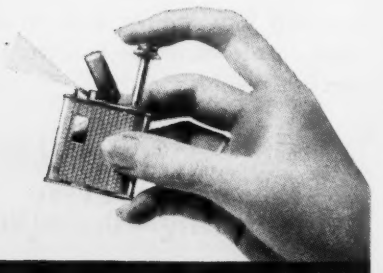

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Day of Memories

(Continued from Page 11)

I tried to climb into these clothes. I'm afraid I look a bit of a fool."

"Hamill!" Janet's arms tightened about him.

"You see," Graydon explained, "there's to be a reunion of the officers of my regiment in the city today. They've asked us to join in the parade this morning." He grimaced. "Foolishly we agreed."

"But you never told me anything, Hamill."

"Didn't I?"

"No, you did not and I don't like it."

"It didn't occur to me you'd be interested."

"Hamill Graydon! Your regiment! Your brother officers in France! Hamill, what on earth's the matter with you? I don't think you're nice at all."

"Oh, well," Graydon shrugged. "You know now. As a matter of fact, I rather counted upon springing myself upon you as a surprise."

Once or twice Janet's eyes had covertly stolen to David Contrell. A little amused smile had been playing about his mobile lips and she feared he was formulating one of those subtly devastating little bits of irony which many, including Jed, found so amusing. It would be like him.

BUT Contrell had, in the last analysis, a sense of fitness that kept him silent. Jed again had fallen into abstraction. And, Janet decided, it was well so. That sally about the Elks was beyond anything he had ever said gauche and untimely. She stood facing them all, her head cocked up, her eyes shining, a habit she had when she was in an embattled mood.

"You two boys—you David, you Jed. What do you know about the sentiment of that uniform? But there are Princeton men who do. I remember a few years ago I stood in the Memorial Entrance of Nassau Hall, reading those names—class of '17 and '18 and '19; all boys, chasing about just as you are doing. Then, war. All gone from under the elms and the old walls with their ivy. What did they get, those chaps who never came back? All those beautiful boys? You know, I think there must be some special place over there where they have gone in their youth. It would be only fair."

"Bravo, Mrs. Graydon."

It was not David Contrell's cynical applause that made her stop. It was the dismaying thought that until now she, too, had forgotten. She really had. It was something dark through which she had passed. Something that lay behind. And now she was amazed at the serene light flooding those recesses of gloom. Hamill Graydon had not asked her to get his uniform. He had asked the housekeeper. Why should he have been diffident about it? Together they had gone through the vale and emerged together. Why should they be apart now? What subtle thing had grown between them? Upon sudden impulse she moved toward the door.

"Excuse me just a moment, will you? I'm going upstairs. You go on talking. Please wait for me. I'll be right down."

HURRYING upstairs she went to her toilet table, sitting down, pulling a picture of her husband in front of her, holding it with her two hands, studying it. It was a war picture. He stood tall, slim, soldierly in his uniform. It was taken just after he received his commission. She had always loved that photograph chiefly because of something in the face, or an expression in the eyes—a light. Not imagination. The light was really there. In just that one picture.

Her hands trembled as she set down the photograph in its silver frame. He had gone to war like a cavalier, among the first. With everything to live for, money, position, friends, a devoted wife, adorable and adoring children, he had gone to the war, his head high, because it was the only thing to do. How little Jed—or any of her children—had counted with her then in those dead, dark days; dark, yet illumined by something within her. How little, indeed, anyone save Hamill had counted then. Jed ——

ABRUPTLY, breathing quickly, she opened a drawer, taking out a metal box, which she opened with a key attached to a faded pink ribbon. Drawing forth a stained sheet of paper she spread it in front of her, gently smoothing out the creases.

"My darling Buster boy," she read, "I hope you are going strong. Keep fit and well until your soldier dad comes home out of all this mess and I'll bring you a German railroad engine, maybe. Oh, Jed boy, I am just sick to see you. I want to see you so badly that it hurts. But never mind, I'll be home before you know it. So take care of mother and Arnold and little Lydia for me. 'Cause, you know, you're the big man around home now. And I hope. . . ."

Janet could not read any more. Would it do any good to show Jed that letter? She didn't know. It would, of course, be a play to sentiment. And the boy, all boys, indeed, seemed instinctively to recoil from sentiment. Yet it must do good if there were any wholesome virtue in memory; for the relation between the little boy that was and his big father had been so beautiful that often Janet had struggled to keep down some poigant emotion akin to jealousy.

And now? What had the years done to both of them, those swift shuttling years so filled with change in life, in living, in sentiment, in the tenor and trend of all human reactions? And what had the years done to her?

The time had come to check up, and it was high time. If a symbol of what had been happening were needed, the memory of Jed smiling sardonically as he talked about Elks' carnivals was quite sufficient. All this, everything, simply had to stop. She would not have it for a moment.

With determined step she went down to the breakfast room.

"Hamill," she asked abruptly, "what time is this parade?"

Graydon turned to her curiously.

"It will pass the reviewing stand about noon. Why?"

"Why? Because, I'm going."

"SO AM I," said Contrell. "I haven't seen a parade in heaven knows when—that is, I'll go if there'll be plenty of bands."

There would be all the bands, Graydon said, that anyone would want to hear.

"As a matter of fact," he added, "now I come to think of it, there's a bunch of invitations for the reviewing stand on my desk in the library."

Janet confronted him menacingly.

"You had those invitations and said nothing! Hamill Graydon, you ought to be spanked. Here it is ten o'clock. We'll all go, of course. Jed, you're coming."

Jed moved uncomfortably.

"I'm sorry, mother, but I have a date to play tennis at Germantown this morning."

"Oh, have you, dear?" Janet's voice was light but every word was precise. There was no mistaking her mood. "If I were you, then, Jed, I'd call up and break that engagement."

"But, mother, it's a definite date."

"The motor," Janet said, regarding her son with widening eyes, "will be here at

(Continued on Page 217)

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Drug and Dept. Stores have the regular $1.00 size—*several months' supply*—or if you prefer, accept our 10c trial offer.

The Stirizol Company, 35 Water St., Ossining, N. Y.
For the enclosed 10c—*stamps or coin*—send me a trial size jar of Stirizol.

Name.....
Address.....

Thousands of Women now control their buying problems by this simple method

THE DOUBLE GUARANTEE

that gives the utmost in

STYLE, VALUE, UTILITY and WEAR

SHOPPING today for your family and yourself requires an increasingly wide knowledge of fashions, materials and value. You want to be sure of getting full value for every dollar you spend — you demand style and you expect serviceability. You are faced constantly with a wide variety of things to choose from and your time to shop is limited. How much easier and safer your shopping would be if you knew who was responsible for making the things you bought.

Whether you are buying clothes or curtains or children's frocks — it all goes back to the question of fabric. In addition to its style value, does it wear well? Does it wash without fading? Fabrics by the yard — or fabrics in readymade clothes or household articles — it's all the same.

And now the Fruit of the Loom label you know so well offers you a simple method to protect and control these daily purchases.

For generations the Fruit of the Loom label has been a symbol of fine fabrics. Today it represents a new and broader meaning. You will find the label on white goods and dress fabrics as before — but you will also find it on all sorts of ready-to-wear and household articles. Study the list at the right.

Fruit of the Loom Mills has carefully selected the houses that make these articles and authorized them to use the famous identifying label. You can easily recognize it . . . woven in colors on cloth, and sewed to each garment or article. It assures you of the double guarantee . . . that of the maker of the article backed to the limit by Fruit of the Loom Mills. No other houses receive this privilege. It is a pledge of fine fabrics and workmanship, correct style and true value.

Leading shops all over the country carry Fruit of the Loom fabrics . . . by the yard or made up under the double guarantee . . . in ready-to-wear and household departments.

SEE PAGE 218
Fruit of the Loom pajamas for women
SEE PAGE 222
Fruit of the Loom boys' blouses
SEE PAGE 222
Fruit of the Loom men's shirts
SEE PAGE 226
Fruit of the Loom sheets and pillowcases
SEE PAGE 226
Fruit of the Loom mattress covers
SEE PAGE 229
Fruit of the Loom bias fold tape

UNDER THE DOUBLE GUARANTEE YOU'LL FIND THESE ARTICLES

Be sure they bear the genuine label as shown in the center of page

Women's house, sports and street dresses
Women's afternoon and tea dresses
Women's pajamas, lingerie and slips
Women's underwear and nightgowns
Children's and juniors' dresses
Baby clothes and creepers
Boys' blouses, shirts, play suits and pajamas
Men's shirts, shorts, pajamas, and nightshirts
Men's bath and beach robes
Hoover aprons, smocks and uniforms
Sheets and pillowcases
Curtains and bedspreads
Mattress, blanket and comfortable covers
Pillow protectors and ironing board covers
Children's umbrellas
Garment bags
Bias fold tape

FRUIT OF THE LOOM FABRICS BY THE YARD

Fruit of the Loom muslin
Fruit of the Loom longcloth
Fruit of the Loom cambric
Fruit of the Loom nainsook
Fruit of the Loom prints
Fruit of the Loom dimity
Fruit of the Loom voile
Fruit of the Loom batiste
Fruit of the Loom broadcloths
Fruit of the Loom foulard
Fruit of the Loom Lintan
Fruit of the Loom Shandelle
Fruit of the Loom rayon flat crepe

Send for fashion booklet and 30 swatches

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Fruit of the Loom Mills, 40 Worth Street, New York.
Send me "The 1930 Fabrics and Frocks" with 30 swatches of newest fabrics.

Name_____

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I generally buy yard goods at_____

FRUIT of the LOOM FABRICS

Opens a new era in antiseptic care of mouth and throat

- Active ingredient—70 times stronger than carbolic acid
- Entirely harmless
- Actually soothing
- Odorless
- Stainless

HEXYLRESORCINOL
SOLUTION S.T.37
LIQUOR HEXYLRESORCINOLIS 1:1000
12 FLUID OUNCES
S & D
A powerful non-poisonous antiseptic for open wounds, burns, scalds and the hygienic care of mouth and throat.
SHARP & DOHME
BALTIMORE

HEXYLRESORCINOL SOLUTION S.T.37

NOW, with Hexylresorcinol Solution S. T. 37, you can give mouth, nose and throat safe, *intelligent* antiseptic care. Solution S. T. 37 has sufficient power to kill the harmful bacteria usually present in the mouth, and to keep the bacterial count reduced for hours.

Its active chemical, Hexylresorcinol, is seventy times stronger than carbolic acid. Yet this powerful solution can be poured even into open wounds without the slightest injury or irritation.

Many other non-poisonous antiseptics, when used as mouth washes, are less effective, either because they are not powerful enough to kill bacteria on contact, or because they penetrate so slowly and imperfectly that they fail to reach them.

For intelligent antiseptic care of mouth and throat, you should rinse them twice a day with Solution S. T. 37. It is odorless, stainless, and has a sweet, pleasant taste. Make it a practice to use Solution S. T. 37 after exposure or whenever there is irritation in nose or throat. It may be poured full strength on all cuts and raw surfaces—it will not burn or sting; it is actually soothing. Ask your own doctor and dentist about Solution S. T. 37. Exclusively prepared by Sharp & Dohme, who have served the medical profession since 1845. Get a bottle from your druggist today. 50¢ and $1.25.

This Product and advertisement accepted by the American Medical Association

SHARP & DOHME

(Continued from Page 214)

eleven. So everyone be ready. Do you really care to go, David?"

"Do you doubt me?"

"Yes, I do, to be frank."

"Then don't, please. I wouldn't miss it for anything. And may I say that your few words about the Nassau Hall Memorial caused me to pause for a moment in the mad rush of my impetuous youth?"

"Did it? Fine." Janet decided, wisely perhaps, not to take him seriously.

"Look here, Jed," Graydon's voice seemed to have a forced naturalness. "Go ahead and play tennis if you want."

"I hate to break a date, that's all," Jed said, troubled.

"There is no reason why you should."

"There is every reason why he should." Janet's voice was crisply decisive. "So let us have nothing more about that, please. It does us all good to look backward once in a while."

"OH, ALL right—if you want me to get the reputation for breaking dates." Jed went to the telephone closet. . . .

Looking backward. It was as though the mood of retrospection dominated everyone; it rested like a spell upon the crowd that lined the sidewalk, upon those who sat in the long, low, reviewing stand embowered in the overhanging branches of trees, and bright with bunting and flags.

Flags, flags, flags. The glitter of brazen instruments. Spring sunlight pulsing and made brave by their sounds. The gleam of bayonets. Janet felt an old thrill, the thrill of marching men, their strong stride, their strength united and bound in the joyous discipline of stirring music and martial ardor.

Janet glanced at Jed. How could he be self-contained? She could not; not inwardly. The boy stood at her left, his face expressionless. Wasn't he getting all this, the tone of memory which surcharged the day, the implication of those marching men? Or was the lost tennis game coloring every normal human emotion? Had she, in truth, utterly misread her son, building in her love for him illusion upon illusion, dreams wholly unwarrantable?

Below, several motor cars containing men of the G.A.R. were rolling by. It required that sentiment which imagination spurs to visualize in these embodiments of practically helpless senility the blue-clad boys of the sixties—the young men of Antietam, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

ONE of the cars stopped opposite the Graydon party as the procession halted temporarily. A veteran, catching Janet's eye, slowly raised his hand in salute to her. He was a stout old man with a very round red face and long white beard and little blue, bulbous eyes. As Janet nodded, smiling, the man raised his cap; it was a fatigue cap of the Civil War period, a funny cap to anyone who chose to regard it so. And the head thus bared, bereft of hair, glistening in the sun, was not a brave head, no prophet's head. It was the head of a dear old man. At least so Janet, her sensibilities aroused, would have it.

But Jed and David were laughing. She had heard the murmur of David's dry, clipped comment upon the gallant old veteran, had not caught clearly what he said—something about an overripe Santa Claus. She had the feeling of sickness in her heart.

NOW the echoes were rolling and swinging with the blare of the Sambre et Meuse played by a band wearing blue-and-gold oversea caps. The American Legion was coming.

Ta-ra! Ta-ra! Ran-ran-ta-ra! Boom! Bang! Ran-ran-ta-ra!

Janet straightened, her blood tingling in its fast rush, her cheeks flaming. With sudden access of emotion she turned to Jed. But now he was engaged in talking to a boy who sat just behind him, a boy of ten or eleven who was leaning forward over Jed's shoulder, eager, excited.

Jed was very fond of younger boys, always got along beautifully with them. It was one of the very lovely and hopeful things about him in which Janet took great store.

"My dad," said the lad, "is in the parade. He'll be coming along soon now."

So that was it. Janet moved closer to her son, pretending intentness upon a parade that she now saw but vaguely.

"He will, eh?" Jed manfully rumpled the boy's hair, while a woman, probably the little chap's mother, smiled upon the two. She had been beautiful once, Janet decided; but now her face was just a bit drawn, her hair prematurely graying. Catching her eyes momentarily Janet saw something, she knew not what; but something she did not like to see.

And now, below, the Legion was marching by—the boys of 1917. How young they seemed, most of them. Still boys, a lot of them. Not many in uniform, save, of course, the trench caps. Jaunty, well-dressed, they carried canes. They were smiling. Many were jovial.

"Dad will be here in a minute." The boy, excitedly, was shouldering Jed.

"Fine! So will my dad, kid."

THERE was something thrilling about that playful little remark to Janet, who, not looking, none the less was listening now with strained ears, resentful of every sound that blurred the dialogue.

"My dad was in the regulars. He was a lieutenant in the Second Division. I was born when he was in France."

Jed laughed.

"My father was a captain in that division. I'll bet that he made your dad mind."

"Yes; maybe he did—if he was a captain. But my father got wounded in the war."

"Badly?"

"Terrible. And he was shell-shocked too. He has been sick a lot. But he's got

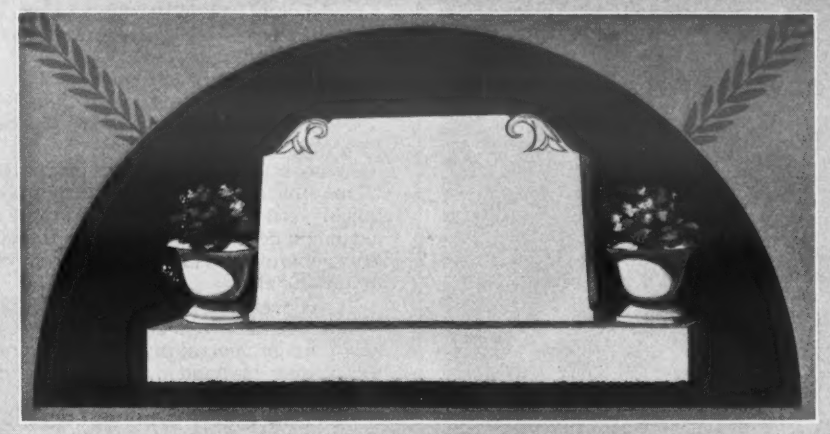
Invited to Sing

before the greatest gathering of kings, queens and princesses ever brought together; creator of Aphrodite; crowded the Metropolitan on opening night but didn't please the critics; fought them and won wide approval; objected to Lina Cavalieri in the title role of Thaïs; made Oscar Hammerstein change his publicly announced plans—that's

Mary Garden

and she tells you in a vigorous and fascinating manner why she did it all.

The June LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



All that is beautiful shall abide forever

So, too, will the memory of the one whose name is carved on a memorial in Vermont Marble live for ages to come. The modern vase-type of horizontal tablet, illustrated above, honors with impressive dignity the memory of the one whose name it perpetuates, and is a symbol of the good judgment and discrimination of those who select this type of memorial.

The rare beauty of an impressive Vermont Marble memorial, or a less formal garden type, cannot be equalled in any other memorial stone. Furthermore, no two memorials in Vermont Marble can be exactly alike. Each differs from every other memorial in the decorative tracery of its marking. And yet, the price of Vermont Marble memorials is no higher than other dependable memorial stones.

Write for our booklet, "All That is Beautiful Shall Abide Forever." It gives helpful information on the problem of selecting appropriate memorial designs. Our Department of Plan and Design will gladly co-operate with a Master Craftsman in Marble in your vicinity, without obligation, in submitting sketches and estimates for your special requirements. Address: Dept. A 302, Vermont Marble Company *(the world's largest quarriers of marble)*, Proctor, Vermont.

In addition to the distinctive beauty of Vermont Marble is its resistance to the wearing effects of climatic conditions. Of these, the most destructive during the course of centuries is moisture. Bulletins of the governmental Bureau of Standards show that monumental grades of Vermont Marble absorb only one-tenth of one per cent of water, or about one-third as much as the average of other memorial stones. And in making their choice of materials that would endure for unmeasured time, the architects and engineers who built the famous Arlington Memorial Amphitheatre and the Unknown Soldier's Tomb chose Vermont Marble . . . the nation's memory stone.

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The Memory Stone

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AND very gay! For they are fashioned after famous Parisian models. Anteme Pajamas are of Fruit of the Loom fabrics in exclusive designs: Lintan, broadcloths, batistes, voiles, rayon flat crepe, in attractive prints and plain color pastels. Pajamas for beach, lounging, sleeping and kitchen wear. Inexpensively priced and so practical—you can tub them, sun them—and they won't fade. Look for Anteme Fruit of the Loom pajamas in your favorite shop. Look for the genuine label, reproduced here. It assures the satisfaction of a double guarantee of style, workmanship and quality.

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Please send illustrated folder showing latest Anteme Fruit of the Loom Pajamas and Lingerie
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I usually buy pajamas and lingerie at
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a medal and General Pershing said he was one of the best ——" His mother touched him admonishingly.

"You mustn't boast, Don."

"Oh, please!" Jed turned quickly to the woman. "I think it's great. I like to hear him."

And how proud Janet was of her boy now as she stole a glance at him, turning away quickly as a Regular Army band came up, heading a detachment of men in the olive drab, unarmed. Hamill Graydon's outfit unquestionably.

"Over there! Over there!"

Yes, Hamill's regiment. His colonel, now a major general in the regular army, was passing, his hand in rigid salute. Janet remembered him clearly.

"I'll take care of him," he had said to her that spring day so long ago.

Then she saw her husband. He was in the very rear, his arm about the shoulder of a comrade, supporting him. This man, thin, emaciated indeed, bowed, was walking with uncertain gait. A touch of sun perhaps. Janet's eyes narrowed. Why had not Hamill insisted that a man obviously so weak ride in an automobile? That would have been like him. But perhaps the man had refused to ride. But for the grace of God that faltering man might be her own husband, and he, she knew, would never have ridden in any parade of his regiment.

She withdrew her eyes, she could not look, and she was sick at heart when Jed touched her upon the shoulder.

"Dad wants you to look, mother."

He was standing just below, his face turned up to her. And in his eyes was that old light; it was surely there. She saw it clearly. Then a little cry was torn from her lips as the man whom Graydon had been supporting moved from the big arm and stood erect. His uniform hung loosely upon him, his face was colorless, gray. But what a light in those dark, burning eyes turned up to the stand as the lad with whom Jed had been speaking scrambled out of his seat, gripping Jed's shoulder, crawling over the back of his chair and jamming in at his side.

"Daddy! Oh, dad! Dad! Dad!" The voice was shrill with pride and excitement and love. "Dad!"

Slowly the man raised his hand in salute, a wan smile lighting the dead face.

"Dad!" The boy stood rigid, saluting in return.

A quick, heavy sob shook Janet Graydon and her eyes became viewless, viewless until fiercely she dashed the tears away so that she might behold the spectacle below and burn it into her mind and never forget a single detail—her husband, gentle as a nurse, patient, that light in his eyes; a broken man, broken in the flush of youth and still young, but a human wreck, his face, his hand raised to his wife and to his son. Jed standing immobile, his face set and colorless. And behind, a woman, a wife, a mother. Janet did not look at her; she could not. It would have been, she felt, a sacrilege.

David Contrell touched her upon the shoulder. Janet turned to him quickly.

"Mr. Graydon's uniform," he said, "is getting moth-eaten. That Indian head on his shoulder has all but fallen off. Why not sew it tonight?"

For a moment Janet did not trust herself to speak.

"David," she said at length, "I think he would not want that sewed. You see," she went on quietly, "that insignia was torn by a shell that killed three brother officers and took a piece out of his neck."

"Spoke a bit out of turn then, Dave." Jed's voice was crisp.

He turned, watching as the two men moved on, his father in the pride of his strength and health, the other shuffling, uncertain, weary, yet indomitable.

"So that was your father, kid." His arm was about the younger boy's shoulder. His voice was gentle. "That was my father with him."

"Yes, I—I—sposed so." There was a break in his voice and his face was averted. "I'd better get back to mother."

"Yes." Jed helped him over the back of the seat. Then he turned to Janet, a little smile playing about his lips.

"You know when dad and I get over to France next month I'm ——"

But Janet did not hear the rest. Her face was turned away and the words were blurred. Everything was blurred, yet iridescent.

Just Like Mother Used to Make

(Continued from Page 25)

tract could evacuate its contents readily after the useful food elements had been utilized, and, second, the accessory food factors, or vitamins, found only in fresh foods and which are destroyed by cooking. She had all the vitamins—vitamins A and D in the butter, vitamin B in the milk and yeast, vitamin C in the tomatoes, lemons and oranges, and vitamin E in the lettuce. She probably has a lot more vitamins the world of science hasn't discovered yet; it discovered E only about three years ago.

Lastly she had some quickly assimilable energy in the sugar in the dessert.

Then as to quality and amounts. Mother always had a variety. Remember that? She always had an abundance too. Her table groaned. She "liked to see her people eat." She knew also that everyone didn't eat the same things. Some had a sweet tooth. Father liked two cups of coffee. "Give John another helping of meat, father—he's been working very hard today."

Mother, in fact, was one grand metabolist.

Captain James Cook, who charted Australia and New Zealand and claimed them for the British Crown, was the first man to sail round the world without losing most of his men from scurvy. He showed that fresh fruits and vegetables would prevent scurvy. Lemon juice has been a daily ration in the British navy since 1795 because of Cook's discovery.

Beginning in 1906 came the stamp of scientific approval. There was a wave about this time of enthusiasm for concentrated food. Army boards thought it would be a great idea to do away with the cumbersome commissary department with all its stoves and pots and pans and supplies of foodstuffs, and give every soldier a little cube of concentrated food once a day. A man could carry his rations for a month in his own knapsack and thus a brigade could be moved very rapidly over disputed territory without being burdened with a slow-moving supply train.

Some experiments were carried out. I remember seeing a cavalry regiment which had been encamped in the hollow of a range of hills for thirty days, all eating concentrated rations. The top of the hill was guarded so none of the experimental animals could escape and throw a full meal into the machinery.

The gist of opinion concerning these experiments was that the men lost their fighting edge without the commissary supply.

So Dr. Gowland Hopkins, who was professor of physiology at Cambridge, began some work to discover why. He experimented on white rats, some of which he put in a cage and fed on preserved concentrated food only. He gave them a perfectly balanced diet except that there was no fresh food. These rats lost weight and their growth stopped. In another cage he put another group of rats similar as to age and weight and gave them the same food

(Continued on Page 221)

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BLACK or COLORS
then Tint or Re-dye!

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Your doctors will advise Strained Vegetables to supplement the milk diet.

Now is the time to find out why babies love Clapp's Strained Vegetable Baby Foods, which increase the supply of mineral salts necessary to produce healthy bones and teeth.

Why they save mothers 24 hours a week cooking and kitchen time, and are prescribed by over 5,000 specialists.

Write today for booklet "Strained Vegetables for Infant Feeding," telling about the preparation of these foods and their distribution in glass jars through a local agency whose name we will send.

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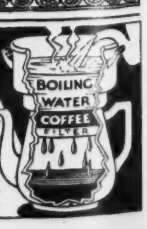

Our very first party, dear . . . *and it was* **SUCH** *a success!*

"DON'T you honestly think it's more fun to throw a party at home! Aren't you proud? I am—and everything went off so perfectly! Every one had such a good time—not a hitch—not a dull moment—and *didn't* the silver make a hit!

"Almost every girl in this house tonight came and asked me where our new silver came from."

* * *

For all those who have yet to discover how much fun there can be in following the modern fashion of entertaining at home, here (at the right) is a suggestion from the creators of the *Dawn* pattern, the new design in silverware by Alvin.

READ this new book, *"The Crowd Comes to Our House."* Between its covers are a host of interesting ideas for every girl who ever plans a party. It suggests many smart and original ways of giving variety and interest to all sorts of hospitable entertainment—not so much *how* to set the table as *where* to set it, what to serve, and how to get the most enjoyment out of this new vogue of entertaining informally at home. It's full of delicious recipes and menus featuring famous American food products available everywhere. It's the starting point of hilarious ideas that may be used in the one-room apartment or the house of many servants.

¶ *"The Crowd Comes to Our House,"* by Grace Higgins. (Illustrated). You'll enjoy it—it's so modern, so gay in style, so beautifully printed! You can now get a copy for thirty cents in any store where silverware by Alvin is sold—or by mail direct to you at this special price, if you use this coupon.

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¶ At silverware departments, ask to see Silverplate by Alvin—the service-for-eight (34 pieces)—$43.50, packed in a boudoir box which is really the smartest sort of cosmetic and make-up kit or utility box for hosiery, gloves, bridge layouts, etc. Antique ivory finish with an Eighteenth Century silhouette. Hinged mirror-lined lid. Removable partitions and a glass bottom-lining.

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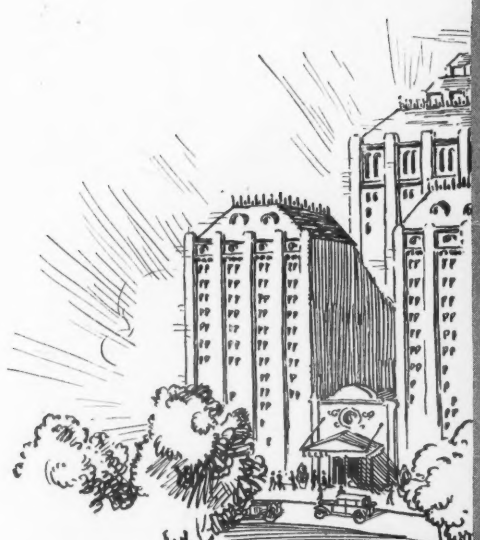

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For your apartment or for your home, you can choose from over 100 of the finest and most modern gas ranges, each of which provides the AutomatiCook for your convenience.

Any one of them means that you have an entirely automatic oven heat control that can't get out of order, that keeps its accuracy, that cooks bread, meat, fowl, fish and even whole meals with no attention whatever.

Prepare the food, put it in the oven, set the AutomatiCook, light the gas. Then forget all about cooking. You can count on everything being ready at meal time . . . done to perfection . . . just the way you want it.

Home economics bureaus recommend the AutomatiCook. Hundreds of thousands are being used every day by women who have learned how this wonderful little device saves their time and energy.

If you're renting this season, be sure that the range is AutomatiCook equipped. If you're building apartments . . . specify ranges that have the AutomatiCook. If you live in a home of your own, by all means learn about this amazing help. Any good range dealer will show it to you and explain its advantages.

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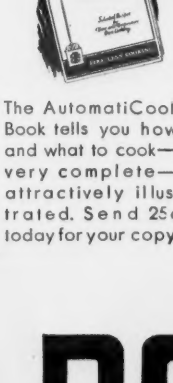

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ROBERTSHAW

TRADE MARK

AutomatiCook

(Continued from Page 218)

as he had given the rats in the first experiment except that he added fresh milk. They grew normally and maintained their strength and vigor. No more trials of concentrated feeding were undertaken after Gowland Hopkins made his milk experiments on rats.

"Accessory food factors" was the name Doctor Hopkins gave those substances in fresh food which keep animals in good condition. In 1911, Casimir Funk, with an advertising agent's eye to the striking in nomenclature, re-christened them with the name that has stuck—"vitamins."

The vitamin in lemon juice which prevents scurvy is called water-soluble vitamin C. It is also found in potatoes and milk and green vegetables. Note the green vegetables. The old ladies of the pioneer days who got sickly in the winter used to tell the doctor, "I'll be all right as soon as I can get out and pick me a mess of greens." So some greens were always a part of mother's menu—a salad, some water cress or parsley. Vitamin C is necessary for good health in adults. Remember how you began to like salad only after you were twenty years old?

Salt is another article mother always liked to have on the table. Lately we have been scared off of salt. We were told it raised blood pressure and caused Bright's disease and hardening of the arteries, and so on. This talk seems to have begun in 1904 when two French physicians, Ambard and Beaujaud, claimed that there was a relation between the amount of salt in the blood and the level of blood pressure. A great many doctors began to treat their high-blood-pressure patients by taking their salt away from them.

People are always frightening mother in this way by rushing in from some laboratory and telling her that what she is doing is all wrong. Fortunately hers is a resistant intellect. Woe to the family these days whose housekeeper has low sales resistance to faddish ideas about food. There were some providers who removed the saltcellars from the table during all the recent hullabaloo. But mother had been putting salt on the table a long time. And father had gone to a good deal of trouble to provide it for her, as far back as history stretches.

Salt and Meat

HUMAN beings have always wanted salt. This need is based on sound principles. There are one hundred grams of salt in a human body of average size. A fifth of this—about a heaping teaspoonful—is lost a day in the urine, the perspiration, the saliva, and from the tear ducts. So for a person of average weight about a heaping teaspoonful of salt is necessary in the daily diet.

Fortunately the saltcellar may be replaced on the table. The fears which fluttered the French laboratories seem to have been unfounded. Drs. Samuel Berger and M. H. Fineberg, of Cleveland, have made some extensive observations on patients' blood pressures which they have reported in one of the most conservative of American medical journals, the Archives of Internal Medicine, for October, 1929. They tried patients with normal and high blood pressure on daily total intakes of salt of from two to thirty grams—away below and above the normal average of twenty. These levels were maintained for ten days at a time on the same patient; there was no noticeable change in the level of blood pressure on different amounts of salt. So we may consider that bogy laid. Mother may now return the saltcellar to the table with a clear conscience.

Speaking of salt, meat has also been a scapegoat. How it got the name for causing rheumatism, high blood pressure, kidney diseases, and so on, is hard to say. Perhaps it began in the British Isles where "the Roast Beef of Old England" and the gout both flourished in unusual prodigality side by side. Gout is caused by uric acid, and uric acid is found in meat. Rheumatism is of a gouty nature, and so, for a while, was high blood pressure considered by English physicians. Then when actual *disease has occurred*—please note the italics—the kidneys cannot throw off the end products of meat nutrition. Therefore, in these diseases meat eating is restricted. But not because meat caused the diseases in the first place, although such an idea is likely to be associated.

Mother usually has kept on having meat on the table all through these troublous times. She found that her people wanted it and didn't care to try to get along without it.

The Bread Bogy

MOTHER, it appears, was right. She was just as scientific as the meat abhorers. The most important of her defenders is the Arctic explorer, Vilhjalmur Stefansson. While in the Arctic Circle on many trips Doctor Stefansson noticed that the Eskimos on a purely meat diet were healthy and long-lived. He found that he himself on a prolonged meat regimen enforced by his Arctic residence remained perfectly well. But certain critics said he could not remain in good condition on a meat diet in the temperate zone. So he and a companion remained on an exclusively meat diet for over a year in the vicinity of New York City. At the end of a year's meat eating the blood pressure of neither man had gone up. There was no indication of kidney irritation. There was no evidence that any poisons had accumulated in the blood. The general health of the men was excellent. Both experienced a feeling of well-being which can be duplicated only in the accounts of his sensations that a pure vegetarian regales us with.

Bread goes with meat in most proverbs, and prayers. It should. It furnishes, with butter on it, a complementary amount of starch and fat for the meat protein. Average white bread has 53 per cent of starch, one-half of 1 per cent of fat, and 9 per cent of protein. Average beef has 22 per cent protein, 5 per cent fat and no starch. On an exclusively meat diet half the protein of the meat is converted into starch.

Somehow or other bread also has gotten a bad name. How, again seems to be rather mysterious. There is no reputable physician or physiologist known to me who thinks bread is an undesirable article of diet. Some of the dentists, it is true, say that foods which are sweet and soft, such as "highly milled flour products" and candy, favor dental caries if used in the diet preponderantly. If accompanied by proper amounts of hard and cleansing food, no one thinks bread does harm. But there is no question of the bad name. One health lecturer has made up a little song, a cheerful ditty, all about when the white loaves come into the house, white caskets go out. Then, of course, there was Sylvester Graham. He started Graham bread about a hundred years ago. He was not exactly a dependable man of science. He started life as an actor. Then he became a preacher. Then he discovered a way to live to be one hundred and fifty years old. It was by eating only whole-wheat bread. Too early for confirmation he himself died at the age of fifty-seven. But his soul goes marching on.

Mother has always had bread on the table, through all the din and strife. She calls it the staff of life; it sort of goes with anything—gravy and milk and peanut butter and sugar and meat, and vegetables, molasses and water. With only butter on it, as has been said, it makes a well-balanced ration—fat, starch and protein, and the butter contains vitamins A and D to boot. Mother has always been willing to put the Graham or whole-wheat bread on the plate with the white bread, but she thinks it is a waste, because people use up the white bread first and the whole-wheat bread gets stale.

Then mother always had a pitcher of water on the table. Nobody so far as I

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The soft, tailored upholsteries, deep, roomy bodies, and easy-riding gears of Heywood-Wakefield carriages afford real comfort for Baby. The beautiful, new finishes and reasonable prices will please those parents who are seeking a carriage of quality.
Look for the Red Hub Cap

H-W 3046 is shown above . . . Send 6 cents to Heywood-Wakefield Co., Boston, Mass., for our new edition of "In the Life of a Baby," a booklet for new and prospective mothers.

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge says:

(IN THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.)

". . . But I could sew, and I have always taken great delight in all forms of this domestic art, preferring that pastime to playing bridge; and when my friends had card parties, they invited me to come and bring my sewing. Every girl should be taught to sew, not merely for the sake of making something, but as an accomplishment which may prove a stabilizer in time of perplexity or distress. Many a time, when I have needed to hold myself firmly, I have taken up my needle; it might be a sewing needle, knitting needles, or a crochet hook—whatever its form or purpose, it often proved to be as the needle of the compass, keeping me to the course. I look for a revival of the homey household arts. Such a revival may not bring about the peace of nations, but I firmly believe it will aid in bringing peace within our homes, and this will be more far-reaching than we realize."

You will get the effect of a Paris Gown if you use McCall Patterns.

Mother! Accept!

. . . Cake of this CERTIFIED Baby Soap to Try—

Watch How After-Bathing Irritations *Disappear*

THIS offers a test of the uniquely gentle CERTIFIED baby soap you have recently heard and read so much about. A creation that brings that CERTIFIED safety to your baby's soap that *Certified* brings to milk.

Largely on doctors' advice, mothers are flocking to this unique creation. What it brings in peace and comfort to your baby will amaze you.

Developed to Overcome a Grave Injustice

It comes from a soap laboratory of international importance. Its name is STORK Soap. It is one of the few soaps in the world that is made from virgin olive and vegetable oils, then super-fatted—and that is CERTIFIED as such. Thus it is gentle beyond words.

It was developed largely on the request of doctors to protect mothers from a grave injustice practiced in calling alkaline soaps "non-irritating" and "safe." *For soaps were called gentle that were not;* harsh soaps, caustic soaps, soaps irritant to baby skins.

To meet that situation this CERTIFIED Baby Soap was developed—so that mothers could be protected in their buying.

Virtually every noted baby doctor in America endorses it. Leading hospitals employ it.

Beauty experts also recommend it as a facial soap because of its unique mildness. For shampooing it has no superior.

Accept Free Cake

To place it now in the hands of every mother, a liberal size cake will be sent postpaid to try. Just mail the coupon.

LIBERAL SIZE CAKE *and* BOOK FREE

"How Best to Bathe Baby"

LUXOR LIMITED, Dept. H.J.-2
1355 West 31st Street
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me free one liberal size cake of Stork Soap and the booklet "How Best to Bathe Baby."

STORK SOAP
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know has suggested that water is harmful, but the idea is abroad that it should not be taken with meals. It is fattening that way. Just why or how or where are the data to prove this nobody knows, but the idea exists. But one thing is certain—most people like to do a little drinking with their eating. And though most of the people who deplore water with meals think it does harm by mixing with the food and making it more readily absorbed, the fact seems to be that it runs along a little trough in the stomach, called the groove of Retzius and goes out into the intestines almost as soon as it gets in.

Well, vegetables, fruits, salt, meat, bread, butter, water! Mother finished off with a little dessert. Why this extra amount of sweet? There must be a reason. I have great faith in mother's ability as a dietician. Perhaps she knew that the real fuel of the body was sugar just as much as the fuel of a furnace in your house is coal or oil, and just as much as the fuel of your automobile is gasoline. You have to have twice as much starch and sugar by weight in your food as all other substances together. And you have to have it in reserve. Just as you have to have gasoline in your tank and coal in the bin! So it is well to have some fuel ready and waiting.

Then, if you want science, Grützner showed in 1905 that the parts of a meal fill up the stomach and remain in place in the order in which they arrive. The last part, the dessert, stays on the top and if you taste anything for any length of time the dessert is what you taste. And, as everyone likes the taste of sweet things, this makes a pleasant situation.

Last of all coffee. Hardly anybody needs to go around defending coffee lately. But it wasn't so long ago that coffee was repelling attackers and boarders. That was before salt, meat, bread and sweets had their day of disgrace. Coffee and tea seem to be especially good for old people. They keep the circulation going in their heart muscles.

Every important and similar article of diet has at one time or another in our day had its faddists. Sometimes they were faddists because they boosted too hard. Usually they knocked too hard.

The Dietetic Balance

MOTHER has kept the balance true. There she stands, her feet firmly planted on the ground. Long may she wave!

At this point the scientific dietician impatiently overturns his teacup and rises in his wrath to deliver himself of the following remarks:

"What is all this sentimental mammy talk about mother? How did mother know these things you say she knew so well? It was, and is, impossible for her to know them. She was an ignorant, careless and utterly unscientific old woman whose meals probably did far more harm than good. If she could accomplish these dietetic feats please explain exactly how she did it?"

Will the scientific dietician please resume his seat and place his teacup back on the saucer? The question he asks is capable of some sort of reply. To make that reply I must recall two incidents of my life—one the consumption of a meal prepared by the members of a high-school cooking class, the other the consumption of a meal prepared by a very ignorant, illiterate old colored woman who could not read or write, but *did* know how to cook. The first meal was one of those neutral affairs, well-balanced, reeking with propriety and with very little pepper; it was something to chew—just, in short, a meal. The other—oh, that other meal!

Taste and Appetite

I REMEMBER how my wife, good honest wretch, stole into the kitchen of that household to get a recipe for one of the dishes. She imagined in her innocence that she would obtain the exact ingredients to put in it and write them down on a piece of paper. The ignorant and illiterate old woman who had cooked the dinner replied to her questioning:

"Lord bless you, my dear, I don't know how much o' this and that I put in it. I just throws some salt in and tastes it and if it ain't enough I puts some more in it. Same way with all the other things. Sometimes it needs jest a mite of onion—other times a squeeze of a tomato is enough."

"Good cooks are born, not taught," said the hedonistic old Frenchman. And what makes them is not their brains, but the taste buds in their tongue.

It is time to talk about food as much for its flavor and goodness as for its nutritive value. As for science, Pavlov the great Russian physiologist, showed that the amount of digestive juices which an animal poured out was much greater when it smelled and saw articles of food it liked than when it had distasteful articles of food placed before it. Rehfuss and Hawk showed the same thing with human beings. If food was prepared attractively, and smelled good, and tasted good, a gush of digestive juices flowed from the stomach wall. More digestive juices mean more assimilation of the food. Hence what the cook does has nutritive value. Then everyone does not get fat on the same amount of food. Or lean on the same amount of abstinence. This is shown in the experiments of Dr. Solomon Strouse, of Chicago. He took an overweight girl and put her on a diet for four months of at least one-third her caloric requirement. When she started out she weighed about 174 pounds. When she finished she had only lost two pounds.

Then he took a thin doctor and on a vacation he fed him 50 per cent more than his regular allowance. He weighed about 110 pounds when he started and the same when he finished.

Thus though every person has the same machinery for nutrition, everyone has not the same power of assimilation nor is the machinery keyed up to the same pitch. One person can get fat on a mouthful while another starves on twice the proper calculated amount. It would be a very dismal situation if it were not for the fact that nature has given each of us two highly scientific nutritional detectives in "Taste" and "Appetite." The inter-operations of man and nature through the ages have arranged things so that in general under normal conditions what he likes, and wants—what tastes best to him—is what is good for him.

Which Man Would *You* Choose?

Betty loved Alex, who seemed carefree as a summer's breeze and just as likable. Father preferred Ward, active, energetic, successful and businesslike. Betty knew that love in a cottage had to be just as real as the love that made the grade for the palace. But she chose, and you'll like her for her reasons.

Ladies' Choice

By Lynn Montross

The June LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

They stand HARD WEAR *and* WASHING

MOTHERS who buy these sturdy blouses buy and rebuy again and again! Long have you known Bell Blouses and now, made of Fruit of the Loom Fabrics, they will create keener interest. Bell Fruit of the Loom Blouses are guaranteed fast and seem never to wear out. Strongly and neatly tailored—they stand rough play and daily laundering. Bell Fruit of the Loom Boys' Blouses, Shirts and Pajamas bear the double guarantee of these two houses. Identify the genuine by this label sewed in the neckband. Sold in leading shops everywhere.

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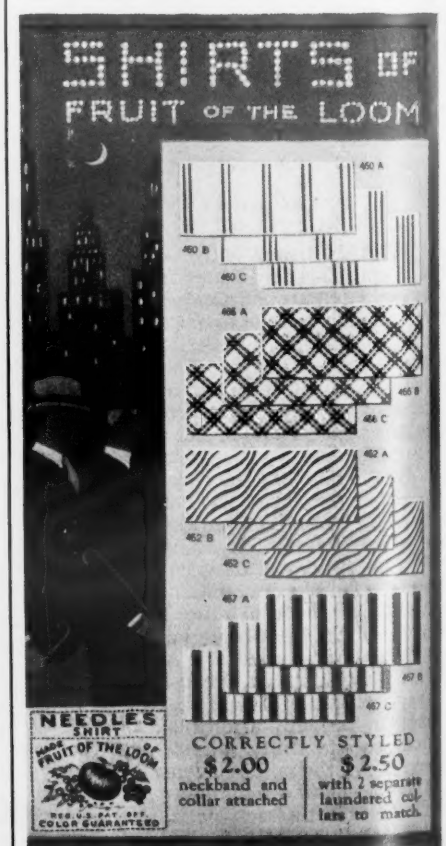

Women everywhere buy these famous shirts because they know the fast colors and long wear of Fruit of the Loom fabrics. Fabric and workmanship doubly guaranteed.

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"Yes, the flame chiffon, Marie . . . but first my DEW flask"

. . . . and midnight

". . . It's just as beautiful and fresh as when you put it on, Madame"

THE WOMEN who include DEW among their toilette necessities need never worry about the freshness and loveliness of themselves and their most fragile garments.

A steadily increasing number of them have chosen this crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant because it may be used often and at *any* time of day—even while dressing. DEW is so finely balanced that it will not irritate a sensitive skin or injure the most delicate of fabrics or colors when the simple directions are followed.

DEW stops perspiration instantly, thoroughly and pleasantly. Women prize it highly, because its regular use gives them poise and peace of mind in knowing that the impression they and their ensemble make upon others is one of freshness, daintiness and charm. Not only are their garments kept free of embarrassing, tell-tale moisture spots, but they are protected from permanent and often ruinous stains and discolorations.

Of course, no really well-bred woman thinks of odor in these days, but she knows that perspiration moisture spots on a frock or gown can be seen from far away and they *suggest* untidiness.

Since DEW, like soap and the bath sponge, is an aid to freshness, many women pridefully display it among the beautiful accessories of their dressing tables. You need not hide *this* bottle. DEW comes to you in a crystal spill-proof flask. It is colorless and, to be sure, unscented . . . A generous sample will be sent to you as soon as you mail the coupon at the left. At all drug and department stores: 25 cents, 50 cents and the large, economy size $1.00.

DEW *instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads*

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Restores the charm and newness of porch furniture—saves repainting

You wouldn't hang a dirty curtain— Why polish over dirt?

THAT'S exactly what you do when you use ordinary furniture polishes and waxes without first removing the ingrained dust and soil.

The New Liquid Veneer removes the dingy film while it polishes. You actually polish *off* the dirt. You get down to the original surface and make it like new because you beautify the original finish—not the dirt over it.

Wonderful, too, for dusting. Your furniture will not need polishing so often. No greasy film. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 60c size and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

Send 15c—for toy Midget Mop, sample bottle, and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, 545 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE in the New Family Size Shaker Top Tin

IT is so easy to shake into your shoes this antiseptic, healing powder that stops the pain of hot, tired, aching, swollen, tender, feet and takes the sting out of corns and bunions.

Keep a "shaker" handy for use before walking, dancing, golf or tennis and get the benefit of "play" in real comfort.

Allen's Foot-Ease is also put up in the regular (envelope) style package. The New Shaker Top Tin is more economical and handy to use. Sold everywhere. Sent by mail for 60c in stamps. Sample mailed free—address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Nation-wide demand for trained women; all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment hotels; uncrowded field; fine living; quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK, *"Your Big Opportunity."* LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room CG-597, Washington, D. C.

Little Fellers

(Continued from Page 13)

that same Wednesday of Windy's sacred and immemorial emptiness, the shop door opened and Donald Drew, heavy with riding dust, his eyes ablaze with justified suspicion, strolled in. Crystal had been reading aloud in the sleek and childish voice of a girl whose hand is being held and who likes it. Hearing and seeing Donald, she jerked from Ken both her voice and her hand and stood up straight, pinker than canyon roses.

"You interested in child raisin', Miss Crystal?" drawled Don, who had heard a sentence. He nodded to his neighbor and came to lean close at his elbow. He pulled toward him the book she tried to keep in her own grasp. "'The Modern Child, its Care and Feeding.' Humph! Say, you aimin' to start a nursery school for little coyotes, Miss Crystal, eh?"

"I sent for this book, Mr. Drew," said Crystal, "so's I could help Mr. Carter raise his twins."

The men exchanged one look.

"Well, sir," drawled Donald. "Twins up Goose Wing? That's news to me. Since when you took up the cares of married life, Carter?"

IN SWIFT and haughty syllables Crystal recited the saga of a Mississippi tragedy. Ken stood before her, stiff and curiously white. She did not seem to see his wretchedness. He took the volume from Drew's hand and went away with it. He moved like an automaton and did not look back. Carrying the book he went to the bridge over Hollow River and leaned there, staring above its hurried nearness to the big snow peaks. He had left Drew alone in there with Crystal. He felt beaten and sick. He let the book fall into Hollow River and rubbed his hands. Then he rode home with his head hanging.

But two days later, counseled by Goose Creek's bitter loneliness, he came storming down into Windy with a fighter's face.

Crystal was at noonday dinner with her father when Ken, all wet and gray with riding, introduced himself into the doorway of their kitchen. He made no pause and no excuse. His eyes he fixed with a haggard intentness upon Crystal, who rose slowly to her feet.

"Miss Crystal, I want you should come home with me to my ranch up Goose Wing. I want that you should come today. Miss Crystal, I want you to marry me and to care for them two children that you say you love. Miss Crystal, I'm askin' you please with all my heart to come up there yonder and to take care of—of the helpless folks you'll find there. It's God's truth that I am needing you."

"Is Gertrude sick?" she cried. "Or Little Tad?"

"Yes, ma'am. Everyone up Goose Wing's sick—for motherin'."

Warren by this time, too, was standing, startled, with his jaw dropped.

"PA, I'M going. I got to care for them—for the twins. No man like Ken can make out alone with them two little ones. It ain't in a man's gift." She ran over to kiss and to caress her father rather wildly, then turning from him ran to Ken, checked her first impulse and put up to his shoulders her comfortable little hands. "Don't you look so desperate. They're not so awful sick, are they? I'll be ready."

"Wait just a moment, will you, folks?" said Crystal's father, quavering. "I seem to've heard somethin' about my daughter's marryin'."

"I sure need her to be my wife," said Ken.

"He needs me, pa. You must know how much he needs me."

"But, Crystal, honey, look-a-here——"

But of what force is paternal dignity in the face of such an urgency as Ken's and of such desperate maternal instinct as now seemed to possess his daughter? Crystal was married, almost absent-mindedly, her father swallowing and blinking at her elbow.

Slower than rumor and its consequences, Crystal and her man traveled. More and more slowly up the warm August valley. Ken's pony, it seemed, was very tired. He must be spared. He might go lame.

"I'm thinking of Trudy and of Tad," wailed Crystal. "I know they can take care of themselves pretty well when you're away. You've told me how smart they are. And it's a warm night. But—ailing, Ken? We must make it, if we can, tonight."

KEN took off his big hat and moved his hand across his brows. Restless and troubled were his gray eyes, certainly, but the look in them was not paternal. Those eyes slid toward her and away. So cool and slim she rode there in her grave young loveliness—his wife.

"They'll manage fine," Ken whispered. "They'll be all right. Oh, Crystal"—his voice went shaken like young aspen leaves—"I want that you should think now a spell—of—me."

She looked at him, open-eyed, and her cool face colored itself.

"Are—they—really—sick, Ken?"

"Not really. Not serious, that is. They got me sort of scared. I figure I took a panic, Crystal, thinkin' what it might be like to hev a real sick baby up yonder—and no mother, Crystal. 'Tis God's truth that my children want a mother like you. And, Crystal, I do want a wife."

"It seems to me," said Crystal quaintly, "that you don't want one any longer. It seems to me you've got one, Ken."

And they spent their night, these passionate, childless parents, in a camp by Fairy Creek with twin aspens shaking down moonlight upon them and a sound of whispering shallow water in their ears. When the world was gray with dew, Crystal was stirring. In spite of all that Ken could say—or, rather, all that he had courage to say—she was anxious again. She would ride on ahead of him while he broke camp so that she might be sooner by Trudy and Tad's bed.

And now, indeed, Ken Carter was afraid. Dumb fear was upon him.

PALER at every step he rode, with a heart that jerked and stumbled and shied away from nearing punishment. But so, in spite of himself, he reached his clearing and turned loose his horses and dragged himself to his own silent door. She was not standing, angry, on its threshold. She had gone in and had stayed in. How still she was! He got himself then inside of his house and saw Crystal. She sat on the floor with her back against his settle and, tumbled up against her, sleeping in her arms—there were two babies, made of flesh and blood. Two flushed and tear-stained babies, curly-haired.

Crystal lifted a Madonna face and a hushing finger.

"They're tired out. They were sick with crying. They were hungry. I gave them bread and milk. I've just got them to sleep. Oh, Ken, someone must have been here and taken away all their little things . . . and scared them terribly. They seem so tired. Not a bit sick. But tired. And they wouldn't speak. They just would shake their heads and cling to me and cry for 'Mom . . . Mom . . . Mom.' Ken," her voice betrayed uncertainty, "they're never scared of you, are they? They *couldn't* be. Ken, tell me . . . what's wrong?"

"Wait," muttered Ken. "I've got to go out and look around me a little in the air. There's something wrong here certainly. But—don't you look that-a-way

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Take this advertisement to your UNIVERSAL Dealer or mention it to him and he will gladly demonstrate a UNIVERSAL Wrinkle-Proof Iron and explain more in detail its many other features—go today, before it slips your mind!

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Master Metalsmiths for over Three-quarters of a Century.

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FRUIT of the LOOM SHEET

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NOW you can have Fruit of the Loom Sheets in two weights! The lightweight Fine Sheet you know so well—and now this new EXTRA WEIGHT SHEET built for long wear and hard service... made in answer to the demand for a heavier sheet in genuine Fruit of the Loom quality.

IT HAS 12 MORE THREADS TO THE SQUARE INCH than other standard sheets selling at the same price. These extra threads mean longer wear and smoother texture. In white and colors . . . colored hems, hemstitched or embroidered.

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Please send me folder on new Extra Weight Fruit of the Loom Sheets and Pillowcases.
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Fruit of the Loom Mattress Covers

Make white sheets look whiter, keep beds shapely and trim, mattresses immaculate. Sturdy unbleached muslin. Washable, sensible, sanitary. For single or double beds. Also made for Beautyrest or inner spring types. Easy to change. Fastidious women appreciate them. Dry goods or department stores.

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City_____ State_____
I usually buy such household articles at_____

at me, Crystal, the wrongness . . . it ain't . . . altogether . . . me."

Men were swarming up the bank of Goose Wing. They had the look from his perching height of running ants. As they came closer, he seemed to recognize Flaxman's bay and Eddie Giles' big white horse. The rest were strangers. But they rode like men with a prompt purpose, and—he could see it in their pose, the set of heads and thighs and shoulders—they rode angrily. Each head was lifted toward his cabin and one, who saw him on his rock, pulled in sharply now and pointed.

As he rode out into his clearing he was hailed:

"Carter, we want a word with you."

This was the sheriff who twenty-four hours before had married him. One of the men had gone close to Ken's cabin window and had given an oath and some hurried, joyful and fierce information to a big man on a chestnut horse.

"You're lookin' for two children," Ken said, ablaze with shame, "that was taken from somewhere and put here in my cabin during my absence yesterday. I can prove—that is, my wife can tell you ——"

The big man had left his chestnut and now took Ken's arm in a hand of steel.

"You'll do your explanations later on—in court," he said. "A man has carried off my children and we've traced his car to your door and the babies are inside there."

Crystal came forward from beside the bed, putting a finger to her paled lip. She had heard the sound of horses, the loud angry voices, and had seen the fierce face at her cabin window looking in.

"Sh-h-h!" said Crystal. "They're still sound asleep."

The father went over to the bed and scooped up both his stolen offspring in his arms. They waked to joy and squeals and kisses.

Crystal hurried to her husband and sheltered him. For the room was filling with grim men.

"Ma'am," announced the sheriff, "I think your man here's played a trick on you. He's scared a mother out yonder past the head of Timber Creek out of her wits, and I'm feared he'll hev to pay for that . . . these men are angry."

"Timber Creek—that's where Drew lives," Crystal said quickly. "Oh, Ken, what do they think you've done? These babies. I don't understand."

KEN faced her then, sheltering her with his own broad shoulders from the eyes of condemnation that made her shrink.

"These kids," he told her, "were stolen yesterday whilst we were coming slowly up the country on our marriage journey home. They were taken from some feller's ranch over yonder and carried here and left here—to spite me. To turn you against me, Crystal. To put me into a hole. For I've been tellin' you a lie ever since that first Wednesday when I come to Windy to court you, Crystal, hevin' oncet heard your pretty voice. I never did have no sister down in Mississippi. There wasn't any twins."

Her face moved before him like clear and still water shaken.

"These men are angry with you, Ken?"

"They think I stole the babies . . . to make my fool lie to you come true."

"How can we prove you didn't, dear?" she said.

There was a little silence in which Ken's heart grew large. He could not remember the world, nor its angry waiting men. He forgot everything but Crystal.

"Then . . . it wasn't just for the little fellers . . . that you married me?"

"It wasn't a least mite for them ——" Crystal, too, must have forgotten that there were men besides Ken Carter in the anxious universe. "But I thought 'twas only for them that *you* wanted me," and she was in tears and laughter, hugging him. The mask of anxious parenthood fell from their faces. They were lovers and very, very young.

WHEN they did look around with some awareness of their situation, their home was empty. Very softly the babies had been carried out and there began to be a commotion in Ken's clearing. He hurried to his threshold, already confident and armed against hobgoblin's malice.

Out there stood old Jack Marley, waving his hat and haranguing, white-headed in the sun.

"I've rode the pants plum off'n me, to get here, Ken," he shouted. "I seen the hull thing from the butte back of my house. If you fellers had stopped on your way up country to visit me like you usually do, you'd hev saved yourselves and these two young folks somethin'. But, just this oncet, you forgot old Jack Marley and you went a-spurrin' past. Well, ruther than let you git yourselves in real trouble, I'll tell you now.

"Don Drew, he was with me when Eddie come in with the news that my gel, Crystal Warren, was tyin' up with Ken Carter so's to help him care for his sister's kids. Don, he took the tidings kinder hard and, to help him over the rough bit, I telled him, hopin' to get a laugh, that there wasn't any twins up Goose Creek. Some time ago I'd rode up and looked into the matter. No, sir, there wasn't any twins—I've knowed that for near about a month now. Well, sir, I telled my secret to Don Drew, but it didn't work on him the way I'd hoped. He didn't do no laughin'. He kinder begun to conjure and off he went and hopped on his horse and lit out for home. Me watchin' him. Maybe two hour later back he come, wearin' a black scarf acrost his face and carryin'—I could see 'em plain enough when he got to the ford ag'in—two cryin' babies."

"Maybe," Crystal whispered, when she and her highwayman were all alone, "maybe, you great goose of Goose Wing Canyon, maybe you've never heard that there are ways of gettin'—these little fellers, besides inventin'—yes, or kidnapin' them ——" And she put back her head and laughed and laughed so that the men, riding, heard her laughter and drew rein.

After all, they thought, it wouldn't do to be too hard on any poor devil of a bachelor in Hollow County.

Do You Object

—to having people do things for you?

—to having people worry about you because you don't seem as cheerful as they believe you should be?

—to having people take away all your privacy just because they believe you should be waited on?

You can't help sympathizing either with Harriet the efficient sister or Cosy the one who must help. Read

JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS'

Understanding Story

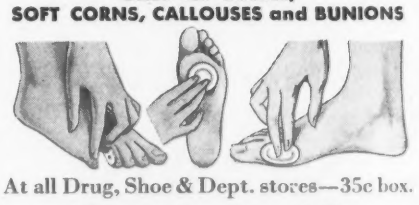
In the JUNE JOURNAL

CORNS

You will never again be afflicted with corns or sore toes if you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! Their soothing, healing medication ends pain *in one minute.* Their cushioning feature *removes the cause*—friction and pressure of shoes. Once gone, corns *never come back* if you apply Zino-pads at the first sign of irritation from new or tight footwear.

Cutting your corns may lead to blood-poisoning. Harsh and caustic preparations often cause sore toes. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are absolutely safe, sure. Small, thin, dainty, protective.

Sizes for CORNS, SOFT CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS



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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

will make soups more appetizing and satisfying. Roasts, steaks, chops, fish, salad dressings, gravies are finer seasoned with this century old favorite. Use a teaspoon to each pint of

CLAM CHOWDER

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The new easy way! A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of six colored clips to match your cords, 10c.

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If your 10c store or hardware dealer cannot supply you, mail stamps to us.
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June 28 . . . Cruise 52 Days . . . $725 up
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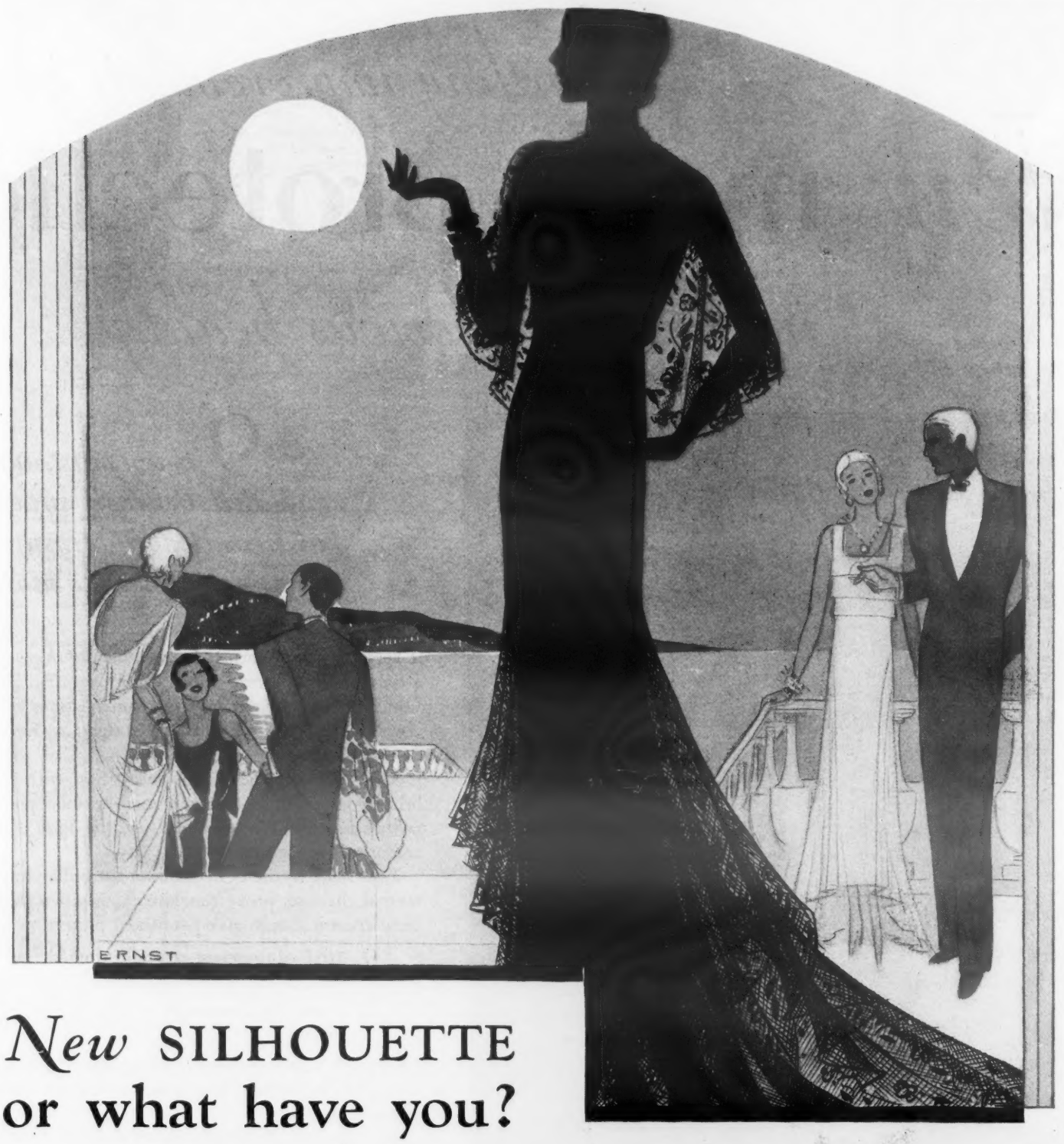
100 Engraved Announcements $10.50. Imitation Engraved $5.00. Correct styles. Write for free samples—calling cards, invitations, announcements. **Adelphia Engraving Co., 830 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.**



The New SILHOUETTE or what have you?

AT the beginning of each season the fashion magazines have a lot to say about the new silhouette. And whether the skirts come down or the waistlines go up, one thing is always certain—these fashion authorities are sure to say that the figure that can wear the silhouette of the moment is divinely slim and perfectly proportioned.

Now all this is a bit depressing for most of us who just haven't that kind of a silhouette. But cheer up, a Spencer foundation can be designed to give the best possible lines for you no matter how far you depart from the glorified silhouette of the fashion models.

The interesting thing about this new type of corsetry is that it makes an individual design for each client. And it costs no more than the ordinary corsetry. Each garment is designed for the woman who wears it after a careful analytic study of her figure has been made by a Spencer Corsetiere.

Let us help you
with your figure problems

Wherever you live a Spencer Corsetiere will call at your home at your request and make a study of your figure. This positively does not obligate you to place an order but we are anxious to have you know our representative in your community so that you can call upon her whenever she can be of service.

Look in the telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" and, if you do not find one living near you, write direct to Anne Spencer, using the coupon below.

WRITE TO ANNE SPENCER TODAY
Anne Spencer will give you personal advice free upon any problem you may have about the control or correction of your figure.

NEVER SOLD IN STORES

Anne Spencer, c/o The Berger Bros. Co. May, 1930
141 Derby Avenue, New Haven, Conn.
(In Canada: Spencer Corsets (Canada) Ltd., Rock Island, Quebec.
In Great Britain: Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 96 Regent St., London, W. I.)
Please send me a free copy of your interesting illustrated booklet, "The Way to Youthful Grace."

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Do you want to make money?
Anne Spencer will tell you how to build a prosperous business in your community. You will receive all necessary training. Check square on the right. . . . ☐

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The Berger Bros. Co.

SPENCER
CORSETS, GIRDLES, BRASSIERES, BELTS, SURGICAL CORSETS

WE CREATE A DESIGN ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

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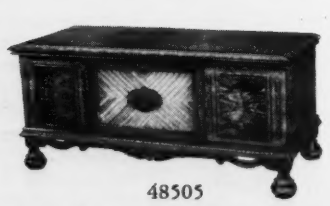

48505

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MAY 1 TO MAY 15

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Here is the deodorant that fills every need of the smart, modern, young woman—instant, lasting protection from perspiration and odors. No color to stain or injure clothing, no irritation, no odor, and you can apply it at any time. No wonder Heck has been so enthusiastically received everywhere!

Be sure you get this instant deodorant, Heck—for your charm, your daintiness, and the safety of your clothes depend on this precious liquid, made from the purest ingredients according to the original formula of Dr. Heck.

50c and $1.00 at all drug and department stores, or send for the ten cent trial size

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Deodorant
INSTANTLY CHECKS PERSPIRATION

Heck-Conard Co., Kansas City, Mo.

I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) for a trial size, or 50c for a full size bottle of Heck Deodorant, postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....D.M.

A smart and inexpensive trimming that washes beautifully

Economy
FRUIT of the LOOM
BIAS TAPE

FRUIT of the Loom Bias Tape is famous for color fastness and soft, fine texture. Hot suds and irons won't fade it, nor will the sun. In beautiful pale pastels and vivid colors to match the latest fabrics. So simple to sew and costs so little. There are dozens of ways you can use Fruit of the Loom Bias Tape to trim frocks, curtains and other things. You can buy it in single or double fold, in cotton or rayon, attractively wrapped in cellophane and bearing the well known Fruit of the Loom label. Sold at most notion counters.

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Please send color samples and your illustrated booklet, "How sewing is made easier with Fruit of the Loom Bias Tape".

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Street _____

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Women in Journalism

(Continued from Page 29)

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Lucy A. Goldsmith

Appointed by Royal Order

Trade Adviser to the Premier of Spain

tells young American women how and why Foreign Trade offers one of the most interesting and remunerative careers.

In the JUNE JOURNAL

Syndicate Writing

FEW women have succeeded as writers of editorials. This requires a broadened mind and a modern outlook, with a solid ground of common sense. Phoebe Crosby, of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram; Jane Dixon, of the New York Evening Telegram, are among the few successful editorial writers. They, like many columnists, started by persuading a reluctant editor to print their copy. Gradually a following of readers was acquired. Elsie McCormick, Marguerite Mooers Marshall, Hortense Saunders, all columnists, started in a small way and are now invaluable contributors to the New York Tribune and World and N. E. A. Service. But perhaps the most outstanding success is Dorothy Dix, whose columns give advice on matters of love and matrimony.

The possibility of achieving the adventurous rôle of foreign correspondent and writer of "big news" is usually sealed to women. Ishbel Ross, of the New York Herald Tribune, and Dorothy Thompson—wife of Sinclair Lewis—have made marks as positive as any man's in this type of journalism, but they are the lone wolves of their profession.

To be a syndicate writer is frequently the top mark of feminine journalistic ambition and success. Syndicate features usually start from simple beginnings; either as local features which become popular, or as an idea submitted to a syndicate editor—preferably in person. This should be well worked out and neatly and completely prepared in order to make a good impression. Payments are usually made on a royalty basis.

There is another phase of journalism which must not be overlooked—journalism as a preparation for some other trade or profession.

To turn from journalism to advertising, publicity, or a dozen and one other jobs more congenial and more quickly remunerative, is not unusual. It is to be remembered that journalism yields notoriously bad pay except to those few who scale its heights.

But wherever the job may be that follows journalism, the experience gained is never lost. On a newspaper one acquires a sense of the human in people, a responsive nearness to their aims and reactions, a facile ability to express oneself. As a career, journalism is always interesting and sometimes lucrative; as a means of training for other fields of endeavor, it can scarcely be bettered.

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The discovery of the principle of Four Creams for the Four Ages of Beauty has made it extremely easy for any woman to protect the natural beauty of a normal skin and you will be charmed with the results of these simple, home treatments.

Teens IN this first age of beauty gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

Twenty HERE with widened activities and use of make-up you need the added protection of my Finishing Cream.

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Please send me your booklet, "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier"

Name_____

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GM30-2

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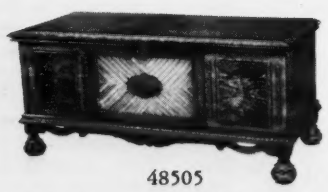

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Syndicate Writing

FEW women have succeeded as writers of editorials. This requires a broadened mind and a modern outlook, with a solid ground of common sense. Phoebe Crosby, of the Fort Worth Star-Telegram; Jane Dixon, of the New York Evening Telegram, are among the few successful editorial writers. They, like many columnists, started by persuading a reluctant editor to print their copy. Gradually a following of readers was acquired. Elsie McCormick, Marguerite Mooers Marshall, Hortense Saunders, all columnists, started in a small way and are now invaluable contributors to the New York Tribune and World and N. E. A. Service. But perhaps the most outstanding success is Dorothy Dix, whose columns give advice on matters of love and matrimony.

The possibility of achieving the adventurous rôle of foreign correspondent and writer of "big news" is usually sealed to women. Ishbel Ross, of the New York Herald Tribune, and Dorothy Thompson—wife of Sinclair Lewis—have made marks as positive as any man's in this type of journalism, but they are the lone wolves of their profession.

To be a syndicate writer is frequently the top mark of feminine journalistic ambition and success. Syndicate features usually start from simple beginnings; either as local features which become popular, or as an idea submitted to a syndicate editor—preferably in person. This should be well worked out and neatly and completely prepared in order to make a good impression. Payments are usually made on a royalty basis.

There is another phase of journalism which must not be overlooked—journalism as a preparation for some other trade or profession.

To turn from journalism to advertising, publicity, or a dozen and one other jobs more congenial and more quickly remunerative, is not unusual. It is to be remembered that journalism yields notoriously bad pay except to those few who scale its heights.

But wherever the job may be that follows journalism, the experience gained is never lost. On a newspaper one acquires a sense of the human in people, a responsive nearness to their aims and reactions, a facile ability to express oneself. As a career, journalism is always interesting and sometimes lucrative; as a means of training for other fields of endeavor, it can scarcely be bettered.

Lucy A. Goldsmith

Appointed by Royal Order

Trade Adviser to the Premier of Spain

tells young American women how and why Foreign Trade offers one of the most interesting and remunerative careers.

In the JUNE JOURNAL

Ages of BEAUTY

TODAY, whether you are in your 'Teens or your Forties, retaining a youthful complexion is largely a matter of proper knowledge and care.

The discovery of the principle of Four Creams for the Four Ages of Beauty has made it extremely easy for any woman to protect the natural beauty of a normal skin and you will be charmed with the results of these simple, home treatments.

Teens IN this first age of beauty gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

Twenty HERE with widened activities and use of make-up you need the added protection of my Finishing Cream.

Thirty USE my Cleansing and Finishing Creams and ***add*** my Tissue Cream.

Forty IN the 4th age of beauty use the first three creams and add my Astringent Cream to help hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

BARBARA GOULD CREAMS
$1.00 each

If you will fill out the coupon I will gladly mail you a copy of my new Beauty Book.

Barbara Gould

BARBARA GOULD, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York
Please send me your booklet, "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier"

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GM30-2

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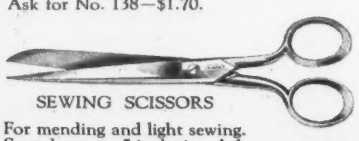
WISS SCISSORS
Are Cheapest . . .

Wiss Scissors may cost a few cents more. . . . But they are really *cheapest* in the end, because they hold their sharp edges and cut clear to the points . . . year after year . . . without losing the marvelous adjustment of their wonderful steel blades.

These different patterns should be in every home —*Write for booklet "A"*.

HOUSEHOLD SHEARS

For dressmaking or heavy sewing. A second pair should be in every kitchen. 8 inch size. Ask for No. 138—$1.70.



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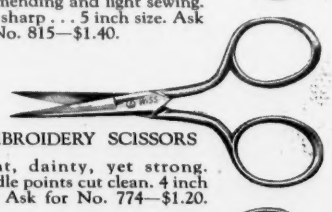
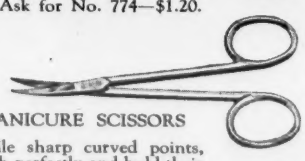
For mending and light sewing. Stay sharp . . . 5 inch size. Ask for No. 815—$1.40.



EMBROIDERY SCISSORS

Light, dainty, yet strong. Needle points cut clean. 4 inch size. Ask for No. 774—$1.20.



MANICURE SCISSORS

Needle sharp curved points, match perfectly and hold their edge. 3¾ inch size. Ask for No. 573¾—$1.50.

NAIL SCISSORS

Strong, curved blades. Cut heavy toenails easily. 3½ inch size. Ask for No. 623½—$1.35.

BARBER SHEARS

Finest cutlery steel. 7½ inch. Ask for No. 447½—$2.10.

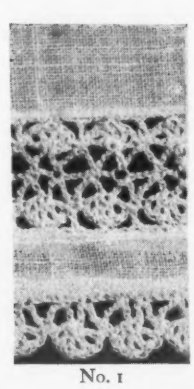
WISS SCISSORS
Wonderful Cutters

J. WISS & SONS CO. - - NEWARK, N. J.

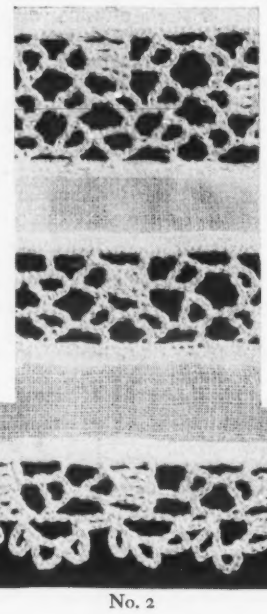
Crochet Touches Add to Diminutive Dresses

Designed by **MERLE MUNN**

5746



No. 1



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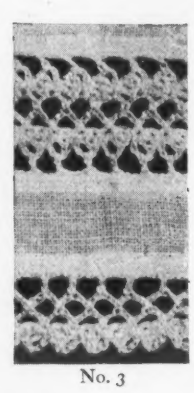


No. 3

5347

USE mercerized crochet cotton, size 70 or 80, and a No. 13 steel crochet hook, for fine linens or lawn. For coarser material use size 50 or 60 cotton and a No. 12 hook.

No. 1—*The Edge:* 1st row: Ch. 8, 1 d. c. in first ch., * ch. 11, 1 d. c. in 4th ch., repeat from * for desired length. 2d row: In center ch. of loop make 5 d. c. with 1 ch. between each d. c., 1 tr. in bottom of d. c. of first row taking off 2 loops only, 1 tr. in top of next d. c. of last row, take off all sts. Repeat from beginning across. *The Insertion:* Make a strip the desired length according to the edge directions and work the 2d row. Then on the opposite side of the 1st row fasten thread with a slip-st. in top of d. c., ch. 5, slip-st. in bottom of d. c., ch. 5 and repeat across. Work a group of d. c.'s over loop opposite the group on other side of work, 1 slip-st. in center ch. of next loop, and repeat across. Fasten off. Slip-st. in center d. c. of group, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in st. between groups, ch. 3; repeat across edge and on opposite edge.

No. 2—Ch. 16. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th ch. from hook, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around the tr. just made—that is, work over the vertical line of the tr.—skip 3 sts. on chain, 1 tr. in next st.; repeat from * once. 2d row: Ch. 7, 1 tr. in loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around last tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * once. 3d row: Ch. 7, 4 tr. in first loop, 1 tr. in next loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around a tr., tr. in 7 ch. loop. 4th row: Repeat 2d row making 2d tr. in 2d tr. of 4 tr. group. 5th row: Same as 2d row. 6th row: Same as 3d row. Repeat these 6 rows as desired.

Wide Insertion: Ch. 20. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th st. from hook, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr. just made, skip 3 sts. on ch., 1 tr. in next st.; repeat from * twice. 2d row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in first loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * twice. 3d row: Turn, ch. 7, 4 tr. in loop, 1 tr. in next loop, * ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in next loop; repeat from * once. 4th row: Turn, ch. 7, repeat 2d row making 3d tr. in 2d tr. of 4 tr. group. 5th row: Same as 2d row. 6th row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in 1st loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 4 tr. in next loop, 1 tr. in next loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in 7 ch. loop. Repeat 4th and 5th rows. 9th row: Work as before making a group of 4 trs. in last loop, 1 tr. in 7 ch. Repeat these 9 rows for desired length.

Edge: Ch. 11. 1st row: 1 tr. in 8th st. from hook, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in last ch. 2d row: Turn, ch. 7, 1 tr. in loop, ch. 4, 1 tr. around tr., 1 tr. in 7 ch. 3d row: Turn, ch. 7, 4 tr. in loop, 1 tr. in 7 ch. loop. Repeat these 3 rows for desired length. Then fasten thread in loop along 1 edge of lace, ch. 3, 1 s. c. in next loop, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in top of s. c., * ch. 5, 1 d. c. in top of last d. c., repeat from * once, 1 s. c. in next loop and repeat from beginning across row.

No. 3—*The Edge:* 1st row: Ch. 5, 3 d. c. in first ch., ch. 5, * 3 d. c. in top of last d. c., ch. 5, repeat from * for desired length. 2d row: Turn, ch. 5, slip-st. in st. with 3 d. c. group, ch. 5, slip-st. in top of next d. c.; repeat across. 3d row: Turn, ch. 5, slip-st. in center of loop of previous row, ch. 5, repeat across. 4th row: Turn, ch. 5, 1 d. c. in center ch. of loop, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in center of next loop and repeat across. *The Insertion:* Make a strip as for edge using first 3 rows. 4th row: Fasten thread in center ch. st. of loop, ch. 5, 3 d. c. in same st., 1 slip-st. in center ch. of next loop, ch. 5, 3 d. c. in same st. and repeat it across. 5th row: 1 d. c. in 5 ch. loop, ch. 3, 1 d. c. in next 5 ch. loop; repeat across both edges of insertion.

No. 4—1st row: 1 s. c. in 1st hole of hemstitching, 2 s. c. in next hole, repeat around making 2 s. c. in each hole on curve of scallop. 2d row: * 1 tr. in first s. c. holding last 2 loops on hook, * repeat between *'s twice, work off all loops, ch. 3, repeat from beginning. 3d row: Ch. 5, turn, * slip-st. in top of treble cluster, ch. 4, repeat from * across.

No. 5—1st row: 2 s. c. in each hole of hemstitching. 2d row: * 5 d. c., ch. 2, turn, tr. in first d. c., ch. 2, tr. in same st., ch. 2, tr. in same st., ch. 4, turn, 3 d. c. in each of the 3 spaces, skip 3 sts. on hemstitching and repeat from *.

No. 6—1st row: Ch. 10, 3 d. c. in 7th st. from hook, ch. 3, 3 d. c. in same st., 1 tr. in last ch. st. 2d row: Ch. 5, turn, 3 d. c. in ch. 3 of last row, ch. 3, 3 d. c. in same sp. 3d row: Ch. 6, turn, repeat 2d row ending 1 tr. in 5th loop. Repeat 2d and 3d rows for desired length. Attach thread at first 6 ch. loop, * work 7 s. c. over loop, 4 s. c. on pattern between loops; repeat from *.

No. 7—Join thread to hemstitching, 1 d. c. in first hole of hemstitching, * ch. 3, tr. in first ch. st. making the last 2 loops on hook extra long to form the center of the flower, ch. 3, 2 tr. in center; * ch. 3, s. c. in center, ch. 3, 2 tr. in center, ch. 3, s. c. in center, ch. 3, 2 tr. in center, ch. 3, s. c. in center, ch. 3, 1 tr. in center and slip-st. to top of half petal which was the first tr. made. Then work 5 d. c. in the next 3 holes of hemstitching; ch. 3, take hook out of work, insert in center of nearest petal and join the ch.; ch. 7, join to last d. c., work 5 d. c. in hemstitching as before. Then repeat from * to *, take out hook, join center of this petal just made to the 4th st. of 7 ch. loop; continue as before.

Crochet Stitches and Abbreviations

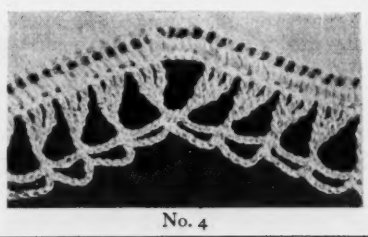
Chain Stitch (ch.) is the foundation of all crochet work. Make a loop on crochet hook, thread over hook and draw through loop, repeat until desired length is made.

Slip-Stitch (slip-st.). Insert hook into ch. st. or st. of previous row of crocheting, thread over and draw through stitch and loop on hook.

Single Crochet (s. c.). Insert hook in ch. or st. of previous row, draw through st., thread over hook and draw through two loops on hook.

Double Crochet (d. c.). Thread over hook, insert hook as in s. c., thread over hook, draw through st., thread over hook, draw through first 2 loops, thread over hook and draw through last 2 loops.

Treble Crochet (tr.). Made same as d. c. wrapping thread over hook twice instead of once and working off 2 loops at a time as follows: Thread over, draw through first 2 loops, thread over, draw through next 2 loops, thread over and draw through last 2 loops.



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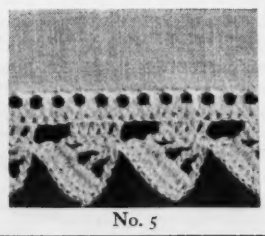

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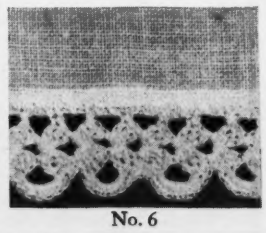

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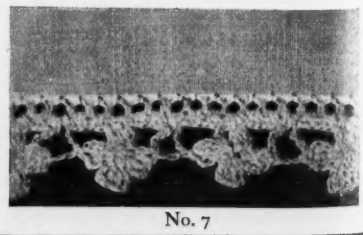


No. 7

Patterns may be secured from Journal Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents.

"Everything goes wrong! I could cry ..."

"My dress! Ruined! And I loved it . . ."

"So dingy. Surely there's something to make them white . . ."

"What shall I do? I'll never get those stains out!"

But wait! What's this?

CLOROX SAVES THE DAY!

"Clorox took out the ink—every trace!"

"I didn't think they could be so white!"

"Why—my drainboard looks like new!"

WHEN these minor tragedies occur in your household, Clorox will help you, too.

It's a new form of magic!

A little Clorox in your soaking suds or first rinse and your white cottons and linens are *white*—snowy white—and disinfected without boiling.

Spots on white cottons and linens? Ink stains—coffee, fruit, grass, mildew, scorched spots, medicine stains—any of the ordinarily ruinous stains: just soak the spot for a few minutes in a Clorox solution. It's gone! Every trace. No injury to the fabric.

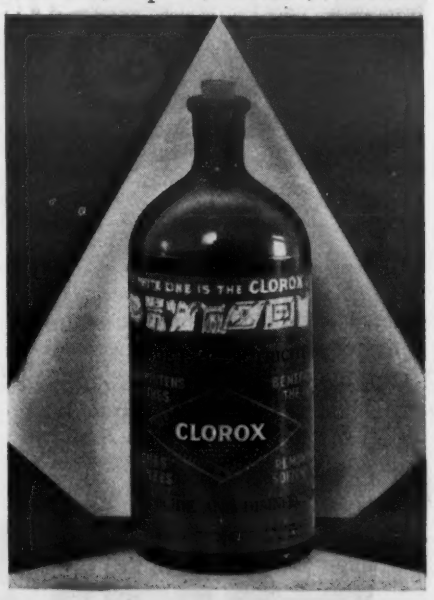
Clorox restores clean newness to discolored drainboards, shelves, or other unfinished woodwork—and *kills germs* as it works! Use it in cleaning sinks, bathtubs, windows, glassware and china—it whisks away the film and stains—it makes them shine!

In the danger spots—refrigerators, garbage containers, bathrooms—Clorox destroys odors, kills germs. *(Its power to purify is so great that a few drops will make contaminated water safe to drink.)*

And your hands! As you use a Clorox solution in your housework, you are protecting your hands from infection. And, in a jiffy, it will remove stains of berries, vegetables, ink, medicine, nicotine, and dyes from the hands!

Always remember Clorox has *positive germ-killing power.* A non-poisonous product which cleans, bleaches, deodorizes and *disinfects* in one easy operation. Its clean, wholesome odor indicates its germicidal qualities.

Clorox is at your grocer's—a generous bottle at a small price. In fact, Clorox costs so little, you'll not hesitate to use it freely. Order today! If your grocer does not have Clorox, send us his name and address—we will see that he is supplied. Clorox Chemical Co., Dept. A, Oakland, California.



CLOROX

BLEACHES • REMOVES STAINS • DESTROYS ODORS • KILLS GERMS

Yes, ma'am, these young children have to be fed just right . .

Says the Uneeda Boy

Why not let the "Uneeda Bakers" make *all* your cookies and crackers and biscuit . . .

They use the *very* best of everything—and they are so particular about their baking. So fussy about it, I mean . . . I know all about how they work, because I'm the Uneeda Boy.

If I were you I'd be sure to look for the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal on every biscuit package.

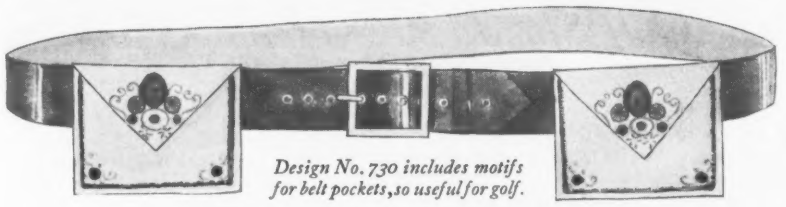
You'd be surprised to see how many different kinds of things they make *specially* for children, too . . .

Just think how many million children are eating Uneeda Graham Crackers this minute!

The familiar light-brown squares of childhood memory—Uneeda Graham Crackers! Crunchy-crisp when eaten dry—delicious in a bowl of milk. Just sweet enough to be exactly right for every age and every taste. Be sure they're the real Uneeda Graham Crackers—you can tell them by the N. B. C. Uneeda Seal. Also sold by the pound.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers"



Design No. 730 includes motifs for belt pockets, so useful for golf.

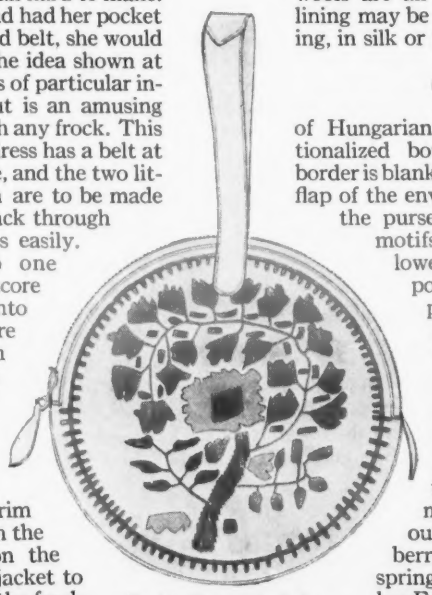
Embroidered Linen Purses Complete the Summer Ensemble

By ALICE LEE MYERS

EVER since we were children we have known that it was impossible to make a lady's purse from a sow's ear. But only recently has Fashion decreed that we could make the most fetching summer pocketbooks from such simple fabrics as cotton and linen crash. With this summer's smartness of linen and cotton frocks for sports wear, purses to match or contrast with one's costume are smart necessities, and they are not at all hard to make.

If Lucy Locket had had her pocket attached to a gay red belt, she would not have lost it. The idea shown at the top of the page is of particular interest to golfers, but is an amusing sports accessory with any frock. This year almost every dress has a belt at the normal waistline, and the two little pockets of linen are to be made with tabs in the back through which the belt slips easily. Change fits into one pocket, a hanky, score card or compact into the other, and both are embroidered with three motifs—which are very quickly done—and a border.

The same embroidery motifs might be used to trim the dress with which the belt is worn, or on the pockets of a little jacket to be worn over it. If the frock is white, make the pockets of white crash, and wear them on a colored belt, using the color of the belt for the embroidery. Or some such combination as a light blue frock, dark blue belt, pockets in crash matching the frock and embroidery in shades of rose would be smart.



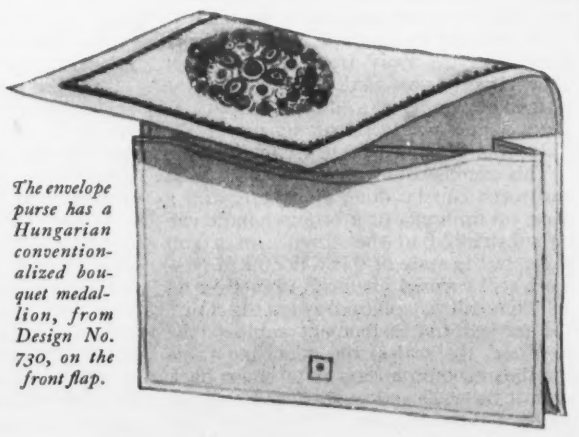
Design No. 730 includes a round Bulgarian motif, to be repeated on both sides of a hookless-fastener-closed purse with strap handles.

FOR summer shopping a purse of the type shown in the center of the page is as convenient as it is effectively chic. It is round, closed with a hookless fastener, and is to be hung over the arm by its long strap handle. Linen crash is an excellent material for a purse of this type, too, in white, buff or pastel colors, according to the frock with which it is to be worn. The fascinating embroidery is of Bulgarian inspiration and is to be repeated on both sides of the purse. The colors, of course, would depend on the color of the costume, but they should be very gay, repeating the chief costume color in various shades, with little touches of contrast, or frankly and brilliantly contrasting. The embroidery is smart done in wool as well as in silk, and this motif would be stunning on a large knitting bag, or even on a pillow.

The envelope purse is the favorite type of many smart women, and this year, with the tendency of hand bags to be large, convenient and frameless, it is particularly easy to make summer purses for every summer frock. Shantung, linen crash, or light wools are all possibilities, and the lining may be matching or contrasting, in silk or lightweight cotton.

THE oval medallion, of Hungarian origin, is a conventionalized bouquet, and a heavy border is blanket-stitched around the flap of the envelope and the back of the purse. The same two tiny motifs which appear in the lower corners of the little pockets at the top of the page are smart if they are used in the lower corners of the back of this bigger purse. The colors again depend upon the frock with which the purse is to be carried, although this medallion has been most effectively worked out in brick red, raspberry and blue, with real spring-green foliage and yellow French-knot centers. For a smart summer ensemble the same oval medallion could be repeated to good effect on the ends of a matching scarf.

The borders of all the embroidery designs included in Design No. 730 are to be worked in blanket stitch, the motifs of the medallions outlined with outline stitch, and filled in with satin stitch if desired. Centers of flowers, in the designs shown on the envelope purse and belt pockets, are to be filled in with French knots.



The envelope purse has a Hungarian conventionalized bouquet medallion, from Design No. 730, on the front flap.

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Lingerie, 25 cents; Girls', 30 cents; Blouses and Skirts, 30 cents; Ladies' and Misses', 35 cents; Ensembles, 40 cents; Transfers, 25 cents.

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which is unique in its kind, contains a series of works dealing with every subject connected with Art Needlework.

THE COOLEST, SMARTEST SANDALS OF THE SEASON

You'll see Deauville Sandals everywhere—at the resorts and on the boulevards. So very smart and colorful, so wonderfully light and comfortable. Hand-woven in widths AAA to C—they fit as if made to order.

But remember, only the genuine and original woven sandals are signed on the sole—Deauville Sandals. Look for this trademark at the better shops. For your nearest dealer write GOLO SLIPPER COMPANY, 129 Duane Street, New York.

DEAUVILLE SANDALS

Zesty! *like the buttered juice of rich broiled* Porterhouse Steak

Savita, 3¼ *oz. jar,* 50c.
Protose, *pound can,* 60c. *Sold by all Health Food Centers and by leading grocery and department stores.*

PALATE-TICKLING and "tummy" pleasing, the flavor of Savita surely *hits the spot!*

Savita is a concentrated extract made from yeast and used like meat extract. It is *purely vegetable* . . . that's why it is *so good* for you. Savita is remarkably rich in Vitamin B. It is a nerve-building food, supplying important elements lacking in the ordinary diet.

Savita aids digestion and assimilation by stimulating the stomach to pour out its juices. It is a real boon to the busy housewife. Prepared in a jiffy, it may be used as a "meat" stock in soups and gravies; mixed with butter for "meaty" sandwich spreads; added to fresh vegetables for its alluring meat-like flavor . . . Savita fills a place at every meal. It is excellent for children because of the high content of growth-producing Vitamin B.

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Golf Should be a Happy Game

(Continued from Page 21)

side-to-side motion of the hips as a means of shifting her weight from one foot to the other during the swing.

"Your weight should glide from one foot to the other in harmony with the club, just as you transfer it from one foot to the other in walking. The next and most important point of all is to balance and time the entire action by keeping your chin pointed well to the right."

"I thought the main idea was to hold the head still and keep the eyes on the ball," she said.

"It's a physical impossibility to keep your head absolutely still when your whole body is moving. The right idea is to keep your head as independent as possible of the entire action; when you succeed in doing this you will obtain the necessary looseness and relaxation throughout your whole body. As to seeing the ball, when you have the right balance and feel to the swing, you don't have to see the ball—you can hit it with your eyes closed."

Surely practicing half an hour every day for three weeks should have made these fundamentals a habit, but Mrs. Hardin practiced in the mornings and then went out to the course in the afternoons to undo the good of each lesson.

In an effort to keep her practicing at home until she had her swing working smoothly, I hung a piece of canvas over the clothesline and had her drive balls at a target, showing her how to apply the same fundamentals to the different clubs. We would begin by swinging the club until she was able to make a smooth swing and keep her chin pointed to the right at all times, then, starting with the brassie, she would hit the balls into the canvas.

Learning at Home

I REMINDED her from time to time about the proper pointing of her chin, and after she was able to hit the ball right with one club we would pass on to the next.

In the end by concentration and constant practice away from the links her efforts were rewarded by winning the women's championship at her club for three years. She was also runner-up in the California Women's State Championship.

This exercise of swinging the club back and forth can be done anywhere, and a cane, an umbrella or a broom handle can be substituted in the absence of a golf club; but in spite of this a doctor in New York still excused his lack of practice.

"I haven't any place to swing the club."

I pushed the instrument cabinet, the sterilizer, the scales, the operating table and the uncompromising metal chairs back against the walls and we started. From one corner I directed him. "Back slow, and then swing right out—that's fine! Swing easy and be sure to keep your chin back."

The doctor would have a patient under treatment in one room and I would be treating the doctor's golf in the other.

Dr. Curtis Brigham, of Los Angeles, invited me to give a demonstration before a clinic of osteopaths, and I accepted. Osteopaths, you know, stress the natural position of the spinal column as being vital to good health. The way most of them bend their backs in trying to hit a golf ball only proves that golf makes them forget they are osteopaths.

The Correct Swing

A HUMAN skeleton was on a pedestal alongside of a doctor who was bent over in one of the most uncomfortable positions he could possibly have taken. I asked him to point out to me the natural position of the back, using the skeleton for his demonstration, then I showed him that his golf posture was a direct contradiction of this position. The way in which he stood over the ball was absolutely unnatural; it hurt his back to stand long in that bent position, but when asked to give a reason for it he said, "That's the way I was taught to take my stance and I've always thought it was right."

"Every position and action that is correct in golf is perfectly natural for all parts of the body," I explained. "Stand erect and swing the club—now you can feel the difference in your back! You should at all times retain this feeling of comfort in your back; it is one of the essentials of the correct swing."

As we were getting ready to take the pictures used in the accompanying illustrations Miss Florence Rice asked me, "Mr. Morrison, do you want me to stand just as I do?"

After looking at her uncomfortable and tense position over the ball, I politely informed her, "These pictures are supposed or intended to show the results of smooth, easy action, and before seeing your swing I know it must be full of jerking and uneven motions, owing to the tension in your muscles in your starting position." Then I placed her in the correct starting position.

She protested. "It seems so unnatural for me to stand like this."

"On the contrary," I assured her, "it is perfectly natural. You don't realize that you have become accustomed to standing over the ball in an unnatural position, and simply because you're familiar with that position you think it natural."

To both Miss Rice and the photographer I outlined my reason for these positions. Straight stiff lines and sharp angles denote jerky, uneven motion, and graceful lines and curves denote smooth, easy action. To show the action of the correct swing each position must have a minimum of stiff lines and sharp angles; if possible, all parts throughout the body should form graceful curves. And that's worth remembering even if you don't play golf.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Morrison. The second will appear in the June Journal.

The Man-You-Kiss Girl

***By* Dorothy Speare**

The winsome little girl with the heart-shaped face and the heart-shaped dress stepped from a mere set-decoration in a color talkie into stardom, just because the designer loved her.

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The June LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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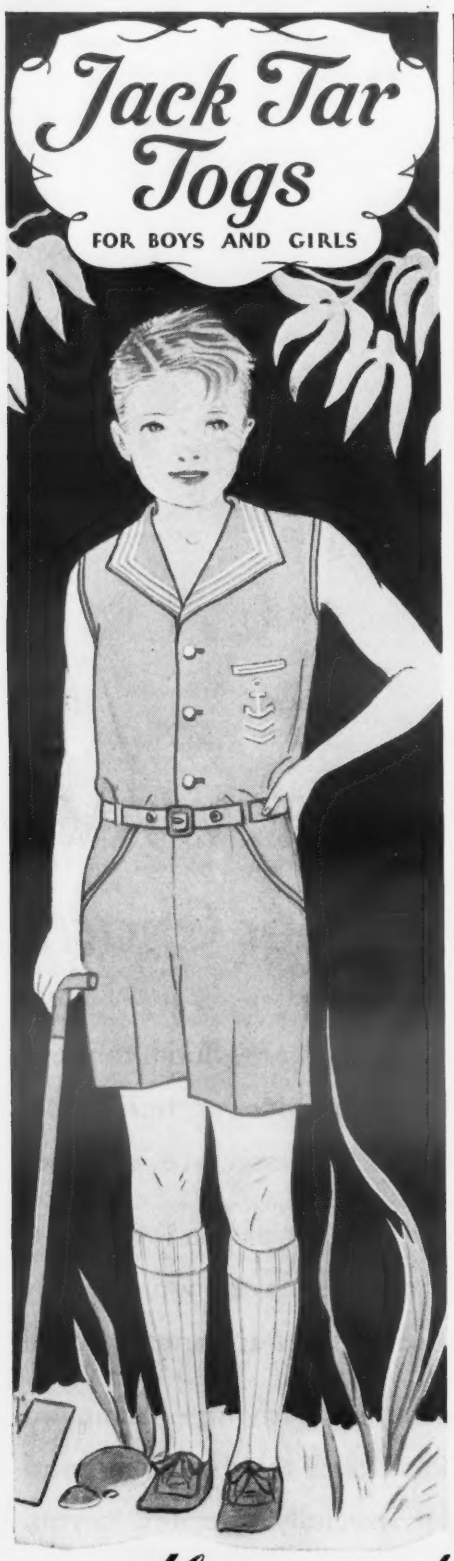

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Cut Fences

By DAVID CHURCHILL

Illustrated by Charles R. Chickering

HE STOOD SIMMERING, PERFECTLY AWARE THAT THIS GIRL SECRETLY LAUGHED AT HIM AS A BOY MIGHT HAVE DONE

THE sun lay warm over the shoulder of the ridge that morning in late October. Halfway to the crest, where the dry bed of the creek mounted steeply, Girard halted beneath a canopy of red oaks and spruce. Bag o' Bones, he thought, with his unshod feet, would never make the grade among those jagged and grooved rocks. He dismounted, turned the old horse about and gave him a smart whack with his stick. The horse stood awkwardly, his forefeet lower than his hind feet, and turned his head to look at the man through thin, broken eyelashes. Then he eased himself down and disappeared in the brush at what seemed a dangerous pace for such a skinful of ribs and joints. Purpose was the only explanation; the nag was headed somewhere.

Girard dismissed him from his mind; there was a stiff climb ahead to the farther fence and the ruined house where the squatter had holed in. To make it in time, to oust the man and get back to Grif's cabin in season to catch the night train for Philadelphia meant starting at once up the rock-ribbed bed of the creek. And yet he did not start; he stood there on one of those jutting ribs of the earth and looked out over the valley still lying in shadow far below. There the river ran, beneath that spider web that was the bridge over which he had come from the city the night before. Here on this rock by the pool below the falls he had stood with his grandfather. There was still a little water in the pool, though the creek was dry.

Grandfather had loved this mountain of his more than anything he possessed. He had intended always to retire here, to build himself a lodge and live out his years inside the fence with his deer coming down to browse familiarly beneath the trees of his lawn, to make a pleasing show and easy sport for his guests just as he had seen it done in lordly English deer parks.

But grandfather never had been able to get free enough from his possessions to retire from the city for more than a few weeks at a time, much as he hated business. And so it had been easier to stop with his steward on such occasions, as Hal Girard was stopping with him now. For Grif Counterman, native and squatter, had been included, with his cabin, inside the six-foot fence built by grandfather around the many thousand acres of rock and scrub which constituted the Girard deer preserve. Grif had been induced to help build the fence and then to become steward. He had been there ever since, an old man, set in his ways. Now he had refused, or as good as refused, to meddle with the squatter.

THE old hill-billy knew Hal Girard couldn't fire him; Grandfather Girard had hired him for life. By the terms of the will the old boy was to remain steward of the preserve till death or disability. How had grandfather put it? "Set a thief to catch a thief"? Not quite. "A hill-hawk knows the hill-hawk. He'll keep 'em pacified." And Gramp had knuckled under every time. Whatever Grif advised had been law. One year when he said the deer were crowding inside the fence he had been allowed to let out a bunch—ever so many hundred. The hill folk got them, of course.

Hal Girard realized that he had let Grif alone too long; he should have used his authority at once, as soon as the place came to him; have made the old steward realize that the mountain was his now—not only the preserve but the whole great tract dickered from the Indians by Grandfather Girard's father. That included the heights above the upper fence of the preserve, a sort of promontory on which the ruined house stood, the house where the squatter had intrenched himself. Grif had been uncommonly set about that squatter, silent when written to about it, stubbornly justifying himself for inaction when Hal jumped the train and came up to enforce his orders. He had as good as told him that he could go and put him off himself; that he, Grif Counterman, neither could nor would do so.

Hal Girard turned from the hazy depths and began to climb among the rocks of the creek bed. It should not be more than a few hundred yards more to the upper fence of the preserve, he thought, though his memory might be at fault; it was ten years at least since he had been up the mountain. Not since he came from camp. And it was eight years since he had lost Gramp—much too long to have left Grif Counterman in sole charge. How was it he'd answered?

"I really couldn't put that squatter off, Hal."

And Hal had returned, hiding his vexation:

"With every copperhead and blasted hill-hawk within twenty miles ready to help you for the price of a bag of chewing tobacco, you had to wait till I came!" Hal prided himself on his tact, but it was too much. Hill-hawk he was and in cahoots with the lot, and Hal told him so!

Grif answered in his mild drawl: "I didn't ask you to come, Hal. I just wrote you how 'twas because it was my place to do so. We was getting along all right without you."

"All right without me? Squatters in the old house and the fences cut?"

"The fence was cut in just one place," Grif answered patiently, "and that was patched up before I had you wrote. The ends were made fast to a pole, and the pole looped to a tree, a kind of permanent gate. There ain't no need for you to get so het up about it. There ain't a thing against that squatter but squatting. And you know well as I do, not one in ten of us hill folk has title to our property."

"Look here, Grif, it's your business to put trespassers off my land. Talk can't change that! What's it to me whether the rest of you have titles? Mine's clear, clear as spring water! My grandfather's father bought that mountain from the Indians!"

"INJUNS!" Grif began, and changed his mind. "I won't quarrel with you, Hal," he said gently. "I promised your grandpap not to."

"Gosh!" Hal exploded. "Quarrel? I'm here to quarrel with you! I'm here for that express purpose, you old slacker! Spit it out!"

"Hal, you don't know these hill folks. There ain't one would stir a finger to put off that squatter. Not but what they want tobacco. And most of 'em lack the price. But I'm telling you this is no common copperhead. Has 'em solid, has 'em all runnin'. What's more, there ain't been a single piece of pesky meanness or burnin' done up on the mountain this whole summer, and I've cause to believe it's that same squatter keeps them reasonable that way. Don't you figure it's better to have a decent person in that old house than the wild kind of parties hunters used to throw up there?"

"Grif, just what are you getting out of this?" Hal asked him. "You, yourself, I mean. Couldn't be applejack or venison. I know you fellows make your own jack, yes, and down a deer when and where you like. It looks very much as though you were in with this squatter and drawing your pay from me as you did from my grandfather."

Grif turned, if possible, a shade more mahogany, but he went on: "They've

(Continued on Page 238)

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(Continued from Page 236)

always had it in for me for taking your pay. It's made it hard for me, yet there's never been a bad fire on your grandfather's tract. Your grandpap knowed them; he made allowance. Hill folk have always shot deer for food, and he knew that. It wasn't them he built his fences against, it was the butchers, the foreigners and such from other counties that came to hunt for venison to sell to the rich men's clubs in the city. Now, since there's laws against game hogs, and Jim Tully is warden these fifteen years, we're glutted with deer. Fencing 'em has gotten to be blame ridiculous. If I had my say the gates would stay open all the time!"

Suddenly Hal saw where all this was leading.

"Confound your palavering tongue, Grif Counterman! Are you sticking up for the squatter who cuts my fences, makes permanent gates where he likes? All right, old man. Tomorrow morning you go up to that old house and you load half a dozen sticks of dynamite under it. You're to blow up the old stone house that stands above the upper fence next the creek bed. I want to be sure you've got it just right. It's my land and my house and my squatter, and you are my steward. Right?"

"HAL," said Grif, "that old house is older than me, older than your grandpap if he was livin'. Some voyageur down this way from Canady built it, the saying is, him and his young wife. It's the best-built house on the ridge, that ell that's standing. I wouldn't want to be the one to destroy it."

His old blue eyes held the angry young ones.

"This thing's gone on long enough!" Hal blustered. "Get a saddle on the horse. We'll see who owns this mountain!"

Even before he reached the upper fence Hal Girard could see the old house with its ell backed into the hill, its main foundation, like a ruin, standing boldly forward. Even at a distance and through leafless birches it seemed inhabited. As he stood looking at it he began to hear sounds he had not noticed while he climbed the hill: a grouse drumming in the deep woods, snuffling noises of feeding animals and swift movements in the bushes behind the evergreens. Suddenly, across the creek bed and within a few feet of him, a two-pronged buck with a pair of does in train sprang fleet as wind. They turned, drove through the bushes and back to the creek bed and on up out of sight.

There was a thrill in it like no other. A wild free grace, enchantment. They caught the imagination, the heartstrings.

He walked slowly toward the fence, parting the bushes cautiously, peering through evergreens to catch one more sight of them if he might; listening till he heard that peculiar delicate sniffling sound of deer feeding, a dozen—twenty of them—licking at the stones. Sedge and fawn, colors of autumn fields; smooth-headed does, with soft eyes and twitching ears; antlered bucks and young "spike bucks."

SALT! It was salt they were licking so eagerly, and salt was the bait used by game hogs, pothunters, to lure the game they were too lazy to stalk like a true hunter. This, then, was the work of the squatter. It explained the cut fence, the making of a gate.

Between the turn given him by the bounding deer and this outrage, Hal Girard, as Grif would say, was fit to tie. He strode in among the deer, shoving and shouting, driving them with his stick, determined to disperse them. They paid no attention to him. They were as much at home as cows in a barnyard. When they had quite finished the salt they browsed off among the bushes, and Girard climbed the fence where it was fastened to a tree and mounted the stone steps to the house. He was convinced that his presence among the deer had saved them from butchery that time, at least. And whatever momentary qualm he had had over evicting the squatter had passed.

No one was about. He struck the heavy oak door a resounding blow with his stick. From a casement window, open beside the door, a girl's voice came, pleasantly careless:

"I'll be right out. Sit down a moment, please; there's a chair behind you."

He stood uncompromising, but the wait was long. He found himself beating the flagstones with his stick, and stopped it.

AND then behind his head there sounded a mimic battle as of airplanes, finger-long, striking, retreating; now roaring with open exhaust, now muffled. Past his ear they flew, almost grazing it; iridescent blue and green and ruby, in a perfect fury of pursuit.

Humming birds! He whirled to follow their flight. Straight as arrows they made for a tall larkspur growing within the old foundation wall and hung poised before it. In a truce they darted at the blossoms, plunging their beaks in and out, too greedy with their rivalry to get what they were after. He moved cautiously toward the old wall where it had breached and fallen in, but he was not cautious enough; they heard him and shot away into the golden shadows of the woods.

When his eyes came back from following the birds he found himself in the midst of a sea of color—a garden of flowers warm with autumn gold and bronze, with wine and purple and the blue of winter skies; tossing heads and low rich carpets. Evergreens that crept from the crannies of the old wall and hung starred with gold. He was ambushed, defenseless against memories that crowded round him, seized him and held him fast.

Girard turned back toward the old ell. He knew he must have been standing there a long time, but nothing for years—nothing—had moved him like the sight of those ruby throats before the blue and opal of the larkspur. Before him in the breach of the wall stood a girl.

From her little head to her boots, laced high about trim legs, she was the color of the sedges, of autumn-browned fields. Afterward Girard remembered this, but at the first moment he noticed only her eyes, darker but of the same brown. She was watching him with a wary intentness that had something of compunction in it—as though the ghost of a conscience was prodding her because the garden and the birds had put him at a disadvantage. For there was no doubt of it, he was at a disadvantage—his anger had been put to rout. He had even forgotten for a while what had brought him up the hill. Now he remembered and pulled himself together, but she took the words out of his mouth.

"YOU'VE come up here to put the squatter off your place. All right, put me off—I'm the squatter."

Hal Girard cleared his throat angrily; it wouldn't be so hard if she was going to take a mean advantage because she was a girl.

"Would you mind telling me why you cut my fence?" he asked. "Was there anything to hinder your shooting all the deer you need inside the preserve, and getting some of your hill friends, or even my steward, to lift it over the top for you?"

She continued to look directly at him, her hands loosely clasped before her.

"That fence has been there for fully fifty years, and you are the first person to take a hack at it. Haven't you any conscience?"

Not a word from her, and yet a secret thought seemed to dance like an imp behind the quiet of her face.

"You've corrupted my man. He didn't even tell me about your being here till

(Continued on Page 241)

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IF YOU live in any one of the J. C. Penney cities, you should know of our far-famed rayon lingerie that looks so smart, wears so long . . . and costs just 98¢! This month in all our stores throughout the country, we are showing a number of *brand-new models* in these well-liked rayon underthings. New in fabric, line and tint, but still priced at 98¢!

These dainty garments are knitted with the same firm stitch that has always made them wear so well. And now their high rayon lustre has been toned down to a surface finish that is wonderfully soft and rich. This new fabric comes in a gay rainbow of pastel shades and, best of all, these chemises, shorts and dancettes are cut to fit smoothly under the moulded bodices and nipped-in waistlines of 1930 frocks!

In this low-lustre rayon we are showing three new combinations . . . brassiere-slip, brassiere-bloomer and a brassiere-vest. Each little garment gives you two pieces in one, yet the slip . . . the bloomer . . . cost only $1.49. The vest, 98¢!

After you have seen for yourself the smart lines and delicate shades of these inexpensive underthings, we would like to have you visit our other departments . . . and try on the new Spring hats, dresses, and shoes. All have a style that we believe is truly extraordinary in such a price range.

We could not continually secure for you values like these in 1,400 J. C. Penney Company stores unless we tirelessly searched the manufacturing field for high-grade merchandise . . . and bought on a scale that earned the very lowest price.

This accounts for the savings you can effect with every purchase you make in your local J. C. Penney store. In every detail the modern business methods of our 1,400 stores are planned to serve you well without extravagance.

Write to us for address of our nearest store and a FREE copy of our illustrated Spring Fashion News. Please address your local store . . . or the J. C. Penney Company, Incorporated, 330 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

J. C. PENNEY CO. *INC.* DEPT. STORES

The largest department store in the world • under more than 1400 Roofs!

Girls!

It's Time to Earn Your Own Money!

SPRINGTIME sets you thinking of outdoor days and the fun that goes with them. It's time to go "snapping" with a camera . . . to strum gay tunes on a banjo uke.

Wouldn't it be just "perfect" to win prizes like these for yourself, as well as a purseful of spending money?

These things can come true for you, just as they have for so many other school girls!

Ruth Martin says: "One day I earned $3.00 after school, and one week I earned $6.00 just between classes."

Jo Mary Burwell writes: "I earned $8.20 in one day. How important I felt when I could pay out my own money for my senior ring!"

Don't go on missing things for lack of a few dollars, when you can win them easily. The coupon below will bring all the details, without expense or obligations.

The Curtis Publishing Company
765 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'd like to win money and prizes.

Name.....*Age*.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(Continued from Page 238)

he thought someone else would. Six months ——"

"A year," she corrected him.

"He let me come up here thinking I had a man to deal with!"

"Grif would," she murmured; "he is really very intelligent."

"Intelligent? He's disloyal! He knows I can't dismiss him and he does exactly as he darn pleases. He refused to do anything about it and permits a ——"

"Squatter," she supplied.

"Yes, a squatter," he repeated, "to take up permanent residence on my land, to trespass on my preserve and to cut my fences—make a permanent gate ——"

"Permanent!" she scoffed.

Exasperation, a conviction of hopeless futility, silenced him. Confound women! Why couldn't they play fair? Why must they forever take advantage of the fact that a man couldn't, for his own sake, treat them as they deserved, as he would treat another man in their place? He stood simmering, perfectly aware that not women but this girl alone had held him off, scoffed at him, secretly laughed at him as a boy might have done. As Grif himself could have done. Scolding Grif, forcing him, was like fighting a feather pillow. He turned away from her and saw the old horse peering up at him between the meshes of the fence, through his thin eyelashes. Even Grif's horse had that about him which undermined a man's dignity, his pumped-up anger.

HAL looked up, but the girl had gone into the ell. He couldn't follow her, he realized, because she had not asked him.

Why had she gone with everything left unsettled between them? Or was he doing exactly as she meant him to do—waiting there vexed and uncertain? And suddenly it dawned on him that she had dismissed him and gone in because it really was settled. She knew that he would never put her off the place. The garden had settled that for her; she was intrenched, rooted, she and her flowers. Whatever she had done against his rights he could not treat her as he had meant to—could not put her off. He knew it now, but she had known it from the first. The matter was settled; he couldn't lift a finger against her, and the fact made him furious.

Grif Counterman, Hal realized, would never open the subject. The old man set out the dinner he had kept warm—panned grouse that melted in a man's mouth, with light biscuit and honey. Hal couldn't remember when he had eaten anything that fitted so exactly the right spot.

"That honey's wild," Grif told him. "Amos found it up along the preserve. That boy can follow a bee home to beat any."

It was Hal's impression that Amos was the child who had fallen and not recovered complete use of his mind. It was ten years since he had seen him; Grif's wife had been living then.

"Good chow, Grif," he said. "Wonderful grouse. Where is Amos now?"

"Yes," said Grif, "grouse is good this year. They had lots of berries. Ame's working this summer. He come in last night after you were abed and was out before you waked up. He fetches flowers down the mountain and sells 'em to the summer folks at the forks over by Buck's Fall. First job he ever had steady."

GIRARD studied his steward. Whose flowers would he be selling? Certainly there was nothing in the least resembling a flower in the Counterman clearing, but Grif said no more. When the dishes were put away the old man took down his rifle and began to clean it. Spry as a chipmunk, Hal thought; gets pleasure out of everything his eye sees or his hand touches; every move of a muscle.

"How old are you, Grif?" he asked.

"Hard to say. Somewhere in my seventies, I figure," he answered, breaking the gun open. He tore a strip of clean cotton and rammed it into the barrel.

"Ever been sick?" Hal asked.

"Once," Grif answered, eye to the bore of his gun. "Leg broke last winter, up on the mountain. Frost-bit before Ame found me. Made it slow mending. Don't spose I ever would have got about again if it hadn't been for a kind of oss-tee-oppin' I got from a neighbor. Come in reg'lar for three months, rain, snow or hell poppin'. That's when the fence was cut. Yes, sir, right neighborly, I call it. Doc says I'd have been bedridden for life without."

He locked his gun, rose with quick sure motions and hung it on the wall.

"It's one of those things you don't try to pay back. Besides that, it wasn't just me. If there's a child on the mountain or a man or a woman that ain't had some kind of comfort or succor durin' the year from that same neighbor, I don't know 'em. Take Ame now. I sent him to the districk schoolmarm, and he got so blame unhappy and afraid of himself he come bawling to me to let him quit."

GRIF turned toward Girard, his eyes blue as robin's eggs in his old face. "Ame's learning to read. He can write his name and he makes change with hardly a mistake, now he's selling flowers. He's got what your grandpap would call incentive."

Hal got up and stood in the doorway. His collar was uncomfortably tight. If Grif had told him all this in the first place it would have saved him from making such a bully of himself up on the mountain. Somehow he must find a way to square himself.

"Will you be taking the early train back to the city?" Grif asked. "Ame can drive you down in the buckboard when he goes in the morning."

"No," said Hal Girard. "No."

She was uncovering her chrysanthemums, throwing the old sacking back over the wall from which it hung. It was white with hoarfrost. Hal Girard stood behind her for some time before she turned and saw him there. His hands were full of gentians, of the color of crushed grapes, which he had found in a clearing. It was at once his peace offering and his weapon. She held out her hands for them and her eyes softened as he had hoped they would.

"Where did you find them?"

"I remembered a place down by the Minnisink," he said, "where they come late."

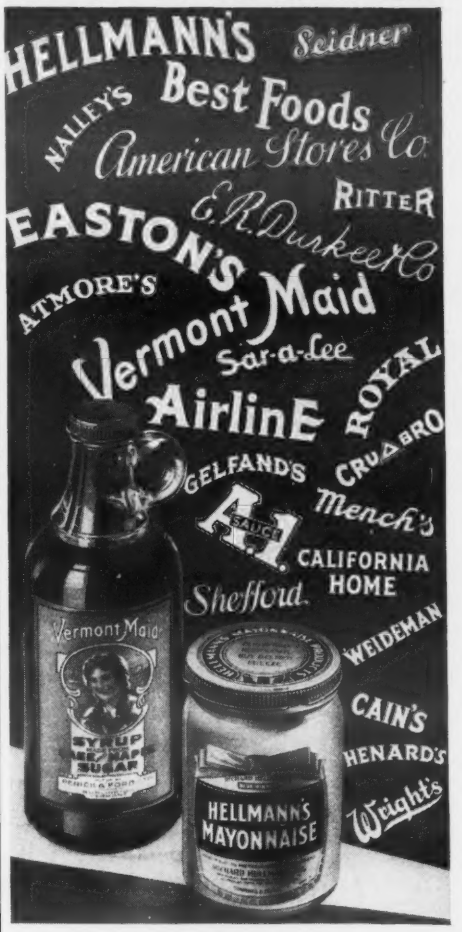
"YES, I know the place—the very clump. It was the only thing in blossom on your mountain when I came last fall, hunting so desperately ——" She looked up at him: "You are sure you are not trying to punish me with coals of fire for being so miffy yesterday?"

"Sure," he said. "It is just a tactful opening." And he wondered that eyes could be the brown of sedges and yet so much resemble a fringed blue flower; could show him at once compunction and a resolute courage. She was measuring her chance with this threat to her garden and the home she had made herself and knew it would not save her if he were determined. Yet nothing short of dynamite, he felt, would dislodge her. He could have laughed aloud with his delight in her, but he saw that she still thought him the bully she had tried to bluff yesterday, had been sure she had worsted, till he turned up with his Judas gift of flowers. Nor would he tell her otherwise just yet; she was taking his silence as proof of her worst fears, and the mounting anger fairly scintillated about her head.

"You mean you came back—with tact and flowers—to put the squatter off your mountain?" she asked deliberately.

(Continued on Page 243)

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS



It's Easy to Open Foods Sealed with the AMERSEAL CAP

All food products that are used often, a little at a time, must be easy to open and yet be absolutely protected. With this point in mind, hundreds of food packers—a few of whose names and brands are shown above—are sealing their products with the Amerseal Cap . . . The Amerseal has no threads to gum, freeze or cement to the container. And yet this trim cap fits so perfectly that contents cannot evaporate—cannot leak—cannot lose native flavor or food values. And because Amerseal Caps can be applied so economically, so speedily—three or four times as fast as other types of closures—they add nothing to package cost . . . You will find Amerseal Caps on leading brands of mayonnaise, salad dressing, sauces, horseradish, mustard, honey, syrups and relishes—on all food specialties whose flavor and piquancy must be kept secure . . . Look for the Amerseal Cap!

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SHE who walks with greatest chic walks in Selby Arch Preserver Shoes . . .

Shoes gracefully slender of contour to harmonize with the 1930 silhouette . . .

High of arch and glove-like of fit to enhance the beauty of feminine feet . . .

Varied in type and with Paris-created styles to fill the many needs of the fashionable wardrobe . . .

And in each shoe the exclusive comfort of the Selby Arch Preserver patented inbuilt features, insuring the perfect ease and foot freedom that enable you to walk with natural, tireless grace!

Your Selby dealer will enjoy showing you how this genuine original Arch Preserver construction supports your foot and releases it from all awkward strain. Obtainable only in *Selby* Arch Preserver Shoes . . . $10 up . . . a small price for the true economy of long wear and lasting shapeliness.

Madame Boulanger expresses the quickened pulse of Spring in the free flowing lines of this street costume created especially for The Selby Shoe Company, and worn with the Ormonde model of the Arch Preserver Shoe, in beige kidskin. Drawing by the famous French fashion artist, M. Fromenti.

FLAME . . . formal daytime slipper in suntan beige kidskin and matching watersnake calf, for wear with the longer skirts.

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TRIX . . . a smart development of the spectator sports shoe, in beige and brown kidskin, with perforations.

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ARCH PRESERVER SHOE "KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

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(Continued from Page 241)

It had gone far enough, he decided—too far.

"No," he answered her, "I came with no such purpose."

"Then why—why did you come?"

How could a man answer that, less than twenty-four hours from the first glimpse of her?

But at least he could tell her that she was welcome to stay. He began pacifically.

"I came up on purpose to ask you to stay. To accept my hospitality ——"

"To accept your hospitality," she said consideringly. "Without knowing you at all, but as a man who thinks he owns deer and mountains and a ruin older than his grandfather, older than any title his grandfather's father could have bought with a jug of rum and a few beads from Indians who had no title, even from God. Will you tell me why I should accept your hospitality rather than that of the man who lies there with his wife in the little Indian graveyard—the man who built this house so long ago?"

Anything to disarm her; he even agreed.

"You stayed here without my permission, yet you refuse to stay with it. You own and sell your flowers, but you scorn my ownership of the earth they grow in. How you quibble!"

"THE old horse carried up the earth, every crumb of it. There was no earth, nothing but stones inside your old wall!"

He laughed exultantly.

"I grant you the earth and the flowers—yours, all yours. What about the water that waters them from the spring beyond the house? What about the wall that protects them from the deer, and even the rocks that support the earth where they grow? Where the house stands?"

He made a derisive gesture like dusting his fingers. "When you admit owning the flowers you put yourself at my mercy ——"

"When I do," she agreed. "I haven't yet."

"Quibbler!" he said again, but his voice was warm and kind. "You sell them, don't you?"

"I sell any flowers the gods provide, wild flowers as well. I must have salt for my deer. And Amos must have incentive."

"For Amos' sake alone I would beg you to stay here. You can't desert the hill people now. Grif has told me what you mean to them."

She said wistfully: "Do you know what it means to me to have neighbors? I lived in a big city; I was just a little cog, and I knew I would never be anything else. I'd always had grandmother and her garden, neighbors, and in the city I had nothing, nothing at all, for people without gifts or beauty to startle have no part in the life of a big city, except as cogs in the dark. I got so that I began to buy seeds with my pennies. If I could just find a place for them in the sun—there were flowers in those seeds. But they didn't comfort me, they crowded me to find that place, to let them be flowers."

SHE hardly saw him, he was so still, looking at the old, old flagstones under her feet, shocked, hurt, that so gallant a girl—that any girl should want so desperately for such a simple thing as a place, a plot of earth, for her seeds.

"And you found this ——" he prompted her gently.

"I was sent out here to find a man wanted at our office. It was Saturday and after I'd found him I had till Sunday night. I scoured these hills; I slept under the leaves that night and ate berries with the quail for my breakfast. Amos found me there and brought me up here. You know," she added thoughtfully, "there is something so single-hearted, so simple and primitive and kind in him and in Grif—in many of my hill folk. I think perhaps it is the Indian in them—so many of them have Indian blood. They will not last—they are dying out. They would snuff out like a candle anywhere but here."

Hal looked up; she was pleading for her neighbors, Grif's hill-hawks. She was sharing her understanding with him.

"I can well believe what Grif tells me you have meant to them," he said. "And it needn't bother you, one way or another, that I have a sort of life lease on this bit of our mutual earth. I shall never remind you—or them—of it. Nor trespass."

"Oh!" she said. "But you needn't keep away from our mountain—you wouldn't—just because I'm—we're here! Would you?"

"I WOULDN'T," said Hal and took both her hands. They stood there questioning, probing; hours or minutes, it did not matter; palm to palm, young eyes clear and honest. A vibration took them as if from the very rock on which they stood. He drew a quick breath. It was impossible to go like this.

"Thanksgiving is only three weeks away; Grif will be hanging up a haunch of venison for us," he said. "Can you roast venison?"

"I can roast it to a turn—Grif taught me—but I shall never learn to shoot them, though I don't mind a hog-killin' with sausage meat and scrapple for everybody that helps. Oh," she broke out, "don't mistake me—I've gloried in squatting here; I love their loving me and their making a frolic of getting in my wood. I'd rather teach Amos his A B C's than be president of the Colonial Dames. And to see Grif's eyes when the boy brought him the right change was worth the whole five years before I found this place."

He knew that the time had not come for it, but there were three whole weeks before Thanksgiving. He leaned toward her in his earnestness.

"There are three whole weeks before I shall see you again, but I want you to think about me, and think right. Decide whether you could have me for a neighbor. I'll have to tell you, because nobody else will, that I've been well brought up," he went on whimsically, to bridge the depths he had glimpsed. "I want to prove to you how well my grandmother brought me up—practically by hand. There were certain rules that were unbreakable, like 'love your neighbor.' And there was only one right way to end a quarrel. I think even you will agree that we have quarreled and should make up."

She drew back and flushed like a sunrise.

"YOU already know it," he discovered. "You have known it all your life. After a quarrel you must kiss and make up, and the sun should never go down upon your wrath. See, the sun is very low over the ridge."

"It always is at this time of year," she told him.

"My grandmother ——" he began.

"I had a grandmother too," she said. "In her garden all the flowers didn't open the first warm day."

"I think it is time for me to go," he said to himself, and went down the path toward the steps still talking to himself of the interest that piles up on deferred payments.

She let him go clear down the steps and as far as the fence, but when he started to climb over she called:

"There is a gate just on your right, neighbor—the gate that made all the trouble."

He lifted the loops off their pegs and let himself through. There stood the old horse waiting for him.

"I will not be hurried," Hal said, and turned the beast toward home with a sound whack. "Just for that now, I am going back to see how my squatter has been getting on since I left her." And back he went, through the gate and up the steps to the girl who waited for him in the garden. There were some hours before the sun would set. Perhaps ——

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Your Friends Will Admire

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Old floors look like new and new floors *stay* like new because Old English Wax gives double wear as well as double lustre. Protects floors against scratches, worn spots and children's carelessness. Its rich, gleaming polish lasts for weeks and weeks. Most high-grade prepared waxes are made by the blending of hard imported (Carnauba) wax and the softer, cheaper domestic waxes. Genuine Old English Wax sells for the same price as most prepared waxes, but it contains twice as much Carnauba wax. That is why it polishes twice as beautiful — wears twice as long — and is most economical. There's one wax that gives floors a *double* lustre with no extra work. That is Old English Wax. Demand it from your dealer. Try it!

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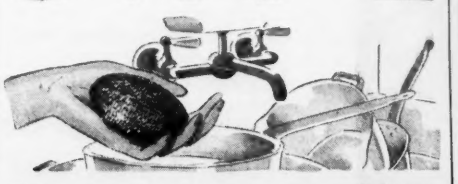

FITS the HAND
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So soft is the annealed copper that there is a minimum of wear on aluminum, and a minimum of your time and effort even with the stubbornest utensil. The Chore Girl can't rust, lasts long.

Don't deny yourself a day longer the cheery help of the Chore Girl. Sold at your nearest five and ten cent store, hardware or department store; or mail dime for a sample to Metal Textile Corporation, Orange, New Jersey.

The CHORE GIRL

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MADAME: Stop moth breeding in your home this simple way. It is the surest method you can use to protect your clothing, carpets, furniture, etc., from the ravages of the clothes-eating moth. Just sprinkle Apex Crystals where moth protection is wanted and cover carefully. The crystals will evaporate, releasing a heavy vapor that kills all forms of moth life. Thus you can save valuables that otherwise might be ruined. Use Apex Crystals also for packing away clothes, for protecting automobile cushions, carpets, rugs, etc., and for all its great deodorizing qualities.

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Please send . . . . . cans of Apex Crystals for which I am enclosing $. . . . .

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Now!

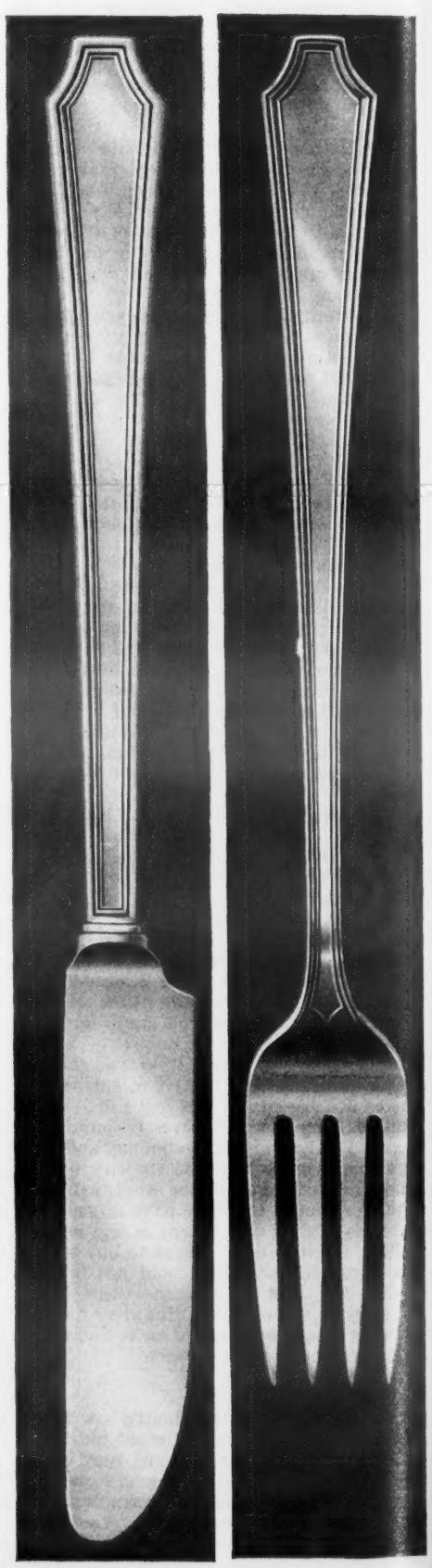
SILVERPLATE CHANGES COMPLETELY

to fit in with present-day china . . . glassware . . . linens

Time has done beautiful things to your table. Decked it with gay and modern glassware . . . Changed the old "china set" to a varied, colorful service . . . Banished the old tablecloth in favor of tinted linens. New style, new taste. But up to now . . . silverware has changed just in pattern and engraving.

Now . . . the VIANDE Knife and Fork. Totally new. In harmony with the changed china, linens, and crystal. A true basic improvement in both looks and practicality. Long handles. Short blades and tines. New balance and feel . . . and beauty. Now your table's transformation is complete, the entire silver service modernized, even to the tea and dinnerware . . . by the change in these two basic flatware pieces. Made in 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . the original ROGERS Silverplate . . . the most illustrious of all silverplate.

Your silverware merchant offers you VIANDE Knives and Forks in these seven lovely patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Ancestral, Anniversary, Argosy, Ambassador, Heraldic. Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00; "Pieces of Eight" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. The regular shaped knives and forks are also available for those who prefer them. There are other new pieces . . . such as salad knives and cream soup spoons.



Viande KNIFE and FORK

(Right) . . . Viande Knife and Fork, Legacy Pattern. Six Knives $15.00. Six Forks $8.25. Set $23.25.

(Left) . . . 3-Piece Tea Set, Legacy Pattern $65.00 . . . Tray $25.00.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Write for booklet S-28, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware" – Address Dept. "E," International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut

The Hostess

Conducted by NANCY OAKLEY

PHOTOS. BY CHARLES GARNER

Tall pewter vase for bridge prize or wedding present. Courtesy R. H. White Company.

MAY, as a young friend of mine described it rather aptly the other day, is a month to make you *think in color*. It certainly suggests the subject on every hand triumphantly, in the blue of spring skies, the new sharp green of grass, the pink and white of cherry and apple blossoms, and in your garden the most colorful blaze, perhaps, of the whole year, with peonies, iris and the last of the tulips and Dutch bulbs in their fullest flower.

Oh, yes, May is emphatically the time to think on all sorts of subjects in terms of color. And this year the woman who entertains—no matter whether simply or elaborately—is going to think of her table first in this connection. For it seems as if never before have hostesses been tempted with quite so many exquisite shades, designs and shapes in glass and china as this season. To walk through the glass department of one of the big shops is an exciting adventure in color—like exploring the sweet-pea section of the flower show, which is always to me a positively heady experience.

This month, then, I am calling to your attention just a few of the many lovely things you will be interested in knowing about. In the upper right-hand photograph, for instance, you will see grouped three suggestions for a spring or summer luncheon, which will make a delicious green-and-white ensemble for your table: Green-and-white pottery in the new Falling-Leaf design, which has that rare combination of smartness, charm and a restful simplicity; green-footed glass, the bowls etched in a graceful leaf pattern that harmonizes effectively with the plates; and thirdly, a cool and luscious salad of shrimp and pineapple served in crisp, green lettuce cups on the green-and-white platter. (See Our Readers' Recipes on page 126.)

Below, in the left-hand corner, is an ensemble idea for your next bridge—or for several bridges this summer. Square occasional plates for salad or sandwiches, in a bold, breezy design of sailboats on a rolling sea, and striking black-and-white-striped glass to go with it; tall goblets for iced tea or fruit drinks, and matching sherbet glasses with unusual twisted stems. There is a black-and-white compote, too, you will observe, which allows a gay contrasting accent of color—many colors, to be exact—in the confetti-like candies it contains.

Caterers have long realized the value of the results to be achieved by the aid of just the right color touches on a table and in a menu, which cake icing, unusual candies, glacé fruits, and so on, achieve. And now the up-to-date hostess has found out some of their secrets—the amazing simplicity of them, too—and is learning more and more how to give her luncheon, her bridge party, or her tea table that finished, professional, wholly satisfactory appearance of being *just right*, which the amateur so often misses through overdoing her effects, or omitting them altogether.

If you would like to add a few more of these smart little color secrets to your own store of recipes—including the dainty, colorful candies illustrated in the black-and-white glass compote—send a two-cent stamp to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for Color Touches in Your Party Menus.

And now to go back to that ensemble party idea which two of the photographs on this page suggest. Let me whisper you a rather jolly little secret, in passing, about that too. By using this same ensemble idea as a short-cut, you can achieve all sorts of new and delightfully original parties this summer, with a minimum of time and effort.

Falling-Leaf platter and square plates. Courtesy Leigh Potters, Inc. Green-footed glass. Courtesy Fostoria Glass Company.

Square occasional plates. Courtesy Leigh Potters, Inc. Black-and-white-striped glass. Courtesy H. C. Fry Glass Company.

PERHAPS it can be adapted most happily to bridge tables, and that is news sure to appeal to the woman who is fond of cards, who perhaps belongs to several bridge or contract clubs, and is constantly searching for that coveted "something new and *different*" to offer her guests when her turn comes around again to play hostess.

The main requisite is to build your party about some one idea; your favorite occasional plates, perhaps, or a set of colored or black-and-white glass you particularly like—even a charming new bridge cloth of colored linen and matching cards can be made the basis of your ensemble plan. It's merely a matter of choosing something you already possess and are rather specially proud of, and featuring it cleverly.

Probably the particular spring bridge I am outlining here will illustrate the point better than many paragraphs of general description. In this case the hostess had some very beautiful black-and-white glass, which, as this is undoubtedly one of the moment's most popular fads, she decided to use as the motif of her next bridge party. This allowed her to use for the three bridge tables the bridge covers she already possessed, since any color goes with black and white. She chose cards backed with a modernistic design, one pack in black and silver, the other in black and gold, and the individual score cards were oblong slips of white cardboard on which were pasted little silhouettes cut from black paper.

The only extravagance she allowed herself for the party was the purchase of a dozen occasional plates, in one of the new, popular black-and-white sports designs; but these were fairly reasonable in price, and she mentally divided their cost among the number of times she could use them at future summer parties with her black-and-white glass, so it really did not make any one occasion rate very high in expense.

Since the bridge covers she possessed happened to be yellow and green, she had the happy idea of using those two color notes in her menu, to relieve any possible severity of so much black and white. Her sandwiches were lettuce and cream cheese, her little cakes were iced in pale yellow and green, and cookies, wafer thin, were cut in leaf shapes; the mousse served with them was pistachio (see Our Readers' Recipes on page 126), and the candies in her tall glass compote were a gay and springlike mixture of both colors.

As a final novel touch the prize for each table was wrapped in black tissue paper, and fastened with big shiny-gold Chinese seals, instead of the usual more conventional ribbon.

Suppose, however, that instead of black-and-white glass, the hostess had had some very gay occasional plates she had wanted to use as her main feature. In this case, if she had possessed glass in the same shade, it would of course have been used, though plain white crystal would be equally good.

Probably her purchase for the occasion would be the material for making new bridge covers in a neutral shade—such as eggshell, deep ivory, or even gray with a black stripe, or plaid effect. The cards would be plain-backed in the dominant color of the plates' design, and the score cards would be white with, perhaps, a two-toned border to match the cards.

THERE is a most lovely lavender glass on the market just now, fragile and colorful as a soap bubble. This would be an enchanting thing to plan a more formal ensemble bridge around; with very faintly tinted orchid bridge-table covers; salad plates that had a mixed flower design harmonizing with the glass, and a low black glass bowl filled with lavender and coral-pink sweet peas in the center of each table.

Another charming notion—this time for a Fourth of July card party—is the new striped Basque covers in which red predominates, for your tables, and either ruby or dark blue glass (both are very popular this year) in which to serve your after-bridge refreshments. Card backs and individual score cards should, of course, have patriotic designs, and the prizes can be wrapped in bright red tissue paper to look as much like packages of firecrackers as possible.

A second novel and amusing touch is to take red Turkish paste, cut in firecracker shape, roll in powdered sugar and insert a long shred of coconut in one end to simulate the fuse. A pile of these "firecrackers" will appeal to both eyes and appetite, if served in a tall blue-glass compote.

The possibilities which can be worked out along these lines for summer bridge parties, either indoors or on piazza or lawn, are numerous and alluring. They're fun to experiment with too.

Doubtless you will want eventually to think out your own color schemes for yourselves, but for the early stages of experimentation, perhaps you may find our newest little booklet of suggestions helpful. We are calling it Ensemble Bridge Tables, and anyone may have a copy if she will send a two-cent stamp to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Another booklet offered a few months ago but still available, which will give you a number of additional suggestions along this line, is Your Table in Color. It also may be had for a two-cent stamp.

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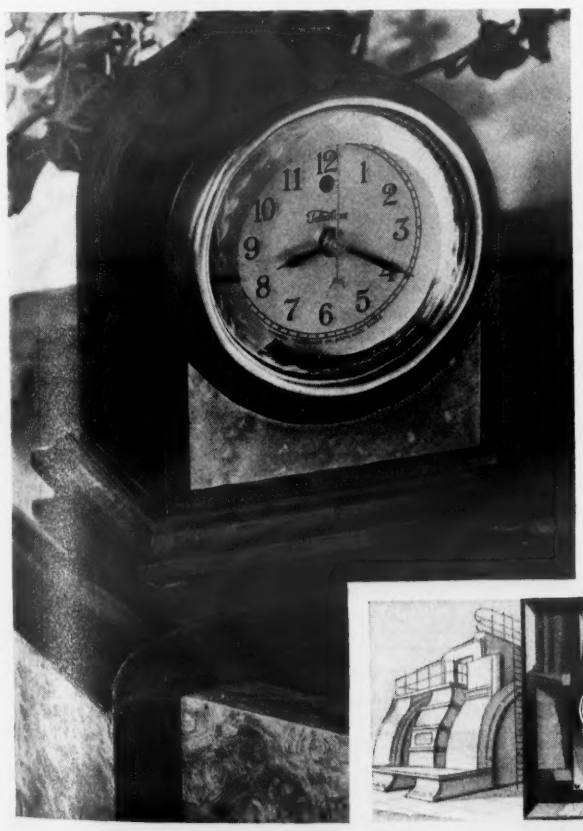

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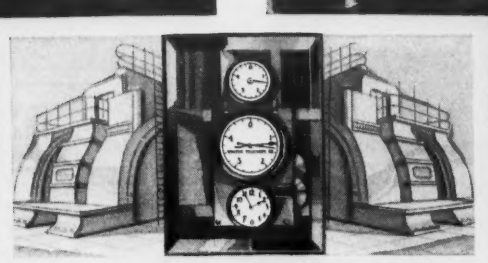

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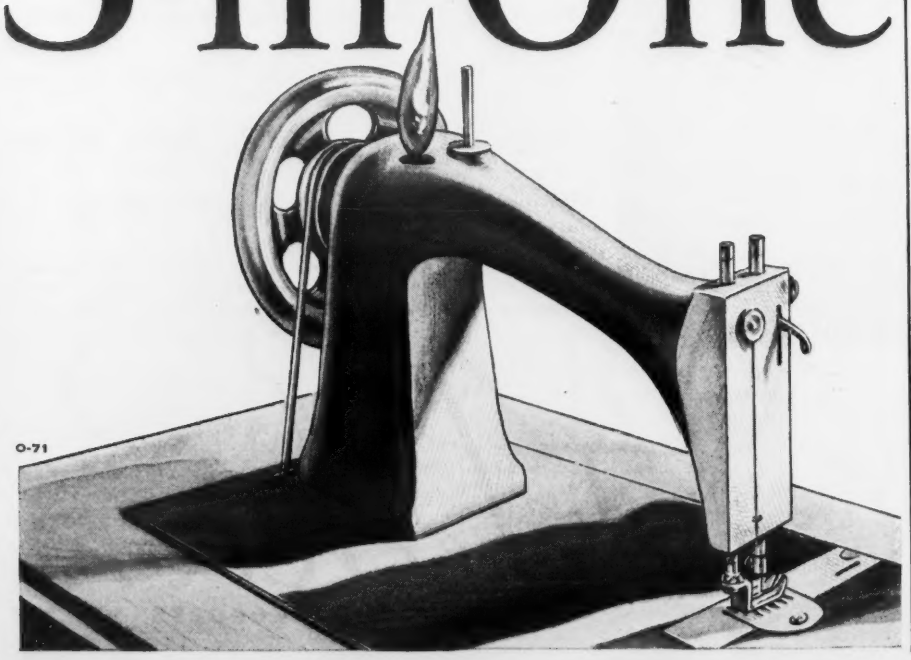

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"Pink tooth brush" means trouble ahead . . .

Start tonight with Ipana

ANYONE who deliberately ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush" is storing up a future crop of troubles for teeth and gums. Anyone who goes on day after day using a tooth paste that merely cleans the teeth is shutting his eyes to the past ten years' progress in the field of oral hygiene. For we doubt if there is a dentist in the land who won't tell you that your gums as well as your teeth must be cared for—that no matter how white and perfect your teeth may be, they are faced with danger if your gums become tender, soft, unsound.

Ipana is the newer type of dentifrice specifically made to meet this need. For with it, your teeth are white and shining. Your mouth is cleansed, refreshed, invigorated. And your gums are strengthened, toned and stimulated.

Under our soft foods and subnormal chewing, our gums suffer from an artificial lack of exercise. The tissues become congested, soft and weak. "Pink tooth brush" often ushers in more serious troubles—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even the less frequent pyorrhea.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and speed the fresh, rich blood through the tiny capillaries. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage and urge the use of Ipana. For it contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic long used by dental specialists in treating gum disorders.

A good tooth paste and a good dentist are not luxuries

Ipana isn't a cheap tooth paste—it couldn't be. Its ingredients are costly—its formula scientific and modern. But it is well worth the few cents extra cost.

So get a tube of Ipana at the nearest drug store and start to use it tonight. Give it a chance to show how it can improve the health of your gums as well as the brilliance of your teeth!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-50
73 West Street, New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

USE THE MODERN TYPE OF DENTIFRICE THAT TONES AND STIMULATES THE GUMS . . .

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

The spotless City of Sunbrite

"EVEN my stainless steel knives held the onion odor until I began scouring them with Sunbrite. Now I sweeten my meat grinder, my chopping bowl, my coffee pot, the same way. One rub with Sunbrite, and the odors come off with the spots!" . . . You, too, can save time in the kitchen with "double-action" Sunbrite. *One* process to freshen and make gleaming-bright as new. Sunbrite purifies your cutlery and dishes as it cleans. Saves your hands . . . money. Order a supply for cleaning—today!

Swift & Company

Your dainty underthings—keep them fresh and pretty with Quick Arrow White Soap Chips! Let this fluffy lather loosen dirt without rubbing.

Mothers – this Camera FREE to any Child Born in 1918 !

(Any Child whose 12th Birthday falls in 1930)

Go to a Kodak dealer and accept one . . . complete with Roll of Kodak Film, FREE!

PAY NOTHING, BUY NOTHING

A Gift of 500,000 Cameras

to the Children of America

in Commemoration of the 50th Anniversary of Kodak

with the compliments of

George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company

MOTHERS!

Beginning on the first day of May, 5[illegible] cameras, as illustr[illegible]e given to Ar[illegible]ildren whose [illegible]avs fall in any r[illegible] the calendar y[illegible]

If yo[illegible] child who reache[illegible]e of twelve this year, [illegible]e your child to a Kodak dealer's and accept one of these cameras, complete with roll of Kodak Film—free. Buy nothing; pay nothing.

The gift is made with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board of the Eastman Kodak Company, to the Children of America to commemorate the 50th Anniversary of Kodak.

There are no reservations to the gift, except that no cameras will be given *before* May 1, or *after* May 31, 1930, and *none* after the original supply of 500,000 is exhausted. *To be sure of getting one, act early.*

GEORGE EASTMAN

Creator of Kodak, which celebrates its 50th Anniversary by giving away 500,000 Cameras to American Children

The Gift's True Object

This gift is made to benefit both the giver and the children who receive it. Many eminent people hold that its acceptance is a duty every mother owes her child.

One leading educator declares that in developing *character, observation, appreciation of beauty and a depth of human understanding,* amateur picture-making is probably second to no other factor as an educational adjunct.

Another says that it brings a child in touch with every phase of life and nature, and implants *a clean interest* in the formative mind, during the dangerously impressionable years, when a wholesome pastime is most needed to safeguard the future of the growing child.

More and more, every day, thinking parents are regarding amateur picture-taking in that light.

* * * *

THIS GIFT IS MADE WITH TWO ENDS IN VIEW:

Sentiment: In appreciation of the grandparents and parents of today, who, as the picture-taking children of yesterday, played so important a part in the development of amateur photography and of the Eastman Kodak Company.

To place in the hands of their children and grandchildren an admittedly important character-building force.

Business: To interest hundreds of thousands more children in picture-taking. And thus to raise amateur photography among the coming generation to even greater heights than its present remarkable peak. For as amateur photography increases in popularity, the use of Kodak products will naturally increase with it.

Beginning on May 1

The Anniversary Cameras will be at Kodak dealers' everywhere on May 1—ready for distribution. None before that date. Take your child to one of these stores. Get the camera. No red tape, no delay, no cost.

The gift-giving period begins on May 1, 1930, and will extend into the month of May as long as the supply of 500,000 cameras holds out. Be sure of getting a camera for your child.

* * * *

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y.

Typical pictures, actual size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches, taken with the Anniversary Camera and Kodak Film

A GIFT of 500,000 Cameras

The camera—complete with one roll of Kodak Film—is to be given absolutely WITHOUT COST to any child whose twelfth birthday falls in any month of 1930.

500,000 cameras, as illustrated, are to be given to children who reach the age of twelve this year.

The gift is from the Eastman Kodak Company, with the compliments of George Eastman, Chairman of the Board, in commemoration of Kodak's 50th Anniversary.

Gift Cameras will be distributed May 1, 1930, by authorized Kodak dealers, and continued until the supply of 500,000 is exhausted. None after May 31, 1930.

To get a camera, simply take your child to an authorized Kodak dealer's. Pay nothing. Child must be accompanied by either parent or guardian.

For a Noteworthy Expression from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, as to the Significance of the Eastman Gift, See Page 151 of this Magazine.